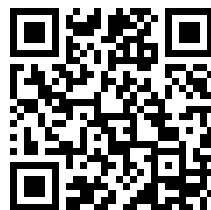

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LITTLE LADY FANNY: "JUST FOR FUN!"

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LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. VIII.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

No. 1.

NICODEMUS.

LITTLE Humility Merton sat by the roadside in the soft November sunshine. Humility was running away. She had started from home oh! so early, and now it seemed oh! so late, and she was tired and hungry, but there was no turning back for that little Puritan maid until she had done what she had set out to do.

She sighed gently, wiped a little tear from her pretty cheek and then started up from the leaf-littered roadside where she sat. "I must hurry!" Humility said to herself; "it may be too late. Oh! poor Nicodemus!" Then two tears rolled down the round cheeks, and Humility forgot to wipe those away. "Now which road shall I take?" she faltered, eyeing the diverging ways; "oh! if some one would only chance by."

And, as if in answer to the little maid's wish, a horseman came in sight, and she waited by the roadside until he drew nearer.

The man on the big black horse was deep in thought; he did not even glance at the prim little figure on the path; so Humility cried timidly: "Sir, can you kindly tell me the way to the governor's house?"

The traveller drew rein and looked down.

"The governor?" he asked. "And what do you want with the governor?"

"I want to tell him about Nicodemus, sir, and I am in a piteous hurry. Since daylight I have been travelling, and — I cannot tell the way!" The soft lips quivered and the childish upturned face was full of anxiety.

"I am bound for the governor's house, little maid," said the

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man; "come, I will put you before me on the horse. Perhaps you will tell me about this Nicodemus as we travel."

Once upon the strong horse little Humility felt her courage returning, and it was the simplest matter in the world to tell the kind stranger all about Nicodemus and her errand.

"I never had anything of my very own, sir," said the little girl, "until Nicodemus came. I was in the woods one day, and feeling lonely I dropped down and prayed God to give me a cheerful heart. Just then I heard a noise and right at my feet fell a wild turkey! His wing was broken and my father has said that it was an Indian's arrow that brought him low; but what matters how he came, sir, if God sent him?"

"What matter indeed?" smiled the stranger, and he put an arm closer about Humility. "And you named him Nicodemus?" he added.

"Yes," said little Humility, pushing her soft straying brown hair more securely under her close white cap; "for hurt as he was, the poor bird got up into a tree so afraid was he of me. You know, sir, the rhyme:

' Nicodemus he
Did climb a tree! ' "

"Ah!" murmured the man, "I understand."

"And, sir," the little maid went on, "I fed him and brought water to him, and he grew to love and trust me, and when the wing was healed, Nicodemus had lost all fear, and ate from my hand and followed when I called. I was never lonely any more. 'Tis sad to be lonely, sir—were you ever lonely?"

The man thought of a little boy away in England, and he said, "Aye, my child."

Then Humility went on again. "The governor has set a Day of Thanksgiving—have you heard?"

"That I have!"

"And he sent out four men to shoot turkeys and fetch them to him, and there is to be a great feast. Nicodemus and I were in the meadow when the four came our way, and seeing how fat and fine Nicodemus was they"—here the pretty face buried itself on the man's breast.



AND SOON LITTLE HUMILITY SLEPT.

"They shot Nicodemus?" asked he, and there was deep pity in his voice.

"Ah! no," sobbed Humility; "they said he was too good for that. They — they popped him in a bag, sir! They are going to take him alive to the governor, and the governor is to say what to do with Nicodemus."

"Ah!" A slow smile spread over the man's face.

"And, sir, I am going to his house to tell the governor all about it, and when he hears that Nicodemus was all that I had in the world of my own, I think he will be kind, and give Nicodemus back to me. What think you?"

"I think he will!" said the stranger; "but suppose — he does not?"

Then the little Puritan child's eyes flashed as she whispered him, "Then I think I will sail back to England, and tell the king!"

"With such a fate in store," laughed the man, "I am confident the governor will set Nicodemus free."

Then as the big horse galloped on, a tired little head sank closer and closer to the strong man's breast, and soon Humility slept.

Presently the rider turned the horse, and all in the glow and haze of the autumn day rode rapidly back over the road weary little Humility had travelled. She, poor little child, had thought it a great distance; she had forgotten how many times she had rested, and stopped to hunt nuts. And at last the horse came to a pause in front of a small log cabin. The door was open



NICODEMUS IS RESTORED TO HIS MISTRESS.

and the room within quite empty. The man dismounted and carrying Humility very carefully, he laid her upon the bed in the far corner of the room. Then, seeing no person, he remounted and galloped away.

You may guess that Humility's father and mother were out searching for her, and that was exactly what they were doing. A fear of Indians was in their hearts, and they were very sad; but when they returned and saw their little girl lying safe and fast asleep upon the big bed, they felt that the Day of

Thanksgiving appointed would be the happiest festival they had ever known.

On the morrow all the people came to the great feast, and all were happy and thankful except silent little Humility Merton. She felt that by falling asleep she had been false to Nicodemus, and would never see him again. Can you imagine, then, the child's joy, when the good cheer was at its height, to see a man drawing near with Nicodemus in his arms?

The young wild turkey sat with the man as gentle as a dove. His experiences had tamed him.

"Where is Humility Merton?" called the man as he drew near, and all trembling and pale little Humility stepped forth from her mother's side.

"'Tis the governor's wish," said the man, "that there should be no sad or lonely child today, and he gives Nicodemus back to his mistress."

Humility stretched out her arms and took the big bird to her heart. Nicodemus flapped his one good wing in rapture, and then Humility looked up and said timidly to the man, "Tell the governor this is truly a Day of Thanksgiving for my poor Nicodemus and me!"

Harriet T. Comstock.

A LOST TOOTH.

I LOST a penny out my purse;
 I lost a tooth right out my mouth —
 I'll never find it, mother says,
 North, east, or west, or south.

Another 'll grow to take the place
 Of that lost tooth, she says, some day;
 I only wish another cent
 Were certain-sure to grow that way!

H. J.

A
LITTLE
GIRL'S
WEEK.



SEVEN
PHOTO'S
FROM
LIFE.

MONDAY :
Washing Day.



TUESDAY :
Ironing Day.



WEDNESDAY :
Mending Day.



THURSDAY:
Calling Day.



FRIDAY:
Sweeping Day.



SATURDAY:
Baking Day.



SUNDAY:
Church Day.

LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

CHAPTER I.—THE DAY BEFORE THE LAUNCHING.

THERE was a long long board placed across a great pile of lumber, in the ship-yard. That made what the boys and girls who lived in Pollywhoppet called a "teeter."

Under the "teeter" were great piles of soft, sweet-smelling saw-dust, so if one came down hard or even slipped off it was no great matter.

On this June morning when the story begins Peggy Piper was on one end of the "teeter" and her "most especial friend," Betty Brooks, was on the other end. When Peggy went up, up, up into the clear sunshiny air, so high up that it seemed almost as if she were going to touch the blue sky, she looked down at the great ship upon the "ways," all ready to be launched into the beautiful blue river.

The ship was named for her. "Margaret Piper" was the name in gilt letters upon the bow. Peggy could see them glittering in the sunlight as the great "teeter" tossed her high into the air. Grandpapa had named the ship. Margaret had been Grandmama's name, as well as hers. And Grandmama had been called "Peggy" when she was young.

It was delightful for a little girl to have a great ship named for her, but Peggy thought it was better still for the little girl to be named for Grandmama, whom everyone had loved.

When Betty Brooks, in her turn, went up, up, up, so high that she could see what a good match the sky was for her blue gingham apron, she looked down at Peggy who was smiling up at her and thought that no little girl ever had such a delightful "best friend" as she had. Peggy had said it would be no fun at all to christen the ship unless Betty could be upon the deck with her. And Betty was to have a blue dress—blue being the color of her eyes—made just like Peggy's pink one. Peggy had dark eyes and black hair and a skin so dark that she looked like a little gypsy in her yellow dress with the white ruffles as she sat there on the end of the "teeter."

Betty thought all about the delightful time they were to

(or)

have at the launching and wished tomorrow would hurry. The ship-yard would be crowded with people, then; every boy and girl in Pollywhoppet would be there, to say nothing of the grown people. The band would play and the children would sing. They were going to sing a sailor song with a chorus, and "My country 'tis of thee" and "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Then there would be such a silence that one could hear a pin drop while Peggy pronounced the name of the ship, and afterwards a great thrilling joyful moment when, while the band played, and all the people shouted as with one wild voice, and everyone on board held their breath, the ship would stir, slip, then slide and rush, almost as if she were alive, into the beautiful blue river.

"Shall you be scared?" Betty called to Peggy when she was down in the sawdust heap and Peggy was up in the sky. "I mean when the ship goes down into the water."

"No, I shall be too happy to be scared. Besides I shall know that my father is there and it will be all right," answered Peggy.

"I hope my new shoes won't pinch my toes," said Betty.

"Wear your old ones if they do," said Peggy promptly. "It's a good deal better to have a good time in old shoes than a bad time in new ones."

But Betty's face did not brighten as she again went up, up, up, into the blue sky. Betty was a person who thought a great deal of new shoes. She said that when you were born so you could not help it. Peggy pitied her. She, herself, thought more of a good time.

"I'll tell you what I will do," she called up from the sawdust heap to Betty up in the blue sky, "if you have to wear your old shoes I will wear mine!"

And then Betty's face did brighten, although she said she would not let her do it.

Betty thought that it was a great thing to have a true friend. And so indeed it is, although some people are nearer to ninety than to nine before they find it out. And other people alas! go through the great beautiful friendly world without ever find-

ing it out at all. But Betty Brooks, only nine, had begun to think about it, to-day, and she would never forget. She thought only happily of her old shoes now, and she said to herself that she would find something soon that she could do to make Peggy happy. And she would never, never again have a secret with Maria Green that she could not tell Peggy!

Some one was whistling the sailor song that the children were to sing at the launching to-morrow. It was such a gay "catchy" tune that you could hardly keep from whistling it if you were a boy.

"Betty, Betty, Miss Nipping wants you to try on your dress!"

It was Betty's brother Sidney who called. Peggy's brother Phi was with him. Phi was named Philander after Grandpapa. Phi was twelve years old but he had a pretty good opinion of Peggy if she was only ten and a girl. He said Peggy was "square." That seemed to mean, at least in Pollywhoppet, that she was truthful and honest and always "played fair."

Peggy said on her ride that Phi knew how to be a brother. And I am sure that is a great deal to know.

Peggy came down and Betty went up until the board was evenly balanced across the pile of lumber, and then they both hopped off together as you have to do from a "teeter" so that neither shall get a bounce up or a jounce down.

"I am afraid I shan't be able to come back," said Betty sadly. "Miss Nipping tries on so many times."

"Never mind! It will be to-morrow soon," said Peggy comfortingly as Betty went scuffing slowly off through the sawdust heaps.

^ Sidney Brooks and Peggy's brother Phi were going to take a final survey of the ship where some workmen were putting on the finishing touches but Mortimer Hill came along and invited them to go trout-fishing with him, over to Dapple Creek, and they changed their minds and went.

Peggy had no playmate, now, in the ship-yard. All the town seemed to be getting ready for to-morrow. One can not "teeter" alone and in fact there is not much fun to be had alone even in a ship-yard. Peggy wandered down to the ship.

She wished that Phi were there to take her out in his small row-boat. It was a new boat and she was going to make Phi some cushions for it, her own self. She got into the boat and rocked to and fro. The saw-mill whistle blew the noon signal and in a moment all was quiet on the river; the lumber-men left their rafts and went to the shanties on shore for their dinner. There was a sail-boat fastened to a buoy whose sail was set and flapping wildly in the wind; near the sail-boat, something that looked like a red feather, was floating on the water. The longer Peggy looked at it the more she wished to know what it was.

"I might pull out as far as that by myself," she thought. Pollywhoppet boys and girls were brought up on the river and Peggy had often rowed herself around near the shore. She pulled out from the ship. The boat and the oars were light and that was easy. The bit of red was bobbing up and down upon the waves still, near the sail-boat.

When Peggy had rowed near enough she reached over the side of the boat and tried to draw the red feather in with the oar. Her boat drifted close to the sail-boat. The sail swung smartly around, in a sudden gust, and struck her. She lost her balance and fell overboard, down, down into the great deep river! She had not time even to cry out and no one had seen her, no one knew what had happened.

She felt, strangely, that going down, down into the blue water was not unlike going up, up into the blue sky as she had done upon the "teeter." Then came a great fear, a thought of home, queer fancies like a dream; Betty in her new blue dress; Phi trying not to let people see that he was crying; her mother's face so sweet and dear. Then a voice that seemed to say comfortingly what she had said to Betty, "Father will be there and it will be all right."

After that a sense of suffocation — a rushing noise in her ears — and she knew no more. And there were only some wide ripples in the river where Peggy had gone down.

(To be continued.)

Sophie Swett.

A GAME OF FOOTBALL

IT was such a pretty game of foot-ball! You have seen your big brother, perhaps, or some other big fellow, running and kicking a great rubber ball, and all the other big fellows running and trying to get it away—you know what a scramble and tangle and pile of boys it was pretty soon!

The game I saw was played by fluffy white and yellow chickens, and it was a spring-time game instead of November football.

This is the way it was. Little Isabel's mother had taken her down into the sunny chicken yard to see the chickens, and on the way Isabel had picked some blue violets in the grass. Well, these little chickens had no kind careful anxious biddy-mothers to keep them out of trouble; they had been born all together in a great box that has a particular kind of name—an incubator—not at all like a nice old-fashioned straw nest. But all little chickens are very sociable, very friendly, and these seemed to think that everybody who came into the chicken yard had come to help take care of them; and so when Isabel sat down on the warm earth in the spring sunshine they ran up to her and then on to her and all over her little lap and stood on her shoulders.

At first Isabel held up her hands to keep them off, but her mother said little chickens could not hurt her and perhaps they wanted some of her violets.

So Isabel drew a violet out of the bunch and held it up to a little speckled puff-ball that had just jumped upon her arm. Quickly he took it in his bill and ran with it, and after him ran every one of the rest—up and down the yard they chased, running and flying with their tiny yellow legs and little wings.

Which one finally got the violet Isabel could not see—it was such a scramble and tangle, such a pile of feathers and bright eyes!

Whenever some of the chicks gave up they came over to little Isabel for another violet; and then another game began.

There never was a better football — nobody got hurt! And how excited and happy the chickens were — their little small chirpy voices sounding like some sort of sweet music!

Seven, eight, nine foot-balls the little chickens ran and scrambled for, running back every time to Isabel for another violet as soon as the one they had had was captured and eaten.

All that spring little Isabel called every violet she found a “chicky foot-ball.”



Gertrude B. Potter.



THE DOLL WITH FEELINGS.

TREAT me well,
 And use me often,
 But this statement I would make,—
 That inside me
 Are my feelings,
 And they *hurt me*, when I break.

S. A. C.



AFTERNOON TEA.

BREAD, a roll ;
Milk, a bowl ;
Girlies, one — two — three ;
Spoon, just one ;
Worlds of fun ;
Such a happy Tea !

Kate W. Searcy.

NED LONGLEY'S NOTE-BOOK.

XIII. — OUR FILIPINOS.

"IT was one day in 1521," began Ned Longley in his note-book, when he sat down to write about the Filipinos — he and his father had been to Boston that afternoon, and had seen the four Filipino boys who had come to take a course at the Institute of Technology.

"It was one day in 1521," Ned wrote, "that Mr. Magellan, the great Spanish Discoverer, discovered the Philippine Islands. I say Mr. Magellan, for I don't see why that as soon as a man becomes great we should just call him by his last name and leave out the rest. That day the great Mr. Magellan was sailing along on the trackless South Pacific Ocean, where no white man had ever sailed before, and was feeling pretty discouraged about ever getting back home to Spain, for his provisions had given out and his men were starving and dying, when all at once he came upon the beautiful Philippines. Mr. Magellan and his sailors were the first white men who had landed on those shores. They found plenty to eat, and they found, too, a kind and polite people.

"When Mr. Magellan's ship went home, and told about the islands, the Spaniards sent right over at once and took possession of them, and kept them until the time our Commodore Dewey went there, into Manila Bay, and took them for us to hold ourselves!

"There were fourteen hundred of those Islands!

"The Spaniards had plans for educating the people, but they never did it. They were quite a nice people, not heathen at all, I should say, and could read and write in their own language when the Spaniards found them. In all the four hundred years Spain owned these fourteen hundred Islands they had only eight hundred schools!

"But in the short time *we* have owned the Islands, we have started twenty-nine hundred schools, with two hundred thousand pupils. I do wonder what the people think there to see their country suddenly full of schools and school-houses and school-teachers!

"As soon as we Americans took possession, the teachers began to come — I should think people of such countries *would* call the teachers 'education soldiers,' for teachers always come marching in after our flag!

"There are twelve hundred American teachers in the Philippines now, scattered all over the Islands, and more than three thousand native Filipino teachers. There are primary, and high,

and normal schools, and colleges; and there are over two hundred thousand children in the day schools, and twenty-five thousand pupils in the night schools — a big “education army” following after our flag!

“And everywhere it is English that is taught! The young Filipinos will all grow up to read and to understand and to talk English — our language! Just *that* will put an end to *lots* of troubles!

“I guess the schools are like ours, for besides the ‘studies’ they teach painting and wood carving and basket making and weaving. The Filipinos excel in music, and have bands; and they are all wonderfully proud of their good English. The Filipino boys are very proud, too, I hear, of their skill in arithmetic.

“The Filipino boys always had had kites, and had pitched pennies and had played their own kind of football and leap-frog — boys seem to invent the same kinds of small games the world over. But our American teachers have taught them baseball, American football, prisoner’s base, duff and hop-scotch, and the Filipino boys like these games.

“The Filipino girls had running games and singing and dancing games, and their own sort of hopscotch and jäckstraws and a game of marbles. Their American teachers have taught them jumping rope, hide-and-seek, blindman’s buff and they have taught them to dress dolls.

“The Filipinos don’t like to have boys and girls play together, and some of the native teachers don’t like to have them in the same schools.

“I think that’s very queer!

“Every year, now, there are many Filipinos sent over to America purposely to travel about and see our country, and attend our best schools. A hundred of the young men who came over to the St. Louis Fair will stay here and enter our schools, and they are mightily tickled over it. That’s good, because they will take back many of our American ideas to Mr. Magellan’s fourteen hundred Islands! They nearly all can speak English, to begin with!”

Frances Campbell Sparhawk.

TWO LITTLE APPLES.

HIGH on a tree-top in an old orchard, hung two little green apples. They were so small that they looked like just two little knobs of green, and they certainly seemed to be exactly alike.

But the two little green apples had different dispositions.

Every time the sun shone, one little apple turned its cheek to the warmth and felt so glad and comfortable that it began to grow round and rosy. When the rain fell, it took long drinks of the pleasant moisture. When the wind blew and rocked its leafy cradle, it smiled and twinkled and tossed itself, and was as happy as a little apple could be.

But the other little apple had something bad in its heart, and when the sun shone, it sulked and thought the weather was too hot, and tried to hide among the leaves; so it did not grow rosy and bright, but was always pale and dull-looking. When the rain fell, it sulked again because it did n't like to have its face wet, and drew away from the cool refreshing drops. The wind, playing in the tree-tops, made it feel afraid that it would fall. In fact this one of the little apples grumbled and sulked *all* the time, and found something or other to feel unhappy about, till it grew wrinkled, and ugly, and sour-looking.

One day, the two apples, now grown-up apples, took a journey from their pretty home in the tree, down, down, a long way through the air, till they stopped on the soft grass below. A dear little girl saw the round rosy happy apple lying there and carried it to show to her baby sister, who laughed and crowed to see the pretty thing. And then the mother of the little children wrapped it in silken papers, and it was kept for the dessert of the Thanksgiving dinner.

But nobody at all took any notice of the other apple which was so sour and ugly that it was left to stay out on the cold November ground and finally it rotted there all by itself, just because it had something bad in its heart and would never look on the bright side.

Catherine H. Gattrell.



RAIN.

If every day the sun should shine
And clouds forget to rain,
I could n't wear my rubber boots
Or sail my boats again;

(20)

I could n't raise my parasol
 Like any soldier's tent
 With bullets pattering on the roof
 By foreign armies sent;
 I could n't count the little pools
 That jump so very high;
 I could n't watch the pussy-cats
 All wet and sad go by!
 I don't see why a little child
 Should *cry* at rain, do you —
 With mud and puddles everywhere,
 And pleasant things to do?

Carolyn S. Bailey.



AUTOMOBILES.

(What the Horses Think.)

THE Horses think the Carriages are smart,
 For they have learned to go
 Without their aid at all, and quicker, too —
 They are not half so slow!
 “Well, now, henceforth *our* duties will be light,”
 The Horses muse again,
 “Since Wagons by themselves can just set out
 And run with might and main!”

M. J. H.



"MY BIGGEST DOLL AND ME."

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

(I.—Nature-Study Questions about the Cow.)

OFTEN and often I am astonished to find how few facts I, a grown person, know about things I see every day.

Yet I suppose almost everybody is all the time mistaking familiarity for knowledge.

And I doubt if there is any great difference, in this respect, between grown folks and Willie, who is a boy I know very well.

Not long ago I was walking with Willie in the country, and

at my request he tried to remember what there was in the field we had just passed through. But he could not recall what kinds of trees grew there, nor any of the birds, excepting the crows. Neither could he tell which way the wind had blown, nor whether the fences were made of rails or boards, nor even whether the sheep were white or black. He had been seeing without seeing.

Willie himself laughingly said, "My eyes were open all right, but they were not thinking!"

Now, the habit of "seeing without thinking," and so getting a vague impression of things, is almost as much a misfortune as being partially blind.

One day in a certain school a little girl said she had twelve fingers and three eyes, and all the class laughed. But when the teacher turned her own face away and asked the class to tell the color of her eyes, only three were able to answer correctly, though they had been looking into those beautiful brown eyes every day for weeks.

Still I am nearly certain that the majority of boys and girls would assure me that they see things about them *just exactly as they are!*

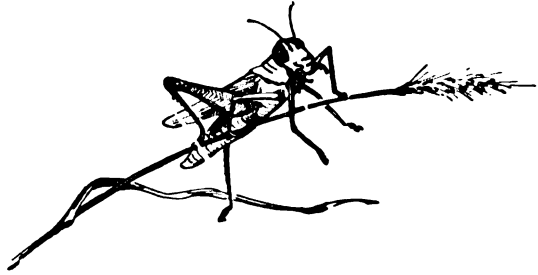
But do they? Do you?

Well, here are five questions about our familiar friend the Cow — and now let us see how many will answer them correctly before the next number comes with questions about another animal!

(*The Questions.*)

- I. Are the cow's ears before or behind her horns?
- II. Has the cow front teeth, and, if so, where?
- III. When the cow bites off grass, how does she toss her head, forward, backward or sideways?
- IV. Does the cow chew the grass as she grazes in the field?
- V. When the cow lies down, which end goes down first, front or back, and which rises first when she gets up?

C. Q. Wright, U. S. Navy.



THE TRUE HISTORY OF APPLESAUCE.



PPLESAUCE is the name of a certain small brown grasshopper who now lives in New York city.

He belongs to a well-known southern family, that of *Gryllus Agilis*. He spent all his early life in Florida, passing the most of his time, it is said, hop-skipping about the palmetto, or else resting himself among the tall grasses.

He came north about two years ago.

If you wish to know just how this little southern gentleman looks you have only to pass along any country roadside in summer, or walk through a newly-mown field, and there you are certain to meet a number of his relatives, members of the *Gryllus Vulgaris* family. Applesauce resembles his cousins so closely that it would be almost impossible to tell them apart should he mix with them. But he has not, to the knowledge of the lady whose pet and companion he has become, ever met a single one of his northern relatives since coming to New York.

If you never have kept a grasshopper for a pet, you would be surprised at the amount of pleasure to be had in the society of one little hopper; so says the mistress of Applesauce.

Let me tell you a little about him.

On the first day of January, 1903, the inhabitants of New York city were shivering with the cold. Even the sparrows had huddled together behind the blinds of the houses or in the steeples of the churches. All the insects in Central Park, and

the few which had still managed to exist in the yards of the tenement houses, had crept into their winter quarters. In fact it was not the kind of weather when you would expect to see insects about.

But that bitter-cold day, in one of the stately mansions on a certain street, when the lady of that house, Mrs. Lee, went down to the kitchen to give some orders and was turning to leave the room, she caught sight of a little brown grasshopper standing under the stove warming himself.

"Oh, you poor frozen thing!" she exclaimed, taking the motionless hopper up in her hand, "where did you come from this cold day?"

"Sure, it's one of them crickets what brings good luck," said the cook. "Let the crater stay by the stove!"

The grasshopper did n't resent being called a cricket, nor did he appear to be at all afraid when taken up, but stretched his long legs comfortably as if he enjoyed the warmth and softness of the lady's hand.

"Where could a grasshopper have come from this bitter-cold day!" repeated Mrs. Lee. "Ah, I know—he has probably journeyed all the way from Florida in a sailing vessel on these pine sticks that came yesterday. Poor little fellow—how tired and hungry he must be! Bring an apple, Norah, and we'll feed him!"

So Norah cut an apple and brought it to Mrs. Lee; and the minute the little grasshopper touched the juicy piece with his mouth he began to eat in the most greedy manner, in fact, as if he were actually gnawing the apple.

It was some time before he appeared to have finished his breakfast. Then a dish of water was placed before him. Fastening his forelegs on the edge of it, he began to sip it, only stopping now and then to get a better hold on the dish.

Mrs. Lee found a small box, punched holes in the cover to admit air, and then laid him in to rest himself. For several hours he lay so motionless she thought he was dead.



HE ATE GREEDILY.

"No, mem," declared Norah, "such a ravenous baste could n't be dead, all at onct, except he split hisself a-drinking!"



HE SIPPED THE WATER.

After a while they heard him moving about as if seeking an opening to come out, and when they lifted the cover he did come forth and begin to walk stiffly on the table. For a long time he did n't seem able to manage his long legs, and appeared very tired and quite willing to be put back in the box.

But next morning he was as limber and chipper as any grasshopper you ever saw on a summer day, and ate such a hearty breakfast of apple that Mrs. Lee named him "Applesauce"; and "Applesauce" he is called to this day, for the little southern gentleman is still an inmate of the Lee mansion.

In a very short time the little fellow began to show a decided affection for his mistress. He plainly preferred to stand on her hand and leap about on her lap, to staying with any other member of the household. He always seems able to distinguish her from the others, no matter how many hands are held out to him.

Often, when she is writing at her desk, Mrs. Lee lets him stay on one corner, with a screen placed over him to prevent him from hopping about and sipping up the ink on the freshly directed envelopes. He is always restless when under the screen and as soon as it is taken away he hops at once to the paper on which Mrs. Lee is writing and deliberately walks around upon it, showing great enjoyment, and sipping up the ink as fast as shed by the pen. He seems very fond of ink.



HE SHOWS TEMPER.

Grasshoppers are accustomed to the soft earth, and Mrs. Lee soon noticed that he seemed to find the table and desk hard for his feet, and to be feeling about for a softer place. So she gave him bits of cotton for a rug, and it is amusing to see him stand for an hour at a time with his forelegs resting on it!

Never but once has Applesauce hopped down upon the carpet where he would be in danger of being stepped upon. He

really seems to understand that the place of safety is upon the desk or table. Who shall say that the little creature does not reason about the matter?

Applesauce is given a corner of the table whenever the family go to their meals. There he feasts upon his piece of juicy apple while the others are dining. He shows evidence of "mind" by not hopping about the table after finishing his own repast, or getting into the food. Like a well-bred grasshopper he sits still and "waits for the family," and then is carried back to the library where he spends the greater part of his time.

He eats nothing but apple, but he drinks a great quantity of water, so that it is a wonder to others than Norah that he does n't "split hisself."

I am sorry to tell, however, that Applesauce will show temper at times. When the hour comes for him to be shut into his box, should he not wish to go then, he will march over to Mrs. Lee and strike her fingers with his forelegs, then turn himself, around and kick them with his long hindlegs.

Applesauce always sleeps in his box, but seldom does he enter it of his own free-will. He would much prefer to walk around on Mrs. Lee's desk and select his own resting place, but this is not allowed.

It is nearly two years now since Applesauce came to New York, but he seems as happy as any grasshopper of the meadow, and has not once shown a desire to leave the Lees.

Isadore Church Harvey.

THANKSGIVING MORNING.






















THE great happy Sun outshines,
Saying, "Howdy, Dearie?"
And the People look their best—
All is very cheery!

M. J. H.

DEAR LITTLE SHEILA

①








The first time Molly ever saw her dear little Sheila it was not in a  nor at  nor in the street; and though Sheila had never seen  before, she reached right up and kissed her. Tom stood near, but she did not kiss  ---no, she bit Tom! Do you think Sheila must have been a strange little , and do you wonder where it was she met  and ? It was on a  out on the  and Sheila was not a little  at all---she was a Shetland ; and when she got up on her  she was not as big as Tom's Newfoundland . "Isn't she a dear!" cried , putting out her  to pat her. Yes, the little  was a dear! Her coat was rough, but her flowing  and  were wavy and curly, and her  shone out under her shaggy locks like two . She looked like some little  that









had made, she was so small and round and cunning. As  was a kind little boy, he wanted to pat the little , too, but when he






put out his  Sheila opened her  and bit at him. "I'll go get her an ", said , but when she started to run along the , the little



started after her, right behind her, and took two of her  in her mouth, and that frightened Molly. "See here, you let go of my sister's !"

cried , and raised his  to strike. But the  who stood there pulled  away.




"Her little missy at home let her trot holding by her ,," he said. And then he took  right

up and carried her off in his strong  "I tell you

when I come back," he said to

 and . "I tell you nice story about little ,

with just one little  on it,

and just one little , and just one little , and forty little ! You wait right here."





ZADA WOULD SOMETIMES FORGET TO SHUT THE GATE.

ZADA AND GOO-GOO.

GOO-GOO was a little pet pig, and his mistress, little Zada Weir, loved and played with him as other children love and play with their dogs and kittens. She had no brothers or sisters and would have been very lonely without Goo-Goo. He was the roundest fattest little pig one ever saw, and very white, so that he did n't look *too* much like a pig and everybody had a smile and a pleasant word for him.

The little pet pig's place was in the orchard, but Zada often took him out for a romp; and being a very forgetful little girl, sometimes when she put him back — also, too, sometimes when she went to feed him — she would forget to shut the gate. But this was just what Master Goo-Goo wanted; he often got lonely, confined in the orchard, while his little mistress was at school, and whenever he found the gate open he would go into the house in search of her, and if she was not there he would amuse himself by tearing up every thing he could get hold of. Of course this was naughty, but being only a little pig he did n't know that it was naughty. *He* simply thought it great fun.

The school which Zada attended decided one spring to have a May-party, and Zada was delighted when her little friends selected her for May Queen.

But if she was to be queen she would have to have a new dress, new ribbons and new slippers; and her mama said she was afraid she could not afford them. Mrs. Weir was a poor widow and

it was difficult sometimes for her to make a living for herself and little daughter.

"But we won't decide until tomorrow," she said, finally; "perhaps I can think of some way."

"Well, Zada," she said, next morning, "I can tell you a way by which you can earn the money yourself."

Zada clapped her hands. "Do tell me quick, Mama, so I can begin."

"You will find it hard at first," said Mrs. Weir, "but if you persevere you will be thankful all your life. The May-party is eight weeks off. I have just five dollars, and if you will overcome your habit of forgetfulness I will give you sixty-two and one-half cents of it a week. Every time you forget, you are to pay me back two cents."

Zada said nothing, only smiled, with a bright confident look at her mother.

For awhile the future little May Queen was very careful, and the first week had to pay only twice, but then her old habit returned with great force. She forgot to shut the orchard gate and Master Goo-Goo got in and ruined the violet bed. She forgot her overshoes and Goo-Goo found them on the front doorstep and tore one of them into pieces. She left her books at home and had to return for them and was marked tardy at school.

In fact, she was so careless that her mother was in tears at times, and little Zada herself became so uneasy that she determined to never be off her guard, and sometimes there was a marked improvement for several days at a time.



GOO-GOO HAD EATEN HALF THE CAKE.

But one afternoon she went to the cupboard for something to eat, and on going through the room again soon after she found the cupboard door open.

"Oh dear!" she said, "I wonder if I ought to pay for *this* — I found it open *myself* and shut it, and there is no harm done."

But Zada was an honest little girl, so she dropped two cents in her mother's money-box; and then with a light heart ran out to play with Goo-Goo.

But Zada could n't find Master Goo-Goo.

Soon she heard her mother calling her. Mrs. Weir looked very serious as she led the way to the cupboard. Opening the door she pointed to the little pig within. The next day was Zada's birthday and Mrs. Weir had made a cake and placed it in the cupboard, intending to surprise her little daughter.

The cupboard was simply shelves put across one corner of the room with a door opening to the floor. The little pig, finding the door open, had walked in and had eaten half the cake and was sitting by the plate looking at the other half, as if thinking, "I wish I *could* eat it all, but I just can't!"

Mrs. Weir was very annoyed this time; she told Zada that she was discouraged about her and that she feared she would have to sell Goo-Goo.

Zada did do better for a while. But when on the last day of April she counted the May-day money she found that after paying for the dress (which Mrs. Weir made herself), and the ribbons, and the times she had "forgotten," she had only five cents left toward buying the slippers. Mrs. Weir had left all the counting of the money to Zada — the little girl had been free to count it as often as she liked.

"I did try, Mama," she said, this time, carrying the solitary nickel in her hand to show her mother.

"I believe you did, dear," said Mrs. Weir; "and as I believe you will continue to try, I am going to credit you for the balance so that you can buy the slippers."

Then she and Zada went out and brought home the slippers, which they had selected a week before; and Zada was so delighted to see all her costume together that she ran in several

times that day to look at them. She was sure no one ever had had such a pretty dress and slippers before.

In the evening Miss Milton, the teacher, and some of the girls came round, and while they were talking of the best way to fasten a crown on, they heard a noise in the next room—bip! bumpity-bump-bip, gooo! goooo! bump-bip!

Zada, followed by all the others, ran to see what it meant. There was a dismayed cry. The fat little pig came running out, followed by Zada with the precious May-party dress in her hands. But oh, oh! what a sight! Master Goo-Goo had torn the dress almost into shreds. The little May Queen dropped it on the floor and hid her tears in her mother's lap.

Mrs. Weir could but cry with her, and the teacher looked heart-sick.

"Oh Mama," Zada sobbed, "I had been to look at my dress and when I heard Miss Milton and the girls come in I laid it across a chair and forgot to shut the door and Goo-Goo—he got in and found it."

Poor Zada! She could not be May Queen and it nearly broke her heart. But her trouble cured her of her unfortunate habit. She is nine years old now, and has become a remarkably careful little girl.

As for Master Goo-Goo, he still lives in the orchard, and doubtless would often get out if he could, but never finds the gate open, and Zada and he have many a long walk and talk under the trees, but he is going away next year I hear.

Kate Verdel.



THE MAY-PARTY DRESS.



THANKSGIVING DAY.
AFTER DINNER AT GRANDPA'S HOUSE.



"CHRIST THE LORD WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY."

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. VIII.

DECEMBER, 1904.

No. 2.



IT was only the second Tuesday evening in October, but Mr. Penny, the notion-store man, had his store brightly lighted, and had begun to display things that looked like Christmas things in his window. On this particular evening it had a string of dolls; papier-mache dolls, rubber dolls, kid dolls, wax dolls and china dolls. Some of them were left-overs from last Christmas time, and had lain all summer in dusty boxes under the counter. None of the dolls were dressed, and they fairly shivered on their string as the wind crept in around the warped frame of Mr. Penny's old window. The left-overs seemed to shiver the most. They knew so well what it would be, to hang there all night long in the frosty air. The new dolls all smiled sweetly and did not seem to mind.

Sometimes a group of little children would stop in front of the window to point at the dolls, and "choose." Sometimes they would "choose" for an hour and the new dolls kept on smiling the sweetest smiles, for each felt certain that it would soon be her turn to go. But the children would skip away at last without buying a single one.

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This evening, when the dolls were shivering on their string, Miss Patty Rosywinkle and Miss Polly Rosywinkle across the way sat down beside their clean old polished stove to enjoy the warmth of the fire and see its pretty glow through the little mica panes in the stove doors, before lighting the lamp.

"I think I'd like the cold evenings better," said Miss Patty, "if Mr. Penny would n't hang up that row of dolls all naked in his window over there. They do look so cold!"

Miss Patty and Miss Polly both turned, in the dark, and looked through their window at Mr. Penny's shop. And there hung the dolls in a row, and they did look very cold.

"If you don't beat all, Patty, about those dolls," said Miss Polly. "An old woman like you!"

"I'm only as old as I feel," said Miss Patty, "and I feel just as I always did about dolls."

The next evening, when they were coming home from prayer-meeting, the air was sharper than ever. The naked dolls in Mr. Penny's window still shivered, and Miss Patty held Miss Polly's arm and compelled her to stop and look. "I should think he might have somebody dress them," she said; and then she pointed to one of the left-over dolls at the end of the row. It had a darling little red mouth with a pleading smile, and soft brown eyes, and loose fluffy yellow hair tied with a blue ribbon, and dimples in its little pink elbows, and a neck that looked plump and soft.

"I have a great mind to buy that one!" said Miss Patty. And then she walked straight into the shop and bought the doll. She carried it home cuddled up close under her cloak, and there she wrapped it, as quickly as she could, in the Roman silk, off the back of the velvet chair, and put it on the chair cushion in front of the fire.

"It is a pretty doll!" Miss Polly acknowledged.

"Of course," said Miss Patty, with a faint blush in her cheeks, "you know I don't really mean to keep it. I shall give it to our little niece, Gertrude, for a Christmas present, if you'll help me prepare its wardrobe."

"That's a good plan," said Miss Polly.



"I SHOULD LOVE TO SEE GERTRUDE WHEN SHE GETS IT!"

The next evening they began. They found scraps of fine cambric and bought some fairy little lace edgings, and Miss Patty wore her daintiest white apron for dolly to lie upon in her lap while she was being fitted. They snipped and tucked and gathered and hemmed, and eleven o'clock struck before they knew it. "Mercy me — eleven!" cried Miss Patty. She felt almost wicked, and instantly began putting away the things in a little box.

Then she laid the box away in the bottom drawer of the old mahogany chiffonier. The doll's neck and its little arms were bare. She shoved the drawer back to its place and began to put the room in order, and Miss Polly went away to bed.

When Miss Patty was all through with the room, she stood by the fire a minute and looked at the chiffonier. And then she walked softly to it and opened the drawer and lifted the cover of the box and laid her own little silk shoulder-shawl over the doll and tucked it in all around its neck like a blanket.

Then she, too, went to bed.

It took six evenings to finish the doll's things. "I should just love to see Gertrude when she gets the box," Miss Patty said, on the last evening.

"So I should!" said Miss Polly, for she had grown quite fond of the doll herself.

There was not another thing to do for the doll. It had cunning nightgowns, and wrappers, and little crocheted jackets, and embroidered shoulder-blankets, and a white cloak embroidered in blue. Before they went to bed they packed the doll with all its things in a strong box to send by express, and cleared away all the snippings and scraps, and addressed the box, and in the morning the expressman came and took it away.

The doll's journey lasted four days. On the fourth day, as they sat at tea, said Miss Patty to Miss Polly, "Now the box has just about reached Gertrude. Probably they're opening it about now — perhaps she has dolly in her hands this minute!"

And the doll had reached Gertrude. But it was a good thing that her aunts could not see how their niece looked nor hear what she said. All the rest of the family were crowding around, exclaiming, "What a beautiful doll! Did you *ever* see anything so lovely! How dear of Aunt Patty and Aunt Polly."

Gertrude had a big book under her arm. It was open, and her arm held it propped upon her hip. She did not put the book down, nor did she take the doll in her hands.

"I don't care for dolls," she said, glancing at her present, "though it's very nice of Aunt Polly and Aunt Patty to send it"

Then she went back to the window-seat where she had been reading, and bent her head over the book again.

Gertrude's mother really felt grieved, and Gertrude's older sisters, and even her father, were shocked to witness Gertrude's behavior.

"The trouble is," said her mother, sadly, "she's crazy to read! She can't see or hear, half the time, on account of her book. It does not matter to her what she reads, so she's reading. She reads in school and out of school. She reads in bed at night, if I don't watch her, and on the way to school, and even in church, and while she's braiding her hair, or practising! And this is such a lovely doll!"

"I guess a girl *can* read too much!" said Gertrude's father.

Gertrude's sister Ann set the doll up on the library mantel, and soon the fire went out, and every one went to bed, and the house grew still and very cold.

No one could imagine the feelings of the doll, after having lived with Gertrude's aunts. The mantel grew icier and icier. Chill draughts sifted down from the chimney, fluttering its little petticoats and chilling its toes. All at once a long rattling scraping jingling noise tore the air. It was only the clock's alarm gong, but



THE DOLL WAS PLACED ON THE LIBRARY MANTLE.

it seemed a frightful sound to the doll. And presently the clock struck twelve times and made the mantle tremble, and the poor doll almost slid over the edge of the mantle with fright. This was worse than it ever had been in Mr. Penny's window. There you could not fall off your string. It seemed ages till morning. But at last, at last, Jenny, the maid, came and built a fire in the grate—a hot fire that blistered the doll's toes, and scorched its petticoats.

Soon Gertrude came too and curled herself up on the window-seat with her book, but she never looked toward the fire. The

little doll never felt so lonesome in her life. Suddenly the door-bell rang and nobody would go to the door. The doll grew very nervous, and wished she could go herself. But at last

Gertrude went, with her book on her hip and saying to herself, "Who can that be, so early?"

She opened the door, and a sweet little voice said, "Good-morning! We're around collecting old dolls that you don't want. We dress them for the Children's Mission to give away to the poor children in the hospitals at Christmas. Could you give us any, please?"

Two little girls stood there, smiling up at her, with a big basket full



THE LITTLE LAME GIRL.

of dolls, old, broken, ragged, cast-off dolls.

"I can give you a new one, all dressed," said Gertrude, "I'll be glad to. Wait here a minute." She went in and took the doll off the mantel, carelessly, with one hand, and carried it to the door and laid it in the basket. Then she went back and brought the box filled with the doll's beautiful wardrobe.

The little girls could hardly speak for one minute. Then one of them cried out, "Oh — will you give us *this* doll? And all — these clothes! We never heard of such a thing! To give away such a lovely doll! You must want to make somebody feel very glad!" And the eyes of both shone on Gertrude.

"Oh, I don't care for dolls — that's all," said honest Gertrude, and then she turned away with her book and shut the door.

The little girls sat down on the snowy top-step and quickly put on the doll's little lace hood and its long white cloak. Then they hugged it and kissed it, and one carried it while the

other carried the precious box of clothes. The doll was warm and happy again. And the little girls danced rather than walked along the street.

They went to a certain ward in the Children's Hospital to the bed of a little crippled girl they knew with a thin face and very happy eyes, lying on her back. There they placed the baby doll on her arm with its cheek snuggled against hers; and every one who came in afterward heard her singing softly.

Well, the little lame girl with the happy eyes is cured now, so that she can walk, even run and dance. But she still lives at the Children's Hospital. She has lovely work to do. It is to cheer up little sick children who are brought there, she and her doll. She has no other home, and they love her at the Hospital. She goes out into the street every day to give her doll fresh air, and to show her to little children. And no doll in the whole city has so many friends or does so much good as this dolly with the pleading smile who was once a left-over doll.

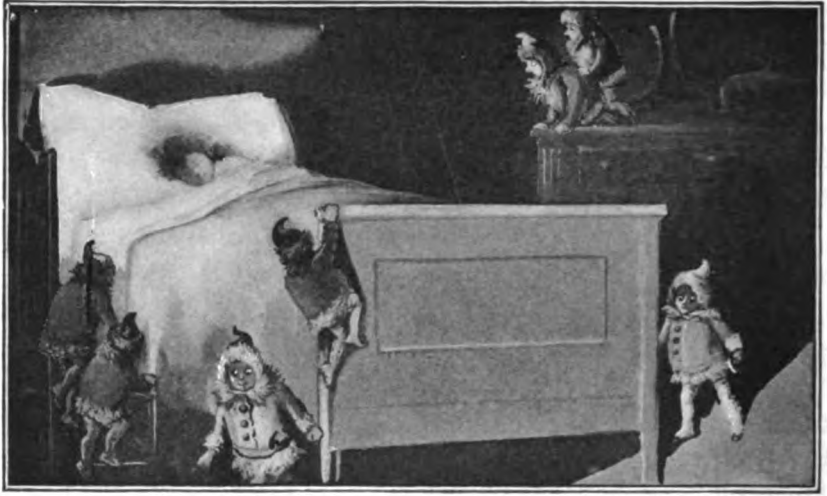
Sometime in January the Rosywinkle aunts received a polite note from their niece, thanking them for their Christmas present, and stating that she had given the doll to a Hospital.

But the Rosywinkle aunts never have known that the dear little left-over doll from Mr. Penny's window became a city missionary, nor that she holds large doorstep meetings on many a street, and does a great deal of good; perhaps they may learn of it now. If they do, they will be much pleased.

Lucia Chase Bell.



TO GIVE HER DOLL FRESH AIR.



THE ELVES OF CHRISTMAS.

AT night, when all the world is sleeping,
And all its candles are snuffed out,
The elves from Christmas Land come peeping,
Creeping, peeping, all about.

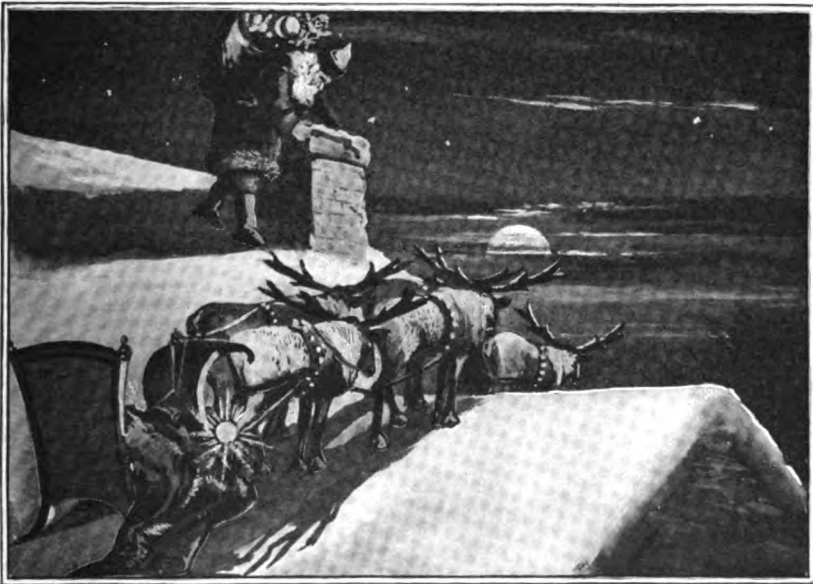
In all the houses they go spying,
Climb up to all the beds to see
If, underneath the cover lying,
A little child at rest may be.



And when they find one, to the house-top
They scamper fast as elves can go,
And with their hammers notch the chimneys,
To show that there's a child below.

Then Santa, when he makes his visits
To boys and girls on Christmas Eve,
Knows, just by looking at the chimneys,
Which house to visit, which to leave.

And if he finds more than one nicking,
He knows *that* child's been *very* good,
And crowds into the waiting stocking
All it can hold, as Santa would!



So, children, if you wake and listen,
When nights are long and cold and dark,
You'll maybe hear the fairy hammers
Upon your chimneys make their mark.

Tap-tap, tap-tap! Count well the nicks!
If two or three, you need not grieve
Lest Santa may not fill your stocking
Way to the top on Christmas Eve!

Lilla Thomas Elder.

LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

CHAPTER II.—WHILE THE TOWN ATE ITS MID-DAY MEAL.

OLD Winne-Lackee, the Squaw, was paddling up river in her canoe. She had been to pay a visit to the Indian tents at Bar Harbor. Every summer the Indians camped there and sold baskets and bead-work, bows and arrows and fur moccasins and pouches to the summer visitors.

Winne-Lakee never stayed long at the fashionable place. She was rich and went only to see something of the world.

She lived on the Indian island, one of the very queerest places you ever saw. It is in the river, away up above Pekoe and Pollywhoppet. The Pekoe and the Pollywhoppet boys and girls think it is the very best of good times to go on a visit to the Indian village.

Old Winne-Lackee was not born on the Indian island. It was said that she was a California Indian and had once been exhibited in a show, and that old Sockabesin, a chief of the tribe that lived on the island, had made her acquaintance in the show, where he was being exhibited as one of the last of the old-fashioned Penobscot Indians, and had married her.

That does not seem very probable, because Indians seldom marry outside of their own tribe, but it was certainly true that there was a mystery about old Winne-Lackee; and her name—which means “a woman who lives beside a river and is a great talker”—sounds like the language of the California Indians.

It was said that old Winne-Lackee's first husband was a great fur-trader and that was how she came to be so rich. Her house on the Indian island was as handsome as rich white people would have, and inside was plenty of silk and satin and velvet and silver; but there was, besides, a great deal that was very queer and Indian and—oh dear!—not so very clean.

Winne-Lackee had servants at home, two Indian maids and a man, but she always preferred to paddle her own canoe. She had taken it with her on board the steamer, for a part of the way from Bar Harbor; but all the way up the river from its mouth she had paddled.



ALL THE WAY UP THE RIVER WINNE-LACKER HAD PADDLED.

She was a strong woman; the muscles stood out like whip cords on her lean arms which today she had bared because paddling was warm work on this June forenoon. Her face was brown and withered so that it made one think of a baked apple, but her black eyes were sharp and bright. They looked pleasant, too. The Bar Harbor children who clung to their nurses at sight of the other squaws in the tents would always go to Winne-Lackee.

The old squaw wore a black dress today although she liked a bright red or green one much better, and over the black dress she wore a girdle of deer skin cut out in a long fringe at the lower edge and trimmed at the upper edge with sea shells of brilliant colors.

She wore the black dress because Sockabesin's little granddaughter had just died at Bar Harbor. She liked to dress, in some ways, as the white people did, and she had loved little Swaying Reed although she did not like her mother, Wintona, and would not allow her to set foot on the island.

Old Winne-Lackee's heart was heavy because little Swaying Reed was dead.

She had paddled almost up to Pollywhoppet now. It was quiet on the river, because the saw-mills had blown the noon-signals, but yet she kept to the farther bank because she did not feel like being stared at. Pollywhoppet people always stared at her, although they had seen her a good many times.

Very close to her canoe came some floating lumber, probably fallen overboard from a lumberman's raft. Winne-Lackee's eyes were old but they were still sharp and she thought she saw something upon the lumber that was not wood.

A few quick strokes of her paddle and the squaw was near enough to see a child's arms clinging to the lumber, a small dark head, water-soaked, just above the surface of the river.

Winne-Lackee knew how to manage a canoe, you may be sure. It was like a part of herself, as it is to all Indians. But yet it was not easy for her to lift the child into the light little craft without capsizing it.

She was forced to unlock the tight, almost rigid clasp of the

little hands around an oar, an oar that had, somehow, become tightly wedged between two timbers and so held fast.

When Peggy had come to the surface the second time, from the depths of the river, she had clutched the oar that had fallen from her hands when she went down.

She had come up near the floating lumber, and, swung around by an eddy in the river, some of it had struck her upon the head, a hard, cruel blow. But a projecting stick had also caught the oar and held it firmly, and although she was almost unconscious, Peggy had still clung to the oar, as drowning people will cling.

Winne-Lackee knew just what to do with half-drowned people. It was not in vain that she had lived on a small island and seen reckless little Indians rescued from drowning, many and many a time.

Now that she had Peggy in her canoe she placed the little form in such a position that the water would escape from the lungs. Yet it needed different treatment from what she could give it in the canoe.

A little Pollywhoppet girl, probably, she thought. She glanced across the river at the village where all was quiet because people were all eating their noon-day meal, and wondered where she had come from.

There was nothing to show; for the little row-boat that had lost its passenger had gone drifting down the river, bound for the open sea and was now quite out of sight from the harbor.

The little girl might have fallen overboard from a vessel, or drifted in on the incoming tide, from a wreck at sea. Perhaps she was not a little Pollywhoppet girl!

Winne-Lackee tenderly lifted the long black braid and smoothed the brow over the closed eyes.

Winne-Lackee dearly loved a little girl and she had never had one of her own.

This one was dark and very sweet; she might almost be a sister to Swaying Reed.

She would have drowned in a few minutes if it had not been for her, thought Winne-Lackee.

When the little girl had become entirely unconscious, as she was now, old Winne-Lackee knew very well that the clinging hands would have lost their grasp.

She belonged to her! There came a fierce throb of Winne-Lackee's old heart at the thought. Perhaps, indeed, her friends might all have gone down in a wreck and no one would ever appear to claim her!

Why had she so firmly thought she was a little Pollywhoppet girl?

These thoughts flashed through Winne-Lackee's mind in a moment.

The next moment she was paddling, paddling, faster than she had ever done before in her life, out of the way of the few vessels and rafts upon the river, past Pollywhoppet and the ship-yard with the beautiful great ship ready for tomorrow's launching, up towards her own safe secluded home on the Indian island.

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"I wonder where the children are," said Grandpapa Piper when the luncheon bell rang.

"Phi has gone fishing; he came in and got a luncheon to take with him. I think Peggy is in the ship-yard," said Mama Piper easily.

"Delia, ring the luncheon bell at the door," Mama Piper added, turning to the maid.

Only the garden and the orchard were between the Pipers' house and the ship-yard.

Delia rang loud and long, but the small ears that the sound was meant to reach heard nothing.

Peggy, lying in the bottom of the canoe, looked as if she were dead but Winne-Lackee could feel her faint heart-beat and a flickering pulse at her wrist.

As for Winne-Lackee, of course she heard the bell.

But Winne-Lackee paddled away up the quiet sunny river faster than ever!

(To be continued.)

Sophie Swett.

PANSY'S MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.



PANSY.

PANSY'S real name was Lettie, but her mother called her Pansy because she was bright-faced like the pansy flower.

Pansy and Rhoda — Rhoda was Pansy's most intimate friend and lived across the street — were talking of Christmas over by Rhoda's gate, and Rhoda said, "My mother says that on Christmas, if we can, we must give people what they want the most of anything."

"But how can we tell what they want the most of anything?" asked

Pansy, and then, after a moment, suddenly looked guilty.

"Oh, we most always know about our own folks anyway," said Rhoda. "We hear them talking."

"Yes," said Pansy, frankly, "we do. I know one thing my Mama wants, for I've heard her say it a hundred times — oh, ever such a lot of times! But *you* can't guess what it is!"

"What's the use of trying then?" laughed Rhoda.

"I'll be shamed to tell," said Pansy, "but it's just this. You know how I like to have my own way?"

"Sure," said Rhoda, mischievously.

Pansy laughed too, but in a moment she was serious again. "I do believe what my mother wants most of anything in the world is to have me *give in*!" she said.

"I should n't be surprised," said Rhoda.

"Yes, of course you've seen me and know how I act," said Pansy, the color of a very deep-red pansy flower. Then she went on, bravely, "When I want to have my own way, and get into one of my tantrums, Mama says, 'Lettie, can't you give in? I'd rather have you just give in than to have anything else in the world!' And yesterday she said, 'Well, Lettie, I don't think you *can* give in, or you would!' And she sat and looked

at me so sad and sorry, I went up stairs and I just cried!'"

"And *can't* you give in?" asked Rhoda, curiously.

Pansy looked frightened, for a moment — Rhoda seemed to think she *could n't* give in, just as her mother had.

"It's likely I can, if I want to," she said. "I'm not so horrid that I *can't* be good, Miss Rhoda Green! I don't like you very much, Rhoda Green!"

And then the saucy little Rhoda Green began to cry, and turned away, and Pansy began to cry too, and she started to run across to her side of the street, and Rhoda started to go into her own house. When Pansy saw that, she stopped. "You have n't heard it all," she called. "I intend to give in on Christmas day. That will be my present to Mama, and what she wants the most of anything, just as your mother said."

"But you may not have a tantrum on Christmas!" called back Rhoda, with a naughty little laugh. And then the little girls separated and went home.

The next morning, Christmas morning, after they had wished each other "Merry Christmas!" Pansy put her arms around her mother, where she stood by the stove frying slices of chicken breast to a golden brown. "I *can* 'give in,' Mama! Of course I can, and I am going to!" she said. "That's my Christmas present to you, Mama!"

The morning after, when Pansy was reading in a new Christmas book, her mother hurriedly asked her to run over to the bakery and bring some fresh rolls, and little Pansy laid her book down and went at once, though to stop in the middle of a story was nearly sure to bring on a tantrum!

Rhoda waylaid her at the gate, across the street. "Did you give your Christmas present?" she called. "*Could* you?"

Pansy answered with a little toss of her head. "Why, of course I could," said she, "and I just 'joyed to give it!"

And Pansy's mother "just 'joyed" to have it, too.

For when Pansy gave a thing she gave it for good and all!

It has been nearly a year now, and Pansy has not had a tantrum since Christmas last.

- - - Alice May Douglass



A CHRISTMAS tree
 With presents bright,
 And pretty candles
 All a-light —
 Supposing you had none?



A candy dog
 And turkey wing,
 With pumpkin pie
 And everything —
 Supposing you had none?



A dolly dear
 With bluest eyes
 And truly shoes
 For a surprise —
 Supposing you had none?



A cosy bed,
 And mother, too,
 To tuck you in
 And pray for you —
 Supposing you had none?



Jeannette A. Marks.



"COME HERE, JOHNNY — NOW STAND PERFECTLY STILL!"

JOHNNY'S CHRISTMAS TROUSERS.

(The True Story of a Famous Poet's First Pair.)

IN TWO PARTS.— PART I.

"JOHNNY — Johnny Lee!"

Now Mrs. Sharp, Johnny's mother, did not call him "Johnny Lee," in reality; but she shall here, and so will we though his name was *not* "Johnny Lee" by any means.

In from the woodshed dashed all three of Mrs. Sharp's children, falling over each other in their haste to reach her side, for they knew their mother's call meant that Johnny's trousers were done — his first pair, of which they had lived in eager anticipation ever since early fall — and now Christmas was nearly due!

Johnny's dresses had been simply hateful to him for the last year, and the title of "Sissy," given him by the boys on the street, seemed likely to fasten on him for life, in company with a sullen disposition, all on account of these same gingham and flannel dresses. The change to boys' clothes had been delayed for several reasons, the chief one being that Father's coat could not be spared to cut up until after the corn was husked. Another

reason was that Johnny's mother had dreaded to begin on a job so complicated as the making of a pair of trousers — work of which she had n't the slightest knowledge ; for Johnny Lee was the only boy in the family.

The three children eagerly examined the wonderful garment. "Are they all done, Mammy?" Hannah asked.

"Goodness knows I hope so!" said Mrs. Sharp, as she unfastened Johnny's flannel dress. "But I guess," she added, as she buttoned on the little trousers, "they won't ever be taken for store pants! Walk over to the window, Johnny — there, stop right there! Hannah, don't you think the left leg seems a little the longest? Come here, Johnny — now stand perfectly still — don't twist about! There, that's better — don't you think so, Hannah?" she asked, as she pinned a small pleat near the waistband. "I had to cut this leg almost on the bias to get it out at all — Father had worn two holes through right close up to the sleeve, so I could n't lay the pattern on straight — but I guess they'll do."

The little coat was next tried on. It was none the less precious because it was, in one sense, "ready-made," having already served Mamie as a jacket for two winters; now the white ruffles had been ripped from the sleeves, and the buttons had been changed for those on Father's old coat, so that it looked quite mannish.

Up and down the kitchen little Johnny patiently walked, wherever he was bidden, followed about by Hannah and Mamie until their mother suddenly remembered that the night-chores had n't been done, whereupon both the girls disappeared into the woodshed.

Thus set at liberty, his mother having gone into the pantry, Johnny stopped short in his march, and his little hands went down to his sides. A blank look overspread his face. It was as he had feared — there were no pockets in his trousers.

"I'll be out in just a second to unbutton you," called his mother.

With a sick feeling at his little heart, Johnny stood where he was for a moment, then went into the woodshed. He met his

sisters at the door, each with an armful of wood. It was his part of the night-chores to split the kindlings and fill the chip basket.

But Johnny did n't begin on the kindlings right off. He sat down on the splitting log. "What d' I care for pants without no pockets in 'em!" the little fellow groaned, his childish forehead cold and wet with the sweat of his trouble.

At his feet lay the new splitting ax his father had bought the day before. His eyes were fastened on it without seeming to see it. But all at once Johnny got up. A grim expression had come on his little face. He stepped cautiously to the door which led into the kitchen and made sure it was closed. The air was freezing cold, but this did not daunt him. He tugged

and twisted at the buttons till he got the new trousers off, then folded them and smoothed them out on the splitting log.

Standing there with his little legs bare he seized the new ax, his blue eyes glittering black with his determination, raised it above his head, and taking aim brought it down with a thud.

Then, flinging it down, Johnny lifted his trousers and unfolded them — and, lo, there were some beautiful pocket holes!

The lamp was lighted and the tea-table set, when Johnny went back into the kitchen. He placed his basket of kindlings

behind the kitchen stove, and sat down himself on the end of the wood-box.

"Do your pants feel all right, Johnny-boy?" his mother asked lovingly, as she slipped the biscuits into the oven.

"Yes, Mother." Johnny replied.



HE BROUGHT IT DOWN WITH A THUD.

"You can keep them on," said Mrs. Sharp, "if you'll be careful, till Father comes, so that —"

"He's coming now!" called out Mamie, at the window. "Stand up, Johnny, quick!"

Poor Johnny only clung tighter to the wood-box, but his sisters had him on his feet by the time his father entered; and then, before an admiring word could be spoken, Mamie gave a scream that struck through poor Johnny's soul.

"Why, Johnny Lee Sharp!" she cried. "What *have* you done to your new trousers! Mother! Mother!"

Instinctively poor little Johnny Lee Sharp sought to cover himself with his open palms — but it was the rear of his trousers that was attracting the family attention, for Hannah had seized him and turned him round — and there gaped two glaring holes! The next instant his hands were torn away, revealing two corresponding holes in front.

It was all over now with Johnny; anything could happen from a whipping to being sent up to bed. But something more terrible than either happened, for without a word his mother took off his trousers and holding them up removed the pins which roughly held two empty salt bags in place with their contents of strings and marbles! And then poor Johnny was once more clothed in the familiar flannel dress.

Through it all he had not shed a tear or uttered a word. The little fellow was too outraged for that! But now, suddenly he cried out, scowling from behind the stove on the whole family circle.

"There is n't a boy in the whole world," shouted he, "wivout a pocket in his pants!" And then, also suddenly, he remembered that since it was so near Christmas Santa Claus might be listening around, and he cried out again, determined on being as wicked as he could, "I don't care for your old Santa Claus!" And then he went on to revile Santa Claus. "He is n't such a much; he does n't bring nuffin but ol' apples, and ol' rag dolls, an' dry old doughnuts — I don't want a doll — I is n't a girl!"

And here Johnny looked down on his flannel dress, his wrath increasing toward the monarch of Christmas.

"I don' believe there *is* a Santa!" he shouted. "Tommy Moore told me there is n't. Tommy Moore's got *three* pockets in *his* pants! Mammy makes the doughnuts her own self!"



' SANTA CLAUS IS N'T SUCH A MUCH!'

And then, catching Mamie's eye, Johnny's childish features drew into a dreadful grimace, and at this wicked sight of their dear little Johnny, Mamie began to cry, whereupon the little fellow in the flannel dress stamped away up stairs making all the noise he could.

By and by when his sisters came up, Johnny found it was his night to sleep in the middle, between Hannah and Mamie, and he declared he was being crowded, and poked his feet out from under the covers to cool them, until at last, hopelessly, his sisters turned over, leaving him to be as wicked as he liked; and for some time Johnny lay with both

his little feet out of bed, every now and then raising the coverlets to let in the cold air upon his sisters — the unhappiest little boy in the world!

Minnie B. Mitchell.

A DREADFUL MISTAKE.

I LOVE my white Angora cat—but my cup of woe is full,
For some one took my kitty dear for a ball of cotton-wool!

Helena Sharpsteen.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

(II.— *Nature-Study Questions About the Horse.*)

I. When the horse bites off grass, which way does he move his head?

II. When the horse lies down, which end goes down first, front or back, and which rises first when he gets up? What are the four movements in lying down?

III. Why does the horse have a mane and a tail?

IV. How does the horse scratch his back?

V. Are the horse's feet directly underneath the lower big bones? If so, why? If not, why?

C. Q. Wright, U. S. Navy.

ONLY FOOLING.



MOTHER darling, when I said to-day
I should watch my chance and run away,
Find a ship and go to sea, you know
I was only fooling. I won't go.

Then, I said you could n't ever guess
The dreadful things I do but don't confess;
But I don't do any, mother dear.
I was only fooling. Do you hear?

What is it? You don't like make-believe,
Make-believe that really does deceive?
For you can't be sure when I speak true?
Think, perhaps I'm only fooling you?

Mother dear, I was a naughty lad —
Let me kiss you. There, don't look so sad.
I won't say such things, or if I do
I'll smile to show I'm only fooling you.

Laura G. Thompson.



"GO STAND THOU IN THE FROZEN MOON!"

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

(A German Folk-Lore Story.)

IN Germany, the story goes,
Once lived a thieving peasant,
Who pilfered from his neighbor's stores
What to his taste was pleasant.
All in a garden, near at hand,
Some cabbages were growing,
And forth he slipped, one Christmas Eve,
No shame, no reverence, knowing,
To fill his basket in the dark,
When none abroad were going.

He still was pulling, might and main,
His greediness unbounded,
When on the hard and frosty road
A horse's tramp resounded.
White shone the street, the rider white,
His face showed many a wrinkle;

(60)

Low bent the thief, for silver-bright
 The stars began to twinkle.
 "'Tis good Saint Nicholas!" he cried,
 "I hear his hand-bell tinkle!"

The stately Bishop drew his rein —
 He spied the peasant hiding;
 "'Tis Holy Christmas Eve," called he,
 "Thy guilt's the more abiding!
 Go stand thou in the frozen moon,
 And come thou downward never!
 So long as earth lasts, nothing shall
 Thee and thy booty sever!"

.
 Still in the moon the culprit dwells,
 Mid cabbages forever!

Nora Archibald Smith.



THE HOUSE-PLANTS.

IT does us good to see the fresh green leaves that be
 On plants in wintry weather;
 It is so nice to know that flowers and the snow
 Can get along together!

M. J. H.

DEAR LITTLE SHEILA






When the ^{II} came
back, and Tom
ran to hear about









Sheila's island. They had been
sitting in their little , talking about the



. They said it would be fun to have a
horse that could be carried like a ---more fun





than Tom's . "Just a play-pony!" said Mol-
ly. "A play-pony!" cried the . "On Shei-


la's island ponies work hard. No 
no , no . "No roads!" ex-
claimed Molly.

"How do you get to that lit-
tle  where that  and little  live?" "In



"In , "said he. "But there has
to be a , or a , to carry

things in!" declared . Then
the  told how Sheila's island

was all sharp  and , with just a steep
, too narrow for a ; and



the  had to ride up and down on ponies,



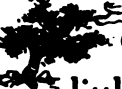




and have big  and  to hang on them, to carry things in. "Little Janet," said he, "sits






perched up among the things, and guides her by just a  round his neck.

Every week she rides over the hills to meet the  that bring things from the  on the other islands." "Does

she hitch her pony to a ?" asked . "Not a  on the island," said the sailor. "Janet

has a little brother, Ross, to go with her, but Sheila never let  ride." "Why?" Tom asked. 



"He struck her once," said he, "and after that, if he got on her back,  would sit right down and

roll him off! But she loved . She would take Janet's  in her mouth, and

the other  would follow behind, and all trot off in a line." "Does Janet take care

of them in the ?" asked Molly. "No barn," he said.



"Just a  of stones built round a place where the  go to stand in bad storms."

KEESA DOAHBY'S CHRISTMAS SONG.



KEESA IN HER BUCKSKIN SUIT.

KEESA Doahby lived in a little two-roomed government house on the Kiowa Indian reservation before it was opened to settlement. She played out of doors with her baby brother almost all day long and never a care had crossed her path till one day her father came in with the news that in a few days more Keesa must start to school.

Now the school was a fine place to visit, especially at Christmas time ; but Keesa did not like the idea of going there to stay and sleeping away from home, of having a round of duties and of being allowed to play during certain hours only ; so she sulked a little and said she did not want to go.

But her father said she must go because the Agent had spoken of it, and if she were not started in school soon a policeman would be sent to take her there.

Therefore, about a week later, Keesa was carefully dressed in her cunning little buckskin suit trimmed with over five hundred priceless elk teeth and many beads, and fringed at the bottom of the skirt and at the ends of the sleeves. Her hair, which had been undergoing a week of most rigorous treatment in order that the matron would not cut it when she got to school, was neatly braided and tied with a pink ribbon. She looked very pretty as her father lifted her up into the wagon beside her chest of trinkets, her mother and her baby brother.

They drove over many miles of the Oklahoma prairie, but at last they came to the trader's store, and there a few rods farther on was the boarding school, with the laundry, the blacksmith's shop and its many other buildings around it.

This little school village was not new to Keesa nor to her

parents. They often visited their cousins there, but the Indian father looked at it this time with new thoughts for he was going to leave his little girl for the first time. Probably Keesa's mother felt bad, too, but when the father speaks the Indian mother knows it is not her place to object. Besides father and mother both had been to the Carlisle Indian school so they knew that it was for Keesa's own good that she should be left there.

The little girl was welcomed as were all the others; the matron took her in charge, brought out a pretty red flannel dress and other articles of clothing that some girl of last year had outgrown, took Keesa's cherished elk-tooth embroidery and leggins and packed them in with her trinkets, then dressed her as a white girl. Keesa looked into the mirror then turned to the matron with a smile.

"I al-ready can speak some Englis'," she said, with the queer little soft accent all Indian children have.

That of course made it much easier for Keesa, and as she knew all the Indian songs and the songs the dear little missionaries had taught the Kiowas, she was soon put forward to sing in an entertainment.

Oh, but her heart beat like a tom-tom, when out came the Agent and several other people, the night of the entertainment.

The more Keesa thought about it, the more Keesa feared to stand up to sing before all those people and the rest of the school.

"I will not do it," she finally decided; but she did not tell her teacher of her decision.

"One more rehearsal at five o'clock," she heard the principal teacher say. And at five o'clock all those who sang or recited filed into the chapel to practice. Every one else went through his or her part rapidly till it came to Keesa Doahby.

"Now Keesa, let us hear 'Little John Bottle John,'" said the teacher.

Keesa did not move from her seat.

"Come Keesa," persuasively said the teacher.

The little Kiowa's eyes seemed glued to the wall in front of her.

In astonishment the teacher said, "Keesa? You? Why I

thought you would never fail us!" But Keesa still appeared to be both deaf and dumb.

The teacher in charge was so exasperated that she was obliged to step into the hall to calm her temper; for this habit of obstinacy is the worst of all in dealing with Indian children, the hardest to conquer. But in a moment the teacher returned with a smile and asked for a song by the school.

Keesa did n't quite enjoy this. She really did not want to sing, but she had hoped to be asked to do so, asked a great many times, too! But nobody said a word about it again. The rehearsal was over soon and the children passed out.



KEESA SINGING HER BEST.

By the time supper was over, Keesa was nearly wild for fear she would not have a chance to sing, and at the last moment as the girls, all dressed in their best blue dresses, filed into the chapel, Keesa whispered as she passed her teacher, "I will sing it, the song, to-night if you ask me."

The teacher smilingly said, "No, I shall not call on you, Keesa."

Keesa winked back her tears and took her seat. She was hardly conscious of what was going on about her, until she heard her name called by the music teacher. Then she noticed that it was not her own teacher who was reading the program.

"Now, Keesa Doahby will sing to us about 'Little John Bottle John,'" she heard announced.

Would she? Keesa Doahby braced herself obstinately in her seat. She glanced in the direction of the place in which her teacher usually stood only to find that she was not in the room — at least not where the little girl could see her.

Maybe she would n't ask her again! As this sickening idea came over her, Keesa stood up and in a moment more she

was facing the school and the guests, and singing her best.

As she saw how pleased every one seemed, the little Kiowa's face grew crimson for she well knew how naughty she had been. When the evening was over, she made her way hastily to her own teacher and whispered, "Please excuse me!" then flew back to her place in line and marched up to the dormitory.

That night all the teachers met to talk with the Agent. He was loud in his praise of little Keesa Doahby's song.

"And the beauty of the whole thing was the unhesitating way in which the timid little thing came forward," he said.

And when he had heard the story of her behavior and of the apology, he said, "Bless her little heart! I shall remember that!"

When Christmas came Santa Claus sent many boxes to the boarding-school, and the Agent sent another. The Agent's box contained a little doll for each girl and a toy for each boy.

When the beautiful tree was all trimmed, and the eyes that had been trying to peep in at the curtained windows of the chapel all day had feasted themselves on the scene, every little pupil girl drew a breath of ecstasy as she looked up at the top of the tree; for there, high above all the others, was a large and most beautiful doll from Paris.

"Whose can it be? I know it is not for me," said every little girl, with hope in her heart in spite of her words.

And because everyone was so curious, of course that tree was stripped of every other thing, of even every sack of candy, before that wonderful doll was touched!

Then the teacher got a tall boy to take it down, after which she read from the card attached: "To my little Songstress Keesa Doahby, for conquering herself."

Then followed the name of one of the best friends the Kiowas ever had, that of the acting Indian Agent then, now a famous brigadier general.

As Keesa put her much-admired doll along with her buckskin suit in the chest, she said, "'For conquering herself?' What mean that? I thought for 'Little John Bottle John.'"

Ruth Everett Beck.



A-GROWING ROUND!

IF.

HOW queer we should have looked
If Babies, one and all,
Had just kept growing round
Instead of growing tall!

Eva O. B. Gilbert.

THREE TREES.

ONE Boy invited to three Trees —
He went to every one!
Old Santa Claus he said to him,
“Well, little Boy, well done!”
And Santa laughed, did he.

At one he got a candy cane,
At one a box of sweets,
At one he got a train of cars —
For one small Boy three Treats!
That small Boy laughed, did he.

M. J. H.



"SHE WILL LIVE!" SAID THE INDIAN DOCTOR.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. VIII.

JANUARY, 1905.

No. 3.

THE SHOEMAKER'S CHILDREN.



THE POOR SHOEMAKER FELL ILL.

THEY lived in a tiny little house just at the entrance of the town, and it was the wonder of everybody how seven children and the father and mother stowed themselves away in it; but they did, and found room to spare for the shoemaker's bench and all the litter of leather and tools besides.

The shoemaker and his wife were Italians by birth — Ribula was their name, and the children had eyes and voices soft and sweet like it. A merry lot they were, even though little Benita had to find herself a cubby-hole in bed every night between tall Teresa and chubby Celestina, while baby Filippo was laid across the foot, and Teresa had to keep her knees drawn up that she might run no risk of kicking him — she was so long, you know. This was in winter; in summer Teresa kept the floor scrubbed white so the children could sleep on that, and if it was n't very soft at least it was very cool.

It was in one of the long cold cruel American winters that the shoemaker fell ill of the rheumatism. It began in his knees, and while it was satisfied to stay there Mr. Ribula could work, even when the pain was hard to bear; but when it came up into his shoulders and wrists, the poor shoemaker had to lay down his awl and needle and take to his room.

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Then there was sober silence in the little house at the entrance of the town; and then it was that the Ribula children held a solemn meeting in the shop where they had seen their father busy at work ever since they could remember anything.

"Your hands are almost as strong as Father's, Pietro," Teresa said, "so I am sure you could push the awl through the leather



ALL THE PEOPLE IN TOWN HUNTED UP SHOES TO BE MENDED.

and I have often sat and watched him take the stitches; I know just how to do that part."

"I can cut out the patches," Guiseppe cried.

"And the rest of us can pick up the scraps and put away the tools," said fat little Celestina. And this was good of Celestina, for she was a lazy little soul and did not like to pick up endless scraps and bits of leather.

"Let us all go together to Father and Mother and tell them not to worry, for that we will run the shop and mend the shoes," Teresa suggested.

"And let us make up something to say when we tell them,"

Pietro cried. And so they put their heads together and composed a very grand-sounding speech, that began, "We have seen, dearest Father, that you are troubled on account of the rent," and ended, "We will try to do your work because we are your loving children;" and then they were to bow, all together.

Teresa was to make the speech; but when they came into the bedroom, and she saw poor Father all done up in red flannel and looking so despairing, the little girl forgot all about the fine words, and, putting her arms around his neck, she only said, "Don't cry, Padre mio, we children will mend the shoes."

"You children!" the shoemaker exclaimed.

"Why yes, Father," Pietro answered. "We have watched you many and many a time; and lots of little hands can do as much as two big ones."

And I think Pietro's speech was every bit as good as the fine one they had made up.

So the children set to work; and such a pretty sight it was to see them, day by day, as busy as bees, and so touching to think of the poor father, suffering upstairs, that all the people in the town hunted up shoes to be mended and work poured into the little shop. Mamas stopped scolding when their little boys tore off their soles with their skates, or kicked out their toes going "belly-whopper" down the long hill; while kindhearted Archie Martin, the Minister's son, actually cut holes in his second-best shoes in order that the Ribula children might have them to mend.

And Pietro's strong hands pushed the awl steadily through pair after pair, while patient Teresa set the stitches; and if the smaller ones sometimes got tired "cleaning up," they never grumbled, but sang merrily, all together, over their work. And so, when the good doctor, in about a month, had cured the shoemaker's rheumatism, and he was able to sit on the bench and cobble again, the rent was all paid, and some of the other bills, so that Teresa and the mother thought they might spare enough for a merry feast on New Year's Day.

And the shoemaker said to Mrs. Ribula, "See, we are rich! These excellent children!"

Katharine Olds Hamilton.



"I'LL GIVE HIM A POKE," SAYS ONE MERRY ELF,
A-SEEKING TO FIND OUT THE SECRET HIMSELF.

THE BABY NEW YEAR.

PRAY what can these queer little goblins and elves
Be prattling and peeping at all by themselves?
Why, something asleep they have suddenly found —
Oh, something so lovely and tiny and round!
He's neither a goblin nor imp, they can see,
Yet what in the world can he possibly be?
They've counted his fingers, they've counted his toes,
They've laughed at his dimples and dear little nose.
"I'll give him a poke," says one merry young elf,
A-seeking to find out the secret himself.
And then, as he opens his pretty blue eyes,
They know he has surely come down from the skies —
They know the dear angels have sent, with their love,
A little New Year, just as pure as a dove!

S. R. Pease.

LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

CHAPTER III. — POKEBERRY INK.

OLD Winne-Lackee only paddled faster and faster when she heard the luncheon bell that was ringing and ringing for little Peggy Piper. But she dared not paddle far, for in the small canoe she had not been able to revive the little white girl.

Only the faintest breath fluttered through Peggy's lips; there was scarcely a stirring of her pulse.

Into a small cove paddled the Indian woman where the woods were so thick that no one could see her from any of the passing boats.

Here she tried the movements that the Indians use to restore those who are nearly drowned.

It was rough treatment, but before long it made Peggy open her eyes.

They were very dark eyes. They looked to Winne-Lackee like the eyes of little Swaying Reed, her granddaughter who had died.

The old Squaw was full of queer Indian fancies and she almost believed that the Great Spirit had given her this child to make up for the loss of her granddaughter.

She felt almost as if little Swaying Reed's soul had come back in this child's body. She caught Peggy in her arms and kissed her and kissed her.

But Peggy's eyes closed again although she was now breathing regularly, and Winne-Lackee lifted her into the canoe once more and paddled away as fast as she could.

She cast one backward glance across the river to the large white house, with the sloping lawn and orchard, from which she had heard the sound of the bell. They were ringing for someone who did not come! Perhaps for this child who would never come!

In her queer old Indian heart Winne-Lackee felt a pang of sympathy for the child's mother. But her longing to keep the child was stronger than the sympathy.

"The river give her to me — she is mine!" she said to herself.

"Pale-face mother have not heart like Indian woman — it does not break for her child! She shall be Winne-Lackee's little princess! Winne-Lackee a queen these many years, but what good a queen without a princess? Now Winne-Lackee will have her little princess!"

She looked about for a place upon the river bank that she knew; a place where pokeberries grew. Pokeberry juice, used as she knew how to use it, was a stain that would not come off!

The pokeberries there were not yet ripe enough to yield their juice and after thinking for a moment the old Squaw decided that it would be as well to stain "little pale-face" to the color of an Indian after she had her safe at home.

The old chief who had been her husband had made an ink of the pokeberry juice, to use when he signed his name to the contracts for furs, which he made with the great trading companies.

A little girl with straight black hair like this one could be so changed by that ink that one would think she had been born a pappose in a wigwam!

The Indians might not be deceived but they would scarcely dare to whisper what they suspected, even to each other.

Winne-Lackee was rich and powerful. Even on the island, where the Indians had schools and a church, they still had the ancient Indian belief that the Great Spirit had given strange powers to some people and Winne-Lackee was one of them. They would not be sure that she could not bring her little dead grand-child back in the shape of this young pale-face!

It is just as some girls and boys believe in witches and giants when there are really no such things outside of the fairy books!

So Winne-Lackee knew the Indians on the island would never ask her anything she did not choose to tell about Peggy.

Winne-Lackee paddled very fast now. And even while she paddled hard she leaned over and parted the still dripping hair on Peggy's head. There was a great bruise very near to the temple and reaching around to the back of the head.

"It is like the blow that Jo Molasses got when he dived and struck his head on a stone in the river!" said the old Squaw to herself. "And Joe forgot everything!"

Winne-Lackee's queer old withered face shone with joy.

From far off she heard a ringing of bells. Perhaps the bells of Pollywhoppet were already ringing to let the town know that a child was lost.

There would be great excitement. Pollywhoppet and Pekoe, the next town, would be aroused and even Gobang, the city on the other side of the river, would send out policemen and searching parties, before long!

But Winne-Lackee only smiled grimly at the thought.

Around the next turn of the river her island would be in sight. Once safely there she could make sure that no one would take her little princess from her.

Winne-Lackee paddled fast as if the bells were following and might overtake her, as if she were afraid she might think again of how "little pale-face's" mother would feel!

The Indian village was quiet that afternoon. The men were away hunting or fishing or driving logs on the river.

Some small Indian boys were diving from the pier into the river and the Squaw called to one of them.

"Run quick for Dr. Sockobesin, Joe Hitt! Bring him to my house before I get there myself!"

Jo Hitt, who was entertaining himself with a mud-turtle, looked at her doubtfully. He did not think that he could outrun the old Squaw although she was sixty and he but little more than six. He had seen old Winne-Lackee run!

She tossed some nickels from the gay bead bag that hung at her side. Some fell upon the pier, some into the river. The water was shoal and the little Indians dived for the treasure.

Joe Hitt hesitated but for an instant more, and then ran for Dr. Sockobesin.

When no one was looking Winne-Lackee took Peggy from the canoe into her strong old arms and hurried with her to her own house.

While all this was happening on the river, at the house in Pollywhoppet they had been growing more and more frightened about Peggy.

They thought at first, that Aunt Celia, who lived at Holdfast,

five miles back from the river, might have come along in her carriage and taken Peggy with her to Gobang.

Grandpapa Piper went about to all the neighbors asking if they had seen Peggy.

Then they found the over-turned boat drifting upon the river!

Phi, when he came home from fishing, said, "Pooh! that is nothing! The boat drifted away by itself."

And he snubbed Betty Brooks fiercely because she cried.

But the truth was that Phi had rowed out upon the river himself before he came home, having heard that Peggy was missing, and he had picked up a red hair ribbon — a ribbon that he knew!

He was so stunned by grief and fear that he did not know whether to tell of it or not.

He thrust the tell-tale ribbon into his pocket and said to himself, trying hard not to sob like Betty Brooks, "They need n't ring the bells! They'd better drag the river!"

He *knew* — only he, poor Phi — that Peggy was drowned in the river.

Oh, Winne-Lackee, even your hard old Indian heart could not stifle its pang if you knew the suffering of those who had lost their own Peggy!

But just at the time when they had begun to drag the river at Pollywhoppet Winne-Lackee was saying to Dr. Sockobesin, her old friend whom she could trust, "The pale-faces take all — all from us! I take only one little pale-face girl!"

Peggy lay on a bed made of sweet grass mats and softened deer skins, and her wide-open eyes looked serene and not afraid.

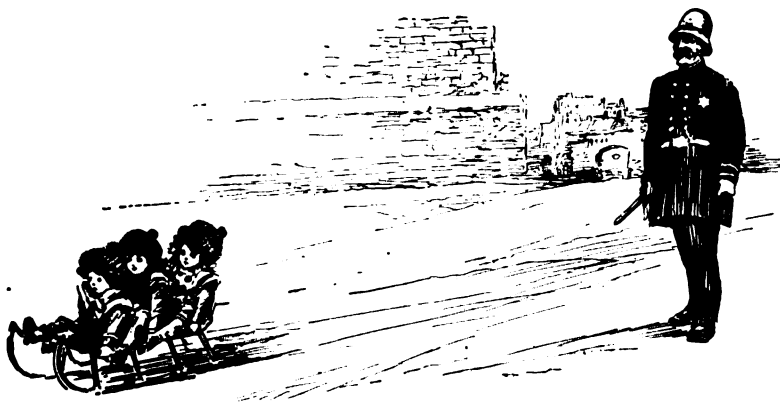
"She will live," said the old Indian doctor, who had learned much in the schools as well as of nature, "but I am not sure that she will ever remember who she is or where she came from."

Old Winne-Lackee's eyes sparkled.

"It is what I hope — that the little pale-face will forget who she is and where she came from! Then she will be all mine!" she said.

(To be continued.)

Sophie Swett.



THE LITTLE COASTERS.

THE Policeman gave them a start —
That was good of him, bless his heart !
M. J. H.

NED LONGLEY'S NOTE-BOOK.

XIV.—HAWAII.

“ I THINK, from all Noll Reed has told me, wrote Ned Longley in his note-book, “ that Hawaii is the most interesting American country we have in foreign lands. Maybe I ought to say ‘in foreign waters.’ Hawaii is a land of islands like the Philippines — only it never belonged to other rulers than the Hawaiians themselves. There are eight of the Hawaiian islands, besides some little islets, and once every island had a chief of its own.

“ When they were first discovered the Hawaiians were a very pleasant and friendly people and lived on roots and fish, and always wore flowers in their hair and around their necks.

“ It was Captain Cook who discovered them in 1778. They had been discovered once before, in 1542, but that never

amounted to anything. They liked Captain Cook at first, but afterward, one day, they killed him, nobody really knows why. But foreigners and missionaries soon began to come and kept coming. Some of them were Americans. Our General Armstrong, who founded the great Hampton School in Virginia for the colored people, was born in Hawaii — his father was one of the first missionaries there.

“The Hawaiian people improved, all the time. They had a regular royal family of kings like other foreign countries and under the care of the missionaries they became considerably educated, could read and write and cipher and sew. But long before the missionaries came they would n't have anything to do with idols; and we United States did n't have such a time trying to make them suitable to be Americans, as we have had with some of our countries. A great many of us Americans have settled there among them, and all together, Hawaiians and Americans, we have organized a fine number of sugar plantations. Of course there are plenty of schools, but Noll says the great thing in Hawaii is to raise sugar.

“Their family of kings finally all died out, so that rulers had to be elected.

“And the country at last grew American very fast. Of course there were French and German people there too, and English and lots of Chinese and Japanese, but America spread all over the islands; and so it was n't such a very great change for the Hawaiians to be annexed to us and live under the same laws with us. They had long used our American language and our American money as well as our American ideas. Noll thinks there are some native queens or descendants yet who would like to rule, and that they come over here sometimes and think they ought to be paid for their country. I think it is a good plan to let the Hawaiians help rule and be really and truly a part of America.

“I should say it was as nice for the United States to have the islands, as for them to be a part of America. They are in the middle of the Pacific ocean about half the distance from America to China, which is very convenient for us, as the islands make a half-

way house for the United States ships to stop at, and get coal or anything, or to put in for repairs; and, on our side, we carry lots of people to them who want to go into business there, or to stay awhile and enjoy the fine climate. The islands are in the tropics, but they have n't a tropical climate — just an agreeable one the year round; you can stay down at the seashore and not be too warm, or you can go up among the mountains where you will need a fire — and it keeps like that the year round. Noll says the Hawaiians have n't any phrase for "bad weather" or "fine weather" in their native language, because their weather is always alike.

"From some of their cliffs you can look straight down three thousand feet into the ocean. But the great thing is their volcanoes. They have fine ones, the biggest in the world. All the islands were volcanoes once and were thrown up out of the sea and then settled down into what is called terra firma and became islands. Noll went to see Kilauea, the biggest of the volcanoes, and the next time I write anything in my note-book, I will write what he told me. That Kilauea volcano is a great thing!"

Frances Campbell Sparhawk.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

(III.—Nature-Study Questions about the Dog.)

I. How many toes has the dog on the fore foot, how many on the hind foot, and are the claws movable or not?

II. Which of the five senses is most highly developed in the dog?

III. How does the dog talk?

IV. When the dog has indigestion what does he do as a doctor, and when wounded what does he do as a surgeon?

V. Why does the dog usually turn round and round before lying down, and in what position does he generally sleep?

C. Q. Wright, U. S. Navy.



THERE STOOD SANTA HIMSELF, FRYING DOUGHNUTS.

JOHNNY'S CHRISTMAS TROUSERS.

(The True Story of a Famous Poet's First Pair.)

IN TWO PARTS. — PART II.

JOHNNY was beginning to feel sleepy, when the door into the next room opened softly and two little men dressed in furs from head to foot jumped up on the bed and beckoned to him.

"What you want?" asked Johnny savagely.

"We wish you to come up to the North Pole," they answered politely. "Mr. Santa has sent for you."

Johnny at once raised up in bed, and before he knew it was standing out on the floor. "Now I'll just see if there is a Santa Claus," said he to himself.

"You will please get into these fur overalls," said one of the little men, while the other little man tied a peaked hood under Johnny's chubby chin.

Then they whisked him through the door, out into the street, and tucked him into a tiny sleigh which stood there in waiting, hitched to four reindeer. The next moment Johnny was racing through space alongside the moon.

Suddenly the sleigh stopped beside a long building, and the driver pointed Johnny to an open door. "Go in," said he, "Santa is waiting."

Johnny went in; and there, wearing enormous overalls stood Santa Claus himself—frying doughnuts in an iron kettle such as his mother used in making soap. All around him were stacks of the finished cakes—the sight and smell of which made the little boy hungry.

"Gee, what a lot!" he exclaimed in such a joyful voice that Santa turned and eyed him.

"Well, Johnny Lee Sharp, it's you, is it?" said he. "You came in a hurry, did n't you? I'm much obliged. I need a pocket cutter in my trousers factory right off; when I saw the fine ones you cut in your own trousers I sent for you at once; but I'm sorry you made faces at your sister and have lost faith in me! Yet I agree with you, Johnny, that every boy should have pockets in his clothes.

Laying down his fork Santa took Johnny by the hand and led him through room after room where Christmas work was going on, all very interesting; but when the trousers factory was reached the little fellow in the fur overalls thrilled with wonder, for never in his life had he seen such an array of little trousers.

"There's a pair for every little boy in the world, is n't there!" he whispered, almost bursting with delight.

"There was," Santa replied, placing his hand lovingly on the head of his little visitor.

Santa did n't explain, but led him up to a smooth block, and placed a bright new ax in his hand. Johnny took off his hood at once and began chopping holes for pockets; and what a lot there were! Dozens of little men carried the trousers away in piles to have the pockets set in as fast as Johnny had them ready.

"Can't I rest a little?" he asked, after he had chopped a long time.

"If you do," said the superintendent, "we won't get several trousers done for Christmas. Be a little more careful if you can—you've cut the pockets in the knees of the last three pair!"

Just as it began to grow dark the last pair of trousers were chopped, and Johnny dropped his ax and wiped his forehead.

At that moment Santa came in with a gay yellow dress and laid it down on the chopping block.

"Who is that for?" cried Johnny frantically, but no one answered, for all were attending to Santa Claus' packing orders.

"Your sack," said Santa, addressing a man near him, "goes to Mr. Brown's children in Raysville; give each child two apples and two doughnuts, a rag doll for the girl, and trousers all round for the boys."

Johnny's eyes and ears were open. Johnny lived in Raysville. Mr. Brown was their next-door neighbor.

Then his father's name was called. "Give each of the Sharp children," said Santa, "apples and doughnuts; put in also china dolls for the girls, for they are very good children. I'm sorry to not send the trousers we made for the boy, but he has been naughty of late — therefore I must send him that yellow dress instead. I'm sorry, for —"

Santa's speech was left unfinished for Johnny sprang forward and was crying out, "Don't put in the yellow dress, Santa! please, don't!" when some one shook him by the shoulder, very gently. "Wake up, children — breakfast is ready," said Mrs. Sharp.

Johnny felt queer to find himself at home as usual, but he hurried down into the warm kitchen, in his shirt, his little flannel dress on his arm.

"Johnny," said his mother, taking the dress from his hands, "I mended your pants last night, and you can put them right on and wear them. You will never wear dresses again, my Johnny-boy!" She held up the trousers with four rough scars where the holes had been. "I'll sew some pockets in tonight — I clean forgot them!" she added.

This might have comforted Johnny somewhat — he did love his mother for it — if he had not known that Santa Claus was going to bring him that yellow dress!

Many schemes came into Johnny's mind, and finally he resolved to get Willy Smith to write a letter for him to Santa Claus.

Johnny went over to Willy's after breakfast, and told him the whole story out in the back yard.

Willy looked thoughtful. "Of course I'll do it," said he. "I reckon you did n't dream it, did you?"

Johnny declared it was no dream.

So Willy wrote as moving a letter as he could.

"Dear Santy Claus," it ran, "ever since Johnny Lee Sharp was up to your house he has been worried. He told me he cried three times since breakfast 'bout that yellor dress. He said if you don't bring it he'd let you have all his marbles to give to poor children. If you knowd how a fellow'd feel in a dress you would n't ask him to. He's sorry he ever said you was n't a Santy Claws, cause now he knows you are for sure. He's so worrit, he says he wish they was n't no crismus this year cause then you could n't bring that dress!

Yours truly, William Alexander Smith."

Nothing was heard from Santa however, and Johnny grew gloomy. He told Willy that Santa Claus was a very nice man, but if he'd made up his mind to bring that yellow dress, he'd bring it!

At last Christmas Eve arrived. The Sharp children hung up their stockings and retired early.

Toward morning something wakened Johnny and he raised his little red head and looked about. The stairway door into the kitchen was open, and the lamp shone in. Johnny was seized with a desire to see if Santa had been there yet, and finally he crept down into the kitchen and up to the row of stockings where he found a little dress hanging beside them. He took the dress down and carried it to the light and looked at it closely.

"Yes, sir, it's the one—it's yellow!" he muttered, and his face flushed angrily. "I did n't think he'd be so mean! But I won't wear it—I won't!"

Johnny sat down and drew on his stockings, pinned his mother's shawl on his head and taking the dress he stole out into the woodshed. Over by the splitting-log, lay crouched a dragon with forty heads and forty eyes all winking at once. Johnny had intended to stuff the dress under the log, but he threw it into the ash barrel and reached the kitchen door again just in time to shut it against the dragon now close at his heels.

Christmas morning the Sharp household was early astir, all

save Johnny Lee who staid in bed, seized with a fear that Santa's eyes might have been upon him, and that he might have restored the yellow dress to its nail.

A sudden cry from Hannah brought him bounding down into the warm kitchen. "Oh, Johnny Lee! see the lovely pants Santa has brought you; a new pair with three nice pockets!"

"An' they is n't a yellow dress there, Hannah?"

Johnny's own eyes assured him there was n't. "Santa was just a-fooling!" he shouted joyfully, taking the new trousers.

But Johnny's pleasure vanished the very next minute. Little Mamie had broken out into sobs.



"YES, IT'S THE ONE—IT'S YELLOW!"

dress, Mamie," she said. "I saw it hanging right here with my own eyes! Don't cry so—we'll find it directly!"

"A new dress?" Johnny repeated. "Santa brought Mamie a new dress?"

Slowly the truth was dawning on the little fellow. He had taken his sister's dress to be the one for himself which Santa had threatened to bring—but now he felt certain it must be Mamie's new Christmas dress that he had hidden out in the woodshed!

Poor Johnny! with his beautiful warm trousers hanging over

"Mother! Santa has n't brought me a thing! Everything's for Hannah and Johnny!"

Mrs. Sharp hurried out from the pantry. "Oh, yes he has, Mamie!" she said, searching among the scattered every-day garments, for the children were running about only half dressed, as yet. Mr. Sharp, too, joined in the search; but nothing was found for Mamie—and astonishment grew on their faces.

Mrs. Sharp took the weeping little girl into her arms. "Santa certainly brought you a new

his arm he crept into his place of refuge behind the stove.

"I dasn't tell, or they 'll take my pants away," he thought.

But Mamie's grief touched him sorely. Pretty soon he laid his trousers down and went out. It was beginning to grow red in the east, and the roosters were crowing. Going into the woodshed, he found the dress where he had thrown it in the night. Picking it up and giving it a shake, he opened the kitchen door a crack and called Mamie.

"I guess this is your dress Santa brought!" he said, thrusting the dusty little robe into the arms of the bewildered child; and then he ran with all his might back into the shed.

Presently Mr. Sharp found Johnny.

"Come and eat your breakfast, sonny — you need n't be afraid," he said, as he saw Johnny shrink away from him. "You can tell us all about it tomorrow if you want to — but today is Christmas day, and we 're all going to be happy."

Feeling very guilty, Johnny Lee entered the kitchen behind his father and retired back of the stove; but his mother smiled upon him brightly, and Hannah warmed his wash-water, and both the girls helped him with his new suit. Catching Mamie's eye he whispered, "Say, what is the color of your new dress?"

"Why, it's red — don't you know red?" said Mamie.

Johnny shook his head. "I wish I'd a knowed it — I wish I'd a knowed that yellow dress was red!" he said.

However, in spite of Johnny's troubles, the Sharp family was happy all day, as Mr. Sharp said they would be — Johnny's beautiful new Christmas trousers alone would have made them joyful.

And ever afterward Johnny Sharp maintained that there was a Santa. "There is," said he, "and I've seen him, an' he'd split hisself but what he'd give every little fellow like us the things they want — he'd jes' split hisself but he'd do it!"



"THERE IS A SANTA!"
MAINTAINED JOHNNY.

Minnie A. Mitchell.



NINA'S HOME IN NORTHWESTERN KANSAS.

A SOD HOUSE.

NINA, our little daughter, has been told that children in the East, many of them, and grown people too, think a "sod house" must be a very dirty dwelling to live in! Probably they suppose that the floors of the house are "just ground" trodden hard, and that every time they are swept the rooms are filled with clouds of dust; also that when it rains the house must be muddy inside. Perhaps, too, they wonder where we hang our clothes to keep them safe and clean, and how we protect our beds!

We wish they could see little Nina's own Kansas home—a sod house—with its dainty carpets, its clear shining windows and snowy curtains, its pictures on the walls, its brackets and dustless shelves, its books and lovely dolls and canaries and gold fish and flower-windows—yes, and its gay roofs green with grass and blossoming in summer with flowers!

Not long ago, when little Nina was at St. Louis, at the World's Fair, someone showed the child a newspaper account of life in the sod houses of the north-west—how gophers gnawed through the walls and sometimes snakes dropped down through the roofs; how in summer the mother of the family, after a hurried breakfast and dishwashing, spent the long day in the saddle herding the cattle, while in the winter-time the family was shut in from the great world with nothing to read and nothing to think about.

"Why, Mama," said little Nina when she came home, "what a story that newspaper told! just think! our Rural Free De-

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livery brings everybody the books and magazines and daily papers, and most all the farmer's houses have telephones — and we *never* had a snake drop down from our plastering, did we?"

The little girl of the sod house was very indignant, though our neighborhood Woman's Club was amused.

No, we never have had snakes drop down on us!

Some of the sod houses of this region, northwestern Kansas, have the ordinary shingled roof of the eastern house; but the most have them made of boards covered closely with sods, and flowering weeds and feathery grasses grow naturally on these rustic roofs. One of our neighbors has gay portulacca



A KANSAS SOD HOUSE.

growing thick and blooming all summer on his sod roofs, and, as a matter of course, he has birds and butterflies as guests.

Would Eastern families like to know how we construct our houses?

The sods of which they are built are ploughed from the native buffalo or blue-stem turf with a flat breaking-plow. This turf is



NINA AT HOME.

then cut into brick-shaped sods, each about two feet long, one foot wide, and four inches thick. The matted grass-roots

make the sods tough and easy to handle. They do not break or crumble. These are laid cross-wise, in "courses," as walls of brick buildings are, just the size and just the shape the house is wanted to be. In this way the walls are built up, to the height wished, of layer upon layer of sods. Many houses also have the partition-walls of the rooms built in of sods.



NINA'S FLOWER WINDOW.

The outer house-walls are two feet thick, and the windows are set in even with the outside, so that we get window-seats two feet deep, giving us lovely recesses for house-plants.

Our houses are plastered directly upon the sod walls inside, which, if they have been nicely filled in, take a beautiful smooth finish. They are very comfortable all the year round on account of the thickness of the

walls — cool in summer and warm in winter. Good carpets and curtains are common in our sod houses, and most of us have a piano or an organ.

Some of the happiest years of many a Kansas family have been spent in a sod house; but I must add that these rustic homes will soon belong to the history of the past, because the sod of the country is not now so tough and lasting as once it was; it rots and crumbles easier now that the rain-fall is greater than it used to be.

Bessie Reed.

THE moon would make a splendid Ball,
But we can't reach it, not at all!



LITTLE EDWARD AT THE TOY-SHOP WINDOW.

THE POLITE DONKEY.

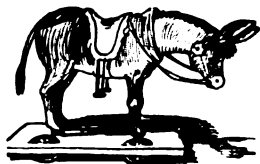
A LITTLE gray Donkey lived in a toy-shop window. He wore a russet leather bridle and a red saddle. He had plenty of bright green hay ready to be eaten, though, as a matter of fact, he never did eat, for he rather liked having a "gone feeling" in his stomach. You see he always had had a "gone feeling" and he was used to it; if he thought about it at all he supposed that all donkeys had it.

The other animals who lived in the window were made all in one piece, and stood quite still, staring out into the street with

their round eyes. But the little gray Donkey had his head hung inside of his neck, on a neat gilt hook, and as he was a very polite Donkey he bowed gently, all day, to the passers-by.

But no one ever bowed to him in return, and the little gray Donkey finally became quite sad.

"Why are you so sad, little gray Donkey?" said his friend, the Jack-in-the-Box, one day. "You have a russet bridle, a red saddle, a pile of bright green hay, and your head is hung on a shiny gilt hook. Why are you not happy and gay, as I am? I feel like a Johnny-jump-up in springtime!"



HE BOWED GENTLY ALL DAY.

And the Jack-in-the-Box stretched himself up, as far as he could, to show how springy he felt.

"Alas!" said the little gray Donkey, "all day long I bow politely to all who pass our window, but no one ever bows to me in return, and this makes me feel lonely and neglected."

And he wagged his head up and down very mournfully.

It was just then that little Edward and his nurse stopped before the toy-shop window.

Little Edward wore a white furry coat, and a white furry cap. He had curly yellow hair, and pink cheeks, and big bright eyes.

"Oh, Mammy!" cried little Edward, "see the little gray Donkey! See him wag his head! He is bowing to me."

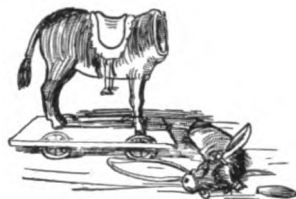
Now Edward was a very polite little boy, and when he saw that the little gray Donkey was bowing, he bowed his own head in return. The little gray Donkey was delighted. He felt very sure that this was the prettiest and most polite little boy in the world, and so he bowed again. So they stood bowing to each other for some time, and little Edward bobbed his head up and down till his yellow curls flew up in the air, and the furry white cap slipped down over his big



"I FEEL LIKE A JOHNNY-JUMP-UP!"

bright eyes. And the little gray Donkey wagged his head faster and faster, until at last he wagged it off the gilt hook entirely, and there lay the little gray Donkey's head on the floor, in front of himself, with one ear broken off.

"Mama," said little Edward to his mother, when he went home from his walk, "a little gray Donkey bowed to me, and I bowed to him, and I bowed my cap off, but the little gray Donkey bowed his head off. I think *he* was *too* polite, don't you?"



THERE LAY THE LITTLE
GRAY DONKEY'S HEAD!"

And whenever little Edward thought of the little gray Donkey after that, he felt that the Donkey had been *too* polite.

But the little gray Donkey was quite happy on the shelf where they put him away, after they had hung his head again on the neat gilt hook, because he remembered that when he made his last bows, a little boy with yellow curls and pink cheeks had bowed to him in return; and it never once occurred to *him* that he had been *too* polite.

And the Jack-in-the-Box went on feeling gay and springy like a Johnny-jump-up.

Mary Mitchell Brown.

A MAGIC COOK.

I MADE a dozen loaves of bread,
A roll, a cake, a pie,
And many a teenty bun — the kind
We love, my doll and I.

You'd never think I made them all —
The cake, the pie, the bun —
From scraps my Mama gave me, when
Her cakes and pies were done.

Laura Simmons.



THE INDIAN.

HOW THE CITY GREW.

WHO owned Manhattan, the first of all?
“I,” said the Indian grave and tall;
“I and my chiefs, none else to share,
Meeting in council and pow-wow there!”



THE DUTCHMAN.

And who was next to the land to come?
“I,” said the Dutchman, stout and glum;
“Great names those were, you must surely grant —
Wouter van Twiller and Stuyvesant!”

Then, when the Hollanders sailed away,
 The Englishman came as if to stay,
 Hauled the New Amsterdam colors down,
 Christened New York as an English town.



THE ENGLISHMAN.

Would n't the Englishman said, "Oh, no!"
 Indian, "Ugh!" and the Dutchman, "So?"
 Papposes in wigwams raised a shout —
 Would n't each and all uttered a doubt,

Had a "medicine-man," with gift to see,
 Foretold the city New York would be,
 Crowded with many a race and clan,
 All under the name "American"?

Frank Walcott Hutt.



DEAR LITTLE SHEILA



“Why does the
want forty ponies?”



asked



The

said



came ev-

ery year to buy ponies just for little of
other countries to ride. “Little Missy Sheila,”



said he, with a funny smile, “is going to America
to belong to a little .” Then Tom said,



“If Papa knew about that he’d go
there and buy me one.” “Tommy,” said Molly,



“you know



can’t go and leave Mama with

her poor



all broke!” And then



back in her



and put her



up to her



and cried. Some



ran
down Tommy’s cheeks, too; and he
told the sailor how his



had

fallen down some



at the



and broken her




















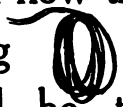
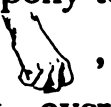






, and so his

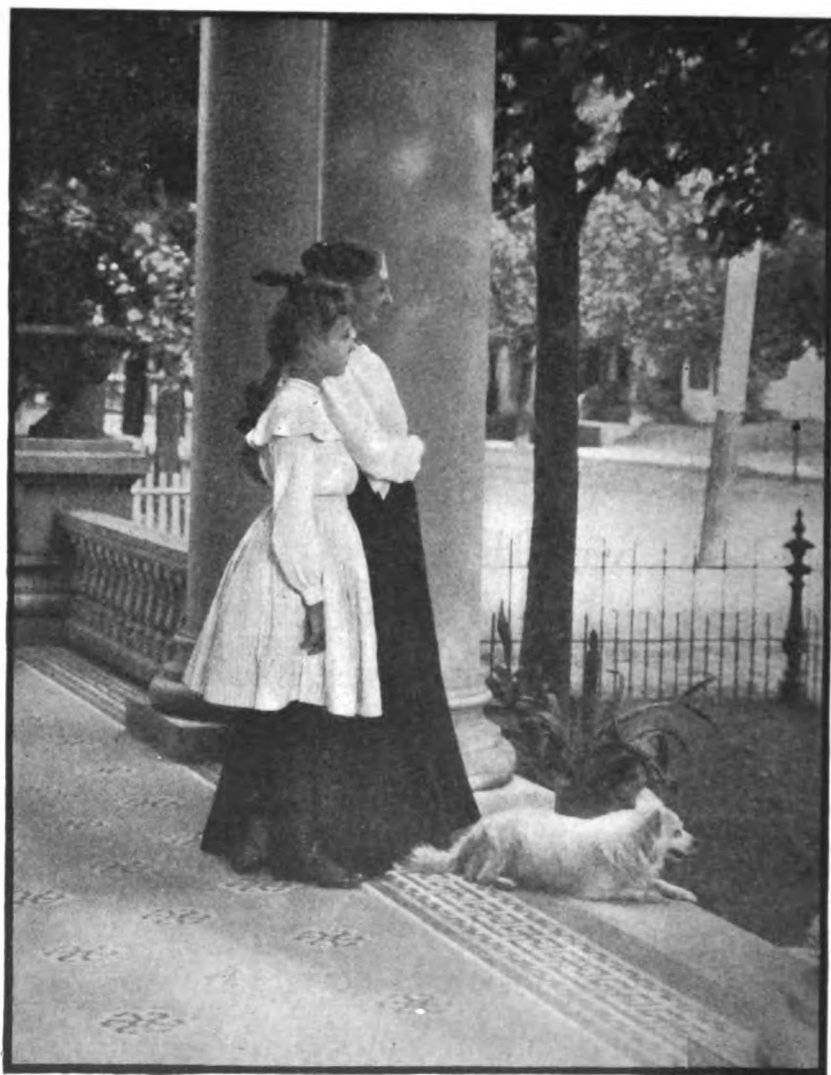


was sending them home to America to stay with
Uncle Ned. And then he felt so bad Molly said



she would write a  to  to have  She
 go to the  and buy a . She
 got her little desk out of her , and the
  had a  and a lot of nice
 sharpened . But Molly had to
 print the words, so it took a long time,
 though she only said, "We send love
 and want 2 Shetland . They live in
 the North Sea with a  and his ,
 and they keep 40 to sell. Have  give my
 love to Janet, and tell her Sheila is on my 
 and I feed her  ." But the  did not
 comfort Tommy, so the  said, "I show
 you how they catch wild pony to sell!" He had a
 long  coiled in his ,
 and he  threw it right over
 and caught him fast.
 "Then they stand him in a , " said he, "and row
 him out to the . Oh,
 how Missy Sheila stamped when the boat left her,
 and she saw  standing on the rocks crying!"





THE HANDSOME WHITE DOG WAS WATCHING TOO.

MOPSY'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

LUCY was in an open carriage, and when she came in sight of Grandmother's house she saw Grandmother standing on the piazza, as if watching for her, before Grandmother saw her. By Grandmother's side stood a tall little girl about her own age, and near them lay a handsome white dog, watching

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too. Lucy knew Grandmother though she had not seen her for four years, but she did n't know the little girl or the dog.

A minute more, and she was with them, on the piazza, with Grandmother's arm around her, and was being introduced to the dog and the little girl. "This is Helen Joy," said Grandmother, "a great friend of mine, and I wanted her to pay me a visit at the same time I invited you, so that you would be company for each other; and this other friend is my dog Mopsy, who will do his part also to make your visit jolly — he'd like to begin now, I see."

For when he heard his name pronounced Mopsy had begun to jump and frisk about, wagging his tail and looking up in Lucy's face, and giving short barks, as if saying, "Why did n't you kiss *me* too?"

Helen Joy and Lucy became acquainted at once, and had a good time together every moment of the week they spent at Grandmother's; but I shall not tell you about it, for you know all about little girls and their visits; instead, I shall write about Mopsy and his part in entertaining Grandmother's little guests.

And the truth is that nearly all the first afternoon of the visit was taken up by Mopsy. He kept himself right in the foreground, running first to one little girl and then to the other, and barking to Grandmother, saying plainly, "*Why* don't you let them see what a smart dog I am? Please let them see right off that I am a smart dog! They would enjoy it!"

Grandmother knew that Mopsy dearly loved to "show off," so pretty soon she said, "Mopsy, you can pay your respects to us if you like."

Then Mopsy, looking very polite, walked around the room on his hind legs, shaking hands with everyone; and being a well-bred little dog he shook hands first with Grandmother.

"And now perhaps Mopsy will play and sing us something?"

Mopsy jumped up on the piano stool and at once struck the keys hard, running up and down the scale with taps of his paw, then tried both banks of keys, striking hard with both paws, at intervals, and howling dolefully.

After "playing and singing" in this way for a few moments,

Mopsy looked around at Grandmother. "That will do," said she, and she and the little guests "clapped" him, at which he seemed much pleased and jumped down from the stool and went frisking around the room.

Next, at a motion from Grandmother he lay down, rolled over, stretched himself out and pretended that he was dead. Then he rose, went to a chair and put his forepaws in it, and placed his head on his paws, as though he were saying his prayers, and kept this position until Grandmother said "Amen!"

"Are you tired, Mopsy?" asked Grandmother.

At this Mopsy gave a great frisk up into the air, as if saying, "Not all! Not at all"

"Well, then," said Grandmother, "if you are sure you are not tired, you may ring the bell. Ring the bell, Mopsy!"

Mopsy did not go at once, but stood looking surprised.

It was in the afternoon and Mopsy knew very well that he never rang the bell for people to get up at such a time of day.

"Ring the bell, Mopsy," repeated Grandmother.

Mopsy walked slowly in to the dining-room and up to the table, and standing on his hind legs took from it a little silver bell. The handle was quite tall and slender, and Mopsy held it nicely in his mouth, as a well-trained dog would do, and came slowly out of the room into the hall, and then went up the stairs ringing the bell as he went, moving the bell up and down and from side to side. Presently the little girls could hear that the bell was still, but Mopsy did not come back.

After waiting some time Grandmother said, "I wonder where Mopsy is — he always brings the bell back and puts it on the table. Let us go and hunt him up."

So her little guests followed Grandmother upstairs, laughing, "Oh, is n't he cunning! Is n't he *such* fun! Is n't he a *dear* dog!" After looking into several rooms, Master Mopsy was found fast asleep on Aunt Mary's bed, his head on the pillow. There was no bell to be seen.

"Mopsy!" cried Grandmother sharply, "what do you mean by this? Get down at once! Aunt Mary is not at home, but you know very well that she does not allow you to lie on her

bed. Aunt Mary will not like it all when she comes home and sees her bed. Get down! Naughty dog! naughty dog!"

Mopsy jumped down to the floor when he heard himself called "naughty dog." He went immediately into the corner of the room and stood there, with all the looks of a child being punished. The little girls could not help laughing because he kept his head so closely pushed in the corner and looked so meek, never once turning to take a peep.

"This is the way we punish him," said Grandmother. "He knows now that he has been *very* naughty! There, Mopsy, you are forgiven," she added. "You can come with us!"

At the sound of Grandmother's kind voice Mopsy bounded happily to her side, his look of disgrace and penitence gone, his tail wagging wildly.

"I don't see the bell," said Grandmother. "What have you done with it? Mopsy, where is the bell! Get the bell at once, like a good dog, if you *are* a good dog!"

Mopsy went close to the bed and looked wistfully up at it, and just then Helen Joy saw the handle of the bell sticking out from under the pillow. Mopsy, of course, had hidden it there when he leaped on the bed to go to sleep, but he had no doubt really forgotten it, for when he saw the bell in Helen's hand he looked ever so much surprised and relieved.

Grandmother gave Mopsy the bell again and told him to take it back to the dining table, and away he ran down-stairs and into the dining-room.

Early the next morning Lucy and Helen were awakened by a loud ringing of a bell, and upon looking out of their door they saw Mopsy with the bell in his mouth racing by. They watched him with great enjoyment. He rang all along the hall, stopping at each door, until he heard Grandmother call out, "All right, Mopsy!" Then he went back down-stairs, gaily.

"Mopsy knows this *is* the time to ring the rising bell," said Lucy. "Yes," said Helen; "it is n't much like his ringing yesterday. Are n't we going to have a good time with him?"

"I guess we are!" said Lucy; and I guess they did.

Elizabeth Robinson..



"MAKE US LITTLE HUTS LIKE HOODS
WHERE WE LIVE AND KEEP OUR GOODS."

IN THE SNOW.

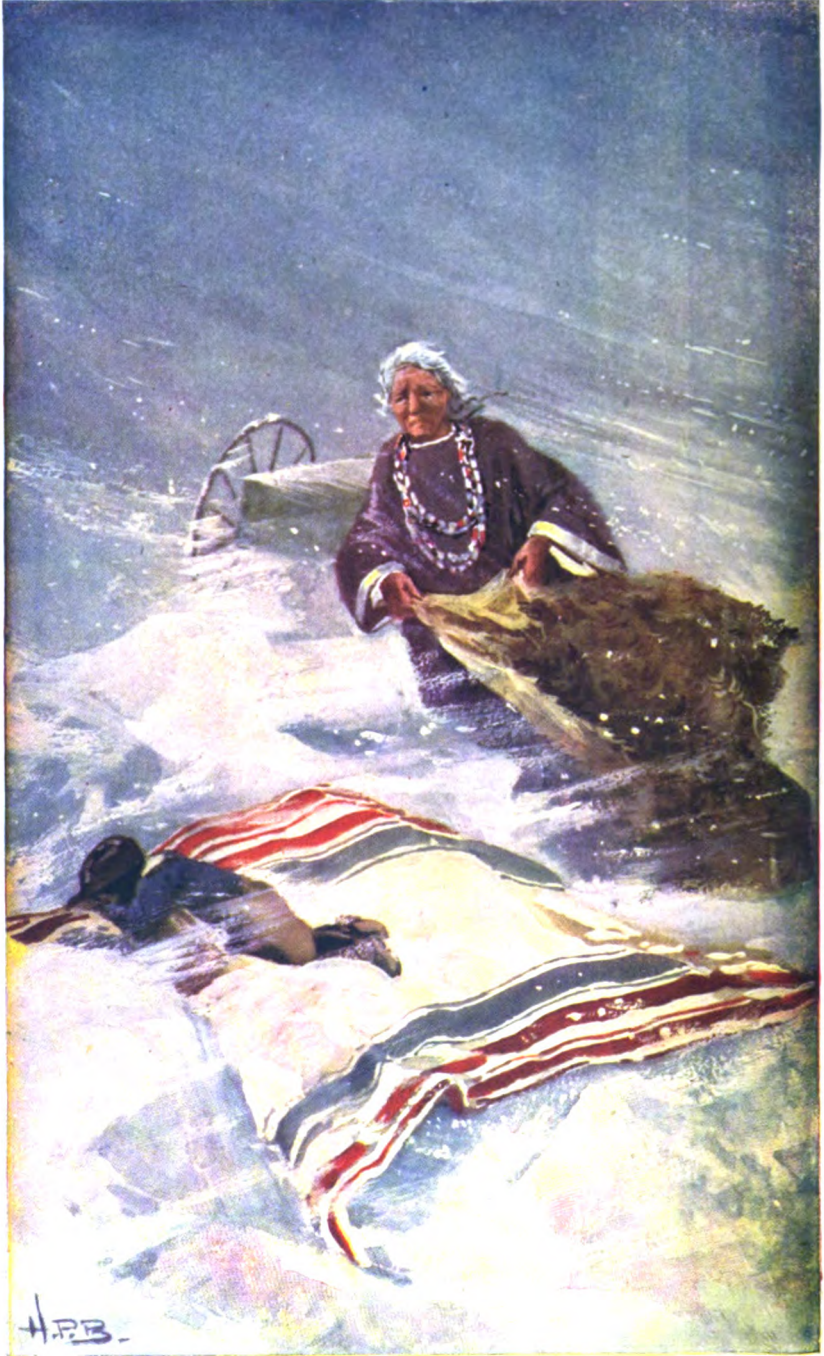
DON'T we love to play in snow,
Nice thick soft and fluffy snow,
Play that we are Esquimaux!

Make us little huts like hoods
Where we live and keep our goods,
Warm as rabbits in the woods!

Here we keep our dogs and sleds!
Snowy roofs close to our heads,
We are snug as if in beds!

Oh, we love to play in snow,
Nice thick soft and fluffy snow,
Play that we are Esquimaux!

H. M. J.



POOR LITTLE BILLY --- HE WAS BUT A CHILD, AND HE SOBBED ALOUD.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. VIII.

FEBRUARY, 1905.

No. 4.

THE TRUE STORY OF BILLY SNOW FLY.



BILLY WAS FIRST IN
OUT-DOOR SPORTS.

LITTLE Billy Snow Fly, a Sioux Indian, was only seven years old when he started to the white man's school away out on an Indian reservation.

Billy lived with his father, mother and grandmother in one of the many villages or camps scattered about over the reservation. The Indian families were required to live in villages in order that the children might attend the day schools provided by the United States government.

Billy lived in Good Voice Camp. Among his playmates, Billy was first in all out-door sports; he could run the fastest, ride the wildest Indian pony, swim the farthest, and in school generally stood at the head of his class. Billy's father and mother had no objections to the school, but Billy's grandmother, as is the way of all Indian grandmothers, hated the white man's school and customs; in fact fought anything and everything the white man did.

One particular morning in the middle of February, when little Billy woke, the air was so soft and balmy it felt to him like spring, and he found his grandmother already sitting outside the tent.

"Oh, Gammy," said Billy, "let's run away from the bad white man's school!"

"Now you are my brave warrior," said Gammy; nothing pleased Gammy more than to hear Billy dispraise the white man's school. "Yes," went on Gammy, "we will go to the white

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man's town at the railroad today, but we must get started before your school-bell rings."

Billy's father was away from the camp, and Billy's mother never objected to anything. The cayuses were quickly harnessed, the buffalo blankets and the coffee-pot put in the wagon, and then Billy and his grandmother climbed in and away they trotted from Good Voice Camp. They had had no breakfast, but Gammy said she would get something to eat at the white man's town. She had a little dried meat and Billy had a few crackers of hard tack that the teacher at the white school had given him for his lunch the day before.

The railroad was many miles off and Billy Snow Fly's heart fairly leaped in his little brown breast at the prospect of the long drive with his grandmother and the stay at the town over night. As he realized that he had escaped from the school-room he broke into laughter.

"Why do you laugh?" asked Gammy.

"Because when the white man calls the roll and no one answers to my name, he will send the United States policeman to our tepee to get me and there will be no Billy Snow Fly there."

No, there would be no Billy Snow Fly found in the tepee. Gammy turned her head and smiled at her grandson, and whipped the little ponies to a greater speed.

Billy was desirous to please his grandmother. "I hate the white man and his school," he said, "and when I am a man I will fight him and never let my children go to his school."

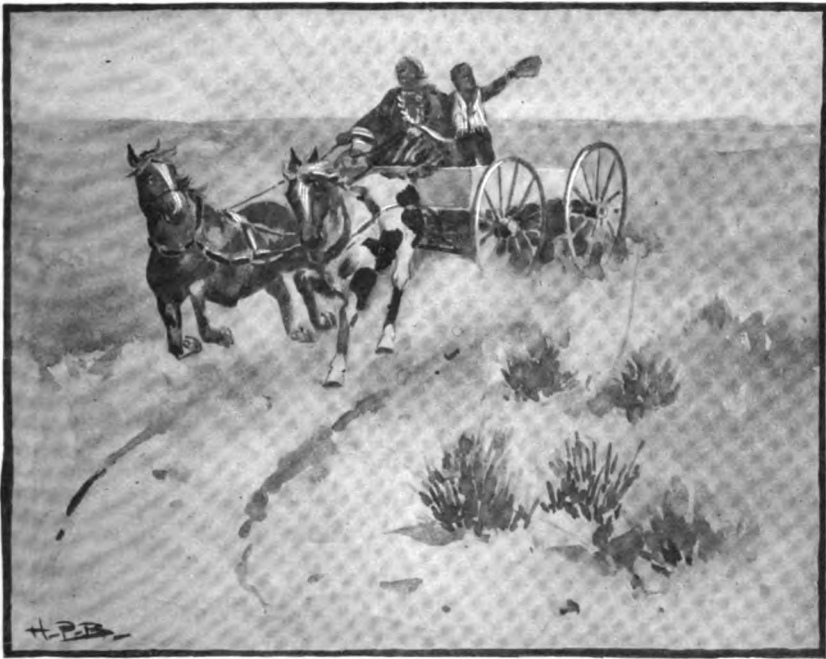
In his eagerness to please her Billy had taken the white man's hard tack out of his pocket and would have thrown it away but for Gammy's restraining hand. "Keep his hard tack, Billy," she said, "but never follow after the white man—he will lead you into bad ways and make you despise your people. Your grandfather never went to the white man's school and he was a great brave among his people. Your father is led by the white man and, like a woman, he does what he is bid to do."

At this Billy's black eyes sparkled with indignation, and he assured his grandmother again and again that when he was a man he would rise up and save his people.

Billy's grandmother knew only two words in English, so all this conversation was carried on in the language of the Sioux.

On and on Gammy drove, heaping abuses on the white man's head and never heeding the hazy appearance of the sky, nor the dark clouds that covered the sun, until all at once little Billy cried, "Look, Gammy! See!"

Gammy looked, and her face grew grim. She urged the ponies



ALL AT ONCE BILLY CRIED, "LOOK, GAMMY! SEE!"

on to their greatest speed, for the fury of a Dakota blizzard was upon them. The poor little ponies had had no food during the winter except what they could get by pawing the snow from the grass, or by nibbling twigs and brush wood.

Faster came the storm and slower moved the weak little steeds until Gammy could not urge them forward another step. The haze of the storm was so thick she could n't even see them though but just a few feet in front.

Then swiftly Gammy made preparations to save Billy and herself from perishing in the storm. She set about her task as

could only an old Indian woman used to hardships. She unhitched the ponies and turned them loose on the prairie to live or die, then took the end-gate from her wagon, dug a hole in the loose snow and spread in it a blanket, and had Billy lie down upon it so he might not be caught up by the mighty gale.

Poor little Billy Snow Fly—he was but a child, and he sobbed aloud and said he should be blown away and freeze and die! The old woman gave no heed to his outcries, but made haste to bring her biggest buffalo robe and lie down by Billy's side, wrapping it tightly around them both in such a way as to hold the end-gate straight up between them; this kept the robe a little way from their faces, and made it seem to Billy as if they were in a small tepee. Billy almost at once went to sleep, but Gammy knew she must not. She must stay awake to keep a little breathing-place open.

After several hours Billy awoke—warm and cosy and fresh, and full of childish prattle, and Gammy talked as fast as he, humoring all his fancies.

“No, Billy,” she said, “the white man will never get you into his clutches again. We will live off in some little tepee until you grow to be a man. And then you will wipe the white man off from the face of the earth, and be free to roam over the plains and hunt the buffalo as your grandfather did, and be called King of the Plains.”

“And I will always take you with me, Gammy,” said Billy, “to make us a real large tepee, and to cook our meat and take care of me in the storms.”

In this way they passed the long day and the night which followed. The wind blew a furious gale that sounded like thunder in their warm dark nest. Sometimes Billy would weary of his close quarters and feel hot and cross, and cry out and say he did n't want to be a great brave and live in a tepee and kill the buffalo and the white man; he wanted to get back to Good Voice Camp and go to the white man's school. He liked the white man; and the white woman gave him little round sweet cakes and pie and he loved her and he did n't want to be an Indian at all.

Then Gammy would rouse and relate the thrilling adventures of his grandfather until Billy would be worked into a fever of excitement again, when the old grandmother would soothe him to sleep with Indian lullabies.

The snow had long ago completely drifted over them. But Gammy tore a small hole in the robe with her knife and put her long whip-stick through it to keep a breathing-place. And their friends, who Gammy felt would surely come to search for them when the storm stopped — for she had told Billy's mother they were going to the railroad — might see the stick.

Billy woke again, after a time, cold and hungry and uncomfortable. "I shall freeze," he sobbed, "and when they come to dig us out they will find us dead and I never can go to the white man's school any more."

Gammy gave him a little of the dried meat and comforted him, drawing him close to her and in a little while Billy was once more sound asleep. The old grandmother was so drowsy now, that to stay awake seemed impossible at times, and then she would push her sharp stick into her flesh to rouse herself.

It was now the afternoon of the second day. The hard tack and dried meat were gone and the poor grandmother had not once tasted food herself, everything being kept for little Billy. An Indian always has an idea of time, and Gammy knew it surely must be late in the second day.

For the last hour she had been telling Billy that his father would soon come to get them out, and that the policeman would come too, and perhaps the white man himself for he loved Billy. They would find the wagon and they would see the stick moving up and down, near by. For Gammy kept the stick in constant motion, sometimes an hour at a time.

Sure enough, about three o'clock in the afternoon Gammy and Billy heard faint sounds as of horses' feet — felt, rather than heard, for it was more a jarring of the ground than sounds. Then, presently they heard what might be the faint sound of voices in the far distance! And then someone clutched the whip-stick and and shook it so vigorously that the old Indian woman knew they were saved! And as they heard shovels

coming nearer and nearer, Billy shrieked out, "*Ata! Ata!*"

That meant, "Here am I! Here am I!" And at length the big good-natured face of the white man appeared through the opening, letting in the bright afternoon sunshine.

The white man of Good Voice Camp had never before looked so handsome to little Billy Snow Fly, nor so good; and that instant Billy vowed in his heart that he would *always* stand by the white man and that he would *never* take up arms against him nor go on the war path!

But Gammy had been through much worse things than a blizzard and *she* did not change her mind!

Mary N. Parmelee.



THE LILAC WAS MY PRETTY COTTAGE.

A LITTLE GIRL'S GARDEN.

THROUGH springtime and summer, way on to the autumn,
 I lived in the garden each day;
 There were so many wonderful things out-of-doors
 That I know grew there just for my play.

The nodding white lilac was my little cottage —
 Away underneath did I creep;
 The hollyhock candles were light in the darkness
 To rock my squash dollies to sleep.

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I made me a pantry of shiny white pebbles,
All filled with a great many seeds
And sour grass and mint, and some little green apples,
Quite ready for tea-party needs.

Sometimes in the quiet a terrible bear
Came prowling so stealthy and slow,
But I locked the door tight till his footsteps grew fainter —
He was only my pussy, you know.

I wish I could live all the year in the garden!
I'm sorry the autumn must bring
So much cold; but I hope the dear garden lies dreaming
Of the things we'll be playing next spring.

While the little North Wind sings away in the lilacs,
And the little squash dolls sit up straight,
I hear him say *this*, if I peer up the chimney,
“ Little girl, now be patient, and wait ! ”

Carolyn S. Bailey.



PLAYMATES.

“THE DEAREST VALENTINE OF ALL.”



THE MAGIC VALENTINE.

ELEN sat on the top step of the porch, her little elbows on her knees, her pretty chubby hands supporting her round face, and two big tears running down the rosy cheeks toward the little dimpled chin.

Helen was seven years old, and she had a trouble too heavy to bear.

Just then Aunt Chloe came along humming a merry little song and Helen wondered why big folks were nearly always happy while small folks had *such* sad times!

“Dear me! Auntie Doleful, what is the matter? Pretty

Aunt Chloe sat down beside her small niece and looked sympathetic.

“It’s Margaret,” faltered Helen.

“Margaret! Why, what’s the matter with Margaret?”

“She’s sprained her ankle, you know,” faltered Helen.

Aunt Chloe drew in her lips, half smiling, and dropped the lids over her twinkling eyes. “I’m sorry, of course,” she said, “but then, you know you just ‘detest her,’ so never mind the ankle. She went to a party, Helen, where you were not invited! Think of it! She does not love you any more of course, and you are ‘never, never, going to forgive her,’ you know!”

“Oh, stop!” Poor Helen arose tragically and stood before her pretty Aunt. “A sprained ankle makes people seem different. I—I was a great deal meaner than Margaret. I said dreadful things to Margaret next day, and she only walked proudly away—and now—now—she cannot walk at all. And it is Valentine’s Day,” poor little Helen went on, “and we’ve

always sent each other valentines! Oh, Aunt Chloe! oh! oh!"

Helen's woe was too much for her. She flung herself in Aunt Chloe's lap and cried.

Aunt Chloe smiled above the curly head for a moment, then she said cheerily, "Helen, I see the way out!"

Helen came smiling up through her tears. "Oh, Auntie, do you really? But it's too late to buy a valentine, Auntie," she added. "You did n't think of that, did you, Auntie?"

"Now see here, Helen," said her aunt, "all you have got to do is to make believe that I am a fairy godmother."

Helen and pretty Aunt Chloe were both all dimples now.

"You see with my magic wand I am going to create a valentine!" said the fairy godmother; "but I am going to do it in secret with a charmed paint-brush. When it is finished you are to carry it to Margaret without speaking a word. If the charm works, all will turn out well, and Margaret will show you the valentine; if not—well! you will at least have done your part."

Little Helen was hopping about in glee, and Aunt Chloe went off to "create" the magic valentine.

Two hours later a trim little figure in bright red, and with an anxious dimpled face, stood at Margaret Hunt's front door, and a very trembling small finger pressed the electric button.

Mrs. Hunt opened the door. She seemed surprised, for it had been a whole week since this little visitor had stood there.



AUNT CHLOE SAT DOWN BY HER SMALL NIECE.

"Helen!" she exclaimed delightedly. "What has brought you here, dear? You are such a stranger!"

"Yes 'm;" quivered Helen. "Please, it was Margaret's ankle—no, I mean I am so sorry! No, I don't mean that exactly—I mean we're both going to be happy if—if—it works well!"

"What works well, dear child?"

"A—a—charmed valentine, please," faltered Helen, "and could I go to—to Margaret?"

"Why surely," said Margaret's mother. "Margaret will be happy to see you, Helen!"

Mrs. Hunt unclosed the door of Margaret's room and let Helen go in alone.

There upon the couch lay sweet little Margaret, her dear ankle cased in plaster, and her face just a wee bit pale.

The sight wrung poor Helen's heart. Very softly she walked up to the couch and handed Margaret a dainty white envelope. A glad look grew and grew on Margaret's face, but she spoke no word, as if under a spell, until she had broken the seal. Then, after a moment, "Oh! oh! oh!" she laughingly cried, and flung her arms so suddenly around Helen that that small playmate toppled over upon the couch and then Margaret was smiling and crying and kissing her, and saying, "I did n't, I could n't, know it was wrong to go if you did n't go too."

Then when every cloud had vanished, Margaret reached down her hand from the couch for the magic valentine, where it lay on the rug, and said, as she put it in Helen's hand, "I've had forty today, Helen, forty—but this is the dearest of all!"

And this is what Helen saw. A circle of the cunningest pink cupids carrying a bright golden heart which bore these words, "*Helen's sorry but loving heart*," and off at one corner was another delightful little pink cupid holding a heart bearing these words, "*Margaret's forgiving loving heart*," and underneath all was this perfectly *beautiful* verse:

This little valentine with love I bring—
 Could anything be fairer?
 And if you love me, Margie dear,
 Please kiss the bearer!

Of course a charm like that was perfectly sure to work.

It seemed only the next moment when Mrs. Hunt came to the door with *such* a mysterious look in her eyes.

"Dearie me!" she laughed, "the day is certainly enchanted!"

Then she stepped back and in a moment she and Aunt Chloe returned bearing between them the cunningest round table with the loveliest luncheon all spread out upon it. Every favorite dainty seemed to be there, and in the snowy napkins charming valentines nestled, and the chocolate was served in two of the



YES, MERRY AUNT CHLOE'S CHARM WAS WORKING WELL!

sweetest loving-cups, and *they* were valentines too, for Helen's name was on hers and Margaret's on hers.

"Oh! oh!" cried both little friends, "*this* is the dearest of all!" And then, for no reason that I can give, they fell to crying and smiling again, the sprained ankle never once thought of.

Over her loving-cup Helen said, "It was the worst week of my life, Margie!"

And Margaret, over *her* loving-cup said, "I guess the only *good* thing about *that* week is that it will make us remember that we won't ever have another like it."

Harriet L. Comstock.

NED LONGLEY'S NOTE-BOOK.

XV.—THE VOLCANO OF KILAUEA IN HAWAII.

“WHEN Noll Reid and I were talking about that visit of his to Hawaii,” wrote Ned Longley in his note-book, “I said my father told me volcanoes were just the earth’s chimneys, and Noll said if I should visit the Kilauea volcano I’d think they had pretty big furnaces going down there.

“I will put down in my note-book all I can remember of what Noll said about Kilauea. I am glad it is an American volcano now! He told me it ~~was~~ the greatest live volcano in the whole world, and that the Hawaiian Islands were all thrown up by volcanoes, and that you can see lava everywhere you go. It’s a hard gray stuff now, most of it rather roughish; when it’s smooth horses slip on it like ice. Noll says he and his brother had a hard time climbing the mountain to reach the crater. They were all one day climbing it.

“At the house on top where the people going down the crater next day stay over night, all the whole sky was red with fire, and the cracking and roaring were enough to scare a fellow and when Noll jumped at the noises and sat up in bed because the sky looked so, his brother told him he was too young to be there.

“They went part way down into the crater on horseback, till it got slippery. There were bushes and berries and some trees at first. Farther down nothing grows and it gets hotter and hotter till it burns the soles of your boots. Noll said it rained while they were down there and the lava was so hot the drops of water hissed when they fell on the ground. The lava down there was black and shiney and looked like sea-waves hardened.

“The crater was nine miles around. From what Noll said I think there was a north lake of fire and a south lake. The guide had them stand on a ledge, one at a time, and look over into the north lake. And there, right under their feet, three yards or so below, was a great body of fire one hundred and fifty feet across. The surface was covered with a gray film — seeming to be a scum of lava cooling a bit; but it does n’t seem to stay

that way a minute — instead, a red surf breaks out all along and dashes against the rocks, and all over the middle of the lake great red cracks and gashes open where the boiling lava bursts through and splashes up. You hear noises, *dreadful* noises, and the ground shakes under you, and you rush back because you think the whole place is going to break up, till the guide tells you there's no danger. But of course a volcano that did n't seem terrible and dangerous would n't be anything! Sometimes pieces of the earth, round the edge, do drop off and fall into the boiling lava. But the guide knows where it is safe for you to stand.

"Then they went to the south lake. Bursts and jets and fountains of fire rise up from that all the time, with beautiful fiery spray floating out and tossing in the wind. The spray is called 'Pele's hair'; it is fine, like real hair, and is named for the goddess of the mountain. This pagan goddess, Pele, used to make her home in the volcano of Haleakala, on the little island of Maui, but when that volcano cooled down and went out she came over to Hawaii to live in the Kilauea volcano where the fire never goes out.

"And what do you think? In the middle of the great crater there is a big pile of lava rocks a hundred feet high, called in our language 'House Everlastingly Renewed,' because if when the volcano is raging the pile tumbles down the whole thing is thrown up again just as it was before. And Noll says he saw right in the middle of this pile all surrounded by smoke and steam and roaring lava fire, high up in a place where the lava had cooled, a green fern growing!

"Noll says the lava in these lakes never sinks away entirely, as it often does in other volcanoes. Sometimes it sinks quite low down and then again it suddenly boils up, up to the very top and pours right over this great pot and down the sides of the mountain.

"Noll says the whole flashing and noise of the Japanese and Russian war is nothing to the noises and flames of Kilauea! I'm glad Noll has been there!

Frances Campbell Sparhawk.

LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

CHAPTER IV. — PEGGY'S NEW NAME.

PEGGY opened her eyes and looked with wonder at the queer dark faces of old Winne-Lackee and the Indian doctor that were bending anxiously over her.

She had opened her eyes several times before, in the two days and two nights that she had lain on the deerskin bed, but not before had there been any wonder in them but only a dull, dreamy look, like one who walks in her sleep.

"Where am I?" said Peggy, faintly, but with no sign of fear. "I feel just as if — as if I were somebody else!"

The old Indian doctor stood up very straight and drew a long, long breath. He was as straight as one of the pine trees in the woods.

"Your little granddaughter will live!" he said to Winne-Lackee, in the Indian language. Dr. Sockabesin could speak English as well as any white man, but when he was very glad or very sorry about anything he spoke the Indian tongue that was natural to him.

Old Winne-Lackee stood up tall and straight, too, and her withered old face looked as if it were made of very hard wood and all its wrinkles had been cut into it with a sharp, sharp knife.

"Let no one ever dare to say, now, that she is not my granddaughter!" she said fiercely, and she spoke Indian, too, although she was very proud of having learned to speak the white man's language better than any woman of her tribe. Then the old Squaw and the Indian doctor looked into each other's eyes and Winne-Lackee understood that he had promised to help her keep the little white girl for her own.

They had both watched over Peggy with scarcely an hour for rest. And the Indian doctor's skill might have been envied by many a white physician.

Winne-Lackee felt that Peggy would have drowned in the river if she had not rescued her, and Dr. Sockabesin was sure that she would have died if it had not been for his skill. So

they both felt that Winne-Lackee had a right to keep her, if she wanted her, for her own.

"Little Pale Face is dead!" said the old Squaw, still in the queer Indian language. "This is Winne-Lackee's own granddaughter."

It was just at that very minute, as the old Squaw hesitated, the question of what she should call her coming suddenly to her mind, that Peggy tried to raise her head from the pillow and a feeble little smile flickered over her face. It was a bird's song that had brought it — the very song that one often heard across the orchard slopes at home in Pollywhoppet. The Squaw's face had an answering smile that softened all its harsh lines.

"Winne-Lackee's granddaughter, little Medwisla! That shall be her name!" she said.

It was the meadow-lark whose song had poured into the strange room where little Peggy Piper lay and "medwisla" is the Indian name of the bird.

A little sharp pucker came between Peggy's brows even while she smiled. She looked around the room and at the strange dark faces, not as if she were afraid, but as if she were very much puzzled. Then she looked out of the window at the queer unfamiliar houses. A glimpse of the blue river smoothed out the pucker a little bit. A river seemed natural.

"I think something very queer has happened," she said in a feeble little voice. "I came here from somewhere, but I can't remember where. You — you look like some one that I remember, but I can't think of her name!"

There was an old squaw, called Molly Molasses, who went around selling baskets in Pollywhoppet. There was a sudden scowling of Winne-Lackee's black brows and then she looked at Dr. Sockabesin and laughed.

Winne-Lackee did not like to have anyone think she looked like Molly Molasses, who chose to live in a wigwam in the woods when she might have lived in her son's house. Winne-Lackee knew that probably it was Molly Molasses the little white girl thought she looked like.

She was startled, too, to see that Peggy remembered at all, even



THE OLD DOCTOR HELD THE MIRROR BEFORE PEGGY'S EYES.

if so vaguely. But Dr. Sockabesin smiled at her fears.

"It is all like a dream to her," he said in Indian, "and it will fade like a dream! If she ever remembers her life before she came here it will be when she is an Indian princess and you have made her so happy that she will care nothing about the past!"

The old doctor took a hand mirror from a toilet table—a toilet table draped with silk and lace but with—what do you think for ornaments? A hunting knife, a fox's brush, and a pair of well-worn moccasins!

He held the mirror up before Peggy's eyes.

They were startled eyes now. There was something like fear in them.

The dark-skinned little girl who looked back at Peggy from the mirror was a stranger to her. She seemed to have her eyes and to be in some mysterious way herself and yet she could not remember that she had ever seen her before.

The pokeberry ink, with which the old fur-trading Indian had signed his name, had stained Peggy deeply, while Dr. Sockabesin had taken an hour's sleep.

Winne-Lackee had not been sure that he would approve of it. She had feared that he might at least say that she must wait until the child was well. When an Indian doctor had been to college one could not say what he might think! Winne-Lackee liked new-fashioned white people's ways, herself, sometimes, but not when they made things appear wrong that she wished to do!

But Dr. Sockabesin had said nothing against the pokeberry stain. Even in the white men's medical colleges they knew that pokeberry juice was harmless.

Only it was so hard to come off that even without the queer stuff that the Indian had added to it to make it ink, a little white girl stained with it was likely to look like an Indian to the last day of her life!

Peggy tried to raise her head to get a better view of the strange little girl in the mirror but it was too painful an effort. She looked at her arm, from which the sleeve of the gay silk slum-

ber-robe — a great deal too large for her — had slipped back and which was stained, as deeply as her face, with the pokeberry ink.

“I must be like — like this old woman and — the one who comes to sell baskets — somewhere,” she thought in a puzzled way. Names poor Peggy could not remember at all.

Old Winne-Lackee slipped her arm gently, caressingly, about the little figure.

“Medwisla — little granddaughter!” she said, “Be soon well! Queer bad dreams all go away! Be happy little Indian girl!”

Indian! That was the word Peggy had tried to remember. It was an Indian woman who came to sell baskets in that strange, far away place that she used to know, or else had dreamed of.

“Am I your granddaughter? Am I really a little Indian girl?” Peggy asked in a trembling voice. “Then I must have been dreaming for a long long time that I was somebody else!”

(To be continued.)

Sophie Swett.

THE VALENTINE DICK MADE.

A SHEET of paper first he took
And nicked an edge all round it,
Printed large, “MY VALENTINE,”
And thought how fine it sounded.

And then he drew a gallant ship,
With one big star to guide it,
Finished with two plump red hearts,
And wrote this verse inside it:

*“I made this all my very self;
And such a lot of bother
I would n't take for any one
Only 'cept my Mother.”*

Mabel L. Fairweather.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

(IV.—*Nature-Study Questions about the Cat.*)

I. How many toes has the cat on the fore foot, how many on the hind foot, and are the claws movable or not?

II. Name six notable things about the cat, in doings, likings, dislikings or peculiarities.

III. What are the cat's whiskers for?

IV. Which of the five senses is most highly developed in the cat?

V. Does the cat take punishment in the same way as the dog, and what is the likeness or difference?

C. Q. Wright, U. S. Navy.



" WISH SOMEBODY 'D SEND ME LITTLE FOLKS!"

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SECRECY.

I SENT Papa a valentine,
He 'll never know 't was I, I hope.
I bought it all myself, you see,
And slipped it in the envelope.

And then I laid it on his desk
And only wrote a single line—
“To dear Papa,” was all I said,
“With love from old St. Valentine.”

J. Warren Merrill.

WHEN I AM GROWING OLD.

I.

THE register is nice and warm,
My feet are awful cold;
Just think
How “comfy” it will be
When I am growing old!

II.

I 'll have a foot-stool for my feet,
I 'll buy a rocking-chair,
My specs
I 'll put upon my nose
To suit me — anywhere!

III.

I 'll get a cap that 's lovely, too,
All white, with frills and bows;
Perhaps
I 'll be as pretty then
As Grandmama, who knows!

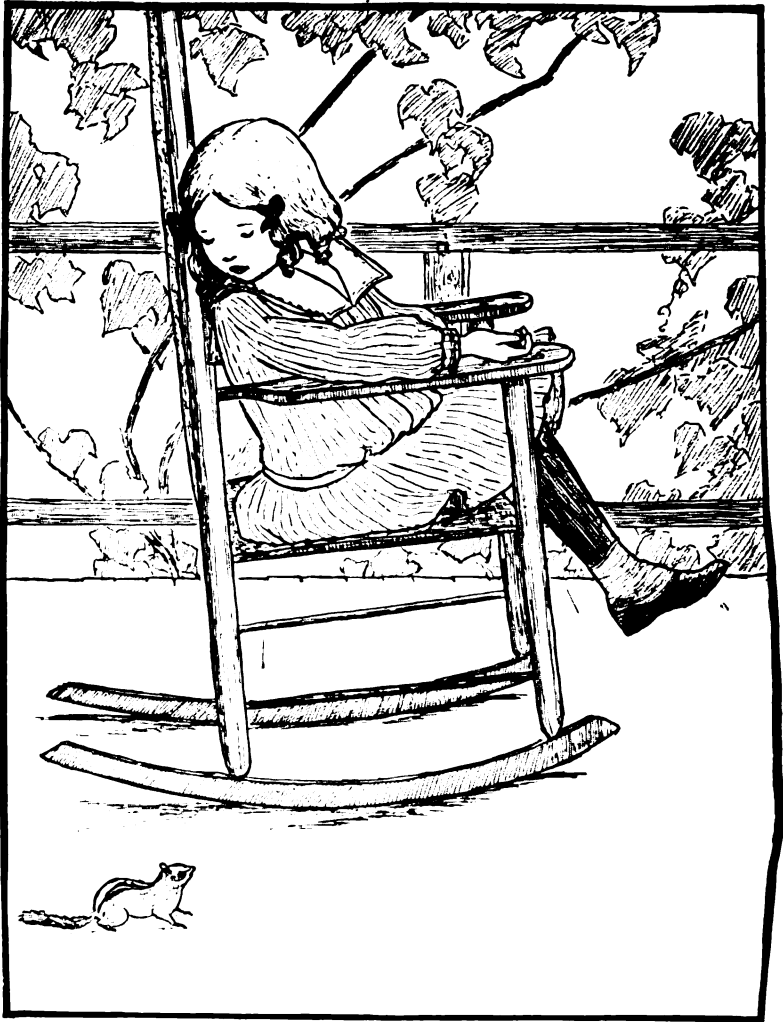


"MY FEET ARE AWFUL COLD"

IV.

I think Mama's just coming in —
I'm 'fraid that she will say,
 "My dear,
This heat is bad for you,
Stand off a little way!"

Jeannette A. Marks.



OVER THE TOP STEP CAME THE PRETTIEST LITTLE CHIPMUNK.

DELIA'S NATURE STUDIES.

(With Delia's Pictures.)

IV.—THE ARTIST'S CHIPMUNK.

THIS, that I am going to tell you, happened one year when Delia stayed out in the country long after the summer was ended.

Delia was walking in the woods. It was autumn, and all the

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little leaves of the birch trees around her were turned to pale yellow. There were yellow leaves overhead like a roof, yellow leaves on the ground like a carpet, and all about her yellow leaves floating down through the air.

Chipmunks darted by her in the yellow forest, chirped at her from the birch branches, and she could hear them everywhere rustling among the leaves on the ground near the big beech trees as they searched for beechnuts.

Delia's path led on through the woods down to a little old bridge that crossed a tiny brook. And such a merry little brook it was! Delia stood by it a long time before she crossed the bridge. It danced and leaped and tumbled about among big mossy stones, and trickled away into three or four little brooks to find a way around a large rock, and then ran foaming together again and went around and around in a ring in a pool.

The yellow leaves from the birch trees came floating down with the water, like fleets of tiny boats, and then they, too, went whirling around in the ring.

A little farther on in the woods, in an old fence, Delia came to a low picket gate across the path. It was not fastened, so the little girl pushed it open and went through.

In a moment more she came to a turn in the path and then she saw suddenly before her, in the bright sunshine, a garden full of great red and white poppies. They were taller than her head and shining with brightness in the sunlight.

Beyond, to one side, she could see a low brown house, covered with grape vines, and a beautiful, big green jar that stood by the piazza steps.

As she went a little nearer a voice, from behind the vines on the piazza, called to her to come. The voice was kind, so Delia hurried on and climbed the piazza steps past the great green jar.

Behind the vines a very large man was sitting comfortably in his arm-chair, smoking a pipe. Delia saw that he was the Artist. She had seen him sometimes down in the village. He nodded and smiled at her in so friendly a way that she did not feel at all timid. He asked her to sit down, so she took the large rocking-chair that was beside him, and soon they were talking together.

He told her interesting stories of the birds and little animals that came around his house and showed her the nest, just over his chair, that had been made there by a phœbe-bird in the early summer.

"I would sit here and smoke," he said, "and the phœbe would fly all around me and never mind me at all. Some of the birds don't like my chipmunk very well," he added, "but they're not afraid of him. There!" said he, leaning forward to look through the vines, "I hear the robin scolding him now. He can't be far away. I'll call him up so you can see him."

The Artist took from his pocket a few beechnuts, and rattled them in his hand while he made a queer clucking sound with his mouth. Presently Delia heard a faint sound on the piazza steps and then over the edge of the top step came the prettiest little chipmunk! His eyes were very bright. His red-brown coat with its black and white stripes shone like satin.

He sat up and appeared surprised when he saw Delia there. Then he ran forward a few steps and stopped to look at her—ran forward a little further and stopped again, and at last ran up over the Artist's foot to his knee, where he sat up waiting for his beechnuts, and paid no more attention to Delia.

He took the beechnuts from the Artist's fingers one at a time, and put them in his mouth, and packed them away in the pockets in his cheeks that are made to carry nuts. Nut after nut



HE STOPPED TO LOOK AT DELIA.

he took until Delia's eyes opened wide with astonishment that he could carry so many.

When his cheeks looked very big and solid, as if he could not pack away another nut, the little creature ran down to the floor and darted around the corner of the piazza out of sight.

"He has a hole somewhere near in the woods," said the Ar-

tist, "where he keeps the nuts to eat in the winter. He'll be back soon for more."

"Does he always stay at this place?" asked Delia.

"I think so," said the man. "He's been around my house three or four years."



HE CAME A LITTLE NEARER.

"And don't you have to keep him in a cage or tie him up?"

"Oh no," said the man, "he's perfectly free; he runs about in the woods just like the other chipmunks. I go down to the city every winter and when I come back in the spring I always wonder whether I shall find him here again, but he is

usually around after a day or so."

The Artist had been placing some of the beechnuts carefully on his shoulder where they could not be seen from below, when around the corner of the piazza raced the little chipmunk. After making two or three stops and starts, to be certain Delia was harmless, he ran up the Artist's knee again and peeped into the hand where he had found nuts before. But not finding any he began to search this way and that, up and down the Artist's sleeves, under the edges of his coat, in the nearest pockets, until he ran up the arm and came suddenly upon the little pile on the shoulder.

He sat up at once and packed them all away, working very fast with his little paws. Then he ran quickly down to the arm of the chair, sprang to the floor and was gone again.

"Perhaps he would come to you," said the Artist, and he handed Delia some nuts. "Just rap on the arm of the chair when he comes again."

Delia shivered with happiness as she waited and it seemed a good many minutes before the chipmunk came back. She rapped on the arm of the chair with a nut and the chipmunk stopped and looked at her. Then he came a little nearer and a little nearer in a very crooked line, till at last he jerked his

feathery tail and gave a spring and landed on her knee. She rattled the nuts a little so he could hear them, and he ran up to her shoulder and down her arm to her hand.

And there he sat right in Delia's own hand!

She almost held her breath. He looked prettier than ever now that she could see him near. She rubbed his chest and stomach very gently with one finger, as the Artist told her to do, and she could feel his little muscles working as his tiny paws busily put away the nuts into his cheeks.

When the nuts were gone he jumped from the little girl's hand so suddenly that she was startled; but this time he did not run off as before. Instead he stopped short near the door of the house and looked back at the man.

"What's the matter?" asked the Artist. But the chipmunk sat and waited.

"Haven't you got a full load?" asked the Artist. But the chipmunk did not move. "Well, I haven't any more out here. You'll have to be satisfied."

The chipmunk still waited and looked at him. "Well! well!" said the Artist rising from his chair and laying his pipe on the piazza rail, "I suppose I'll have to get some for you," and he went into the house.

The tiny animal sat and watched anxiously through the doorway till the Artist came back. "Here they are," said the big man, tossing a nut towards him. "He never likes to go," he said to Delia, "till both his cheeks are filled."

The chipmunk seized the nut and slipped it into his cheek. "How many more do you want?" said the Artist to the little animal, tossing him another nut and another, one at a time.



HE SLIPPED IT INTO HIS CHEEK.

When five or six were gone the chipmunk turned without waiting to see if there were more, and scampered off around the house with his feathery tail streaming out behind him.

"I don't believe he'll be back again today," said the Artist.

"I suppose he thinks we haven't enough nuts left to be worth returning for. But you must come another day to see him."

"Oh thank you! I'd like to *ever* so much," said Delia. "And I'll bring you all my beechnuts for him. I've found almost two quarts."

"That *is* a lot," said the Artist. "And I'll be glad to have them, it takes so much of my time to pick them up—and he always expects me to gather his winter supply for him! Come over whenever you like and we'll give him some of your nuts and you shall see him eat them."

The little girl, peeping out through the vine-leaves, found that the sun was sinking down out of sight behind the woods, and slipping hurriedly out of the big chair she said goodbye to the Artist and he came down the steps with her and along the path.

"Better try some of my spring water before you go," he said. "It's very good."

Between the path and the great poppy-bed was a trough hollowed out of a mossy tree-trunk, and into it ran a little stream of clear water. The Artist took the dipper, which was made of a gourd, and filled it for Delia under the cold sparkling stream. She was very thirsty and she drank it all eagerly. "It *is* good," she said, as she gave back the gourd.

She waited a moment while he drank too, then, saying goodbye again, she hurried down the path.

Once, before reaching the turn that led into the woods, she looked back and saw the poppy-garden, the little vine-covered house, and the Artist still standing in the path, the little gourd dipper in his hand.

Through the gate she passed and over the bridge. The gold of the trees seemed browner in the dusk now that the sun was gone. But she did not stop this time to look at the trees or to listen to the chipmunks. She ran along the path as fast as she could and made believe she was a deer running away from the hunters, and she said to herself, "If *I* were a chipmunk I should gather my own nuts and stay in the woods."

Daisy D. Plympton.

THE STORY OF THE SWEET ORANGE.

THE Sweet Orange lay at the top of the pile and it got put in first and went to the very bottom of the paper bag.

Mr. Tubbs was in a hurry.

If Mr. Tubbs had not been a very fat man, and if he had not forgotten until the very last minute the oranges he had promised to take home for the little Tubbses' luncheon party and so nearly lost the last car home, the Sweet Orange would never have had a story.

Mr. Tubbs had left his office late. He had several errands to do. And then just as he saw his car coming round the corner he remembered the children's oranges and rushed to the nearest fruit stand, ordered a bag put up and without waiting for his change hurried away. They were n't very nice oranges. There was really only one fit for a little children's luncheon among them — the large sweet one that went to the bottom of the bag; the others were hardly ripe, sour and hard, so hard they really hurt the Sweet Orange as they tumbled down on it.

It was not easy for Mr. Tubbs to hurry with his arms full of packages. They commenced to slide, and Mr. Tubbs pushed them up under his arm, and really all the oranges in the big paper bag were very uncomfortable.

"We shall be all bruises," said one of them. "We shan't be fit to be seen."

"I should say so!" said another. "I'm squeezed to death now. We shall be fit for nothing but shortcake!"

"The idea of putting *me* in shortcake!" said the Sweet Orange at the bottom. "I'm a dessert orange! I think I'll get out of this company!"

The Sweet Orange really was delicious, just bursting with sweetness and juice; and it would have been a shame to slice such an orange up with the others.

Just then Mr. Tubbs gave his arm a hitch, and that Sweet Orange got a squeeze, and the bag burst a little at the bottom, and out it rolled, a great golden ball, on the sidewalk, while Mr. Tubbs managed to cover the hole with his hand so that none of

the others escaped. It would have been nearly impossible for Mr. Tubbs to stoop and pick up the Sweet Orange.

Just then a man in tight boots, who was angry because he had stubbed his toe, came along and gave the Sweet Orange a spiteful kick. Of course he was very foolish, for the Sweet Orange had in no way injured him, but angry people generally are foolish.

The Sweet Orange rolled into the gutter where a little girl with a basket was picking up bits of coal and wood. How her eyes shone when she saw that beautiful Sweet Orange! But she picked it up and ran after the angry man, crying, "Mister! here is your orange!"

"'T isn't mine!" the angry man told her in a very cross voice, and went on his way groaning and grumbling.

The little girl looked at a boy who stood near, watching her. "What shall I do with it?" she asked him.

The boy laughed. "If it was mine I'd eat it!" he said; and the Sweet Orange shone in the sunshine and seemed to say, "Do eat me! You can't think how sweet I am!"

"But is it mine?" the little girl asked, her eyes glistening with the delicious fragrance of the fruit she held.

And again the boy laughed. "Findin's is keepin's!" he said.

The girl ran with the Sweet Orange as fast as ever she could, down the street and a long alley, and then down a shorter and narrower one, until she came to a dingy old house, where she went in, quite breathless with excitement. It was the girl's home, and her little sister sat on the floor playing. She held out her hands with a shout of delight when she saw the Sweet Orange, that looked to her like a great gold ball.

Then the girl got a knife and peeled the Sweet Orange and divided it into neat little sections — and what a feast she and her little sister had! though they saved the very nicest piece of all for their mother to have when she came home tired from her day's work.

And the Sweet Orange thought to itself as it breathed out its last breath of fragrance on the air, "*This* is something like it! A shortcake, indeed!"

Mary Isabel Boynton.

A COMPOSITION ON GEORGE WASHINGTON.



HARD AT WORK.

HAL was an idle little boy, and altogether too mischievous for his own good, yet still one of the most lovable little fellows that ever drew funny pictures on his slate when he ought to have been studying his lessons. He stood looking up at his teacher now with dancing eyes and a cherub curve on his lips, trying very hard to appear sober and "in earnest."

"Please, Miss Gray," he said, "I'll write it tonight, honest, if you'll let me go

now. You see Bob said he'd teach me to skate after school. You know I've got some new skates, Miss Gray."

Yes, Miss Gray knew it, for she boarded at Hal's house. She knew, too, how hard it was for that small boy ever to study at home.

"I'm afraid to, Hal," she said. "You might try, but you would surely get to playing with something."

"No, honest, I won't," said the little fellow, so earnestly that Miss Gray could n't but trust him. "I'll just take a sheet of paper and a pencil, and I'll stay in one chair till I get it done. 'Tis n't a long job to write something about George Washington, Miss Gray."

Miss Gray was soft-hearted, and she let him go. She was glad she did, as she saw him take his paper and pencil after supper and march over to the small home desk, looking as good as a "Little Samuel." She gazed at him affectionately as the stubby pencil began to move laboriously up and down.

"Dear boy," she thought, with a tender glance at the close-

cropped little head bent over the paper, upon which was already scrawled, "George Washington was a brave and honest boy. He cut down his papa's tree with his hatchet."

How still the lamp-lit house was with Hal so quiet! It seemed a long while to Miss Gray before the clock struck a small boy's bed-time.

"Poor child! He has n't had any play this whole evening," thought she with a tugging at her heart, for the absorbed little figure was so very childish.

"Come here, Hal, and let me see what you have written," she called gently.

Out bounded Hal, the very image of glad eagerness, with parted lips and shining eyes. He held up a curious little figure constructed from the paper which still bore the two sentences about George Washington.

"Oh, Hal!" exclaimed Miss Gray, in dismay; but the boy was so happy that she could n't bear to reprove him, although those first two mutilated lines were all that had been written of the promised composition. The busy fingers had not been using the pencil in writing about George Washington. No, Hal had "had an idea," and with him to think was to act, in everything except in the line of study.

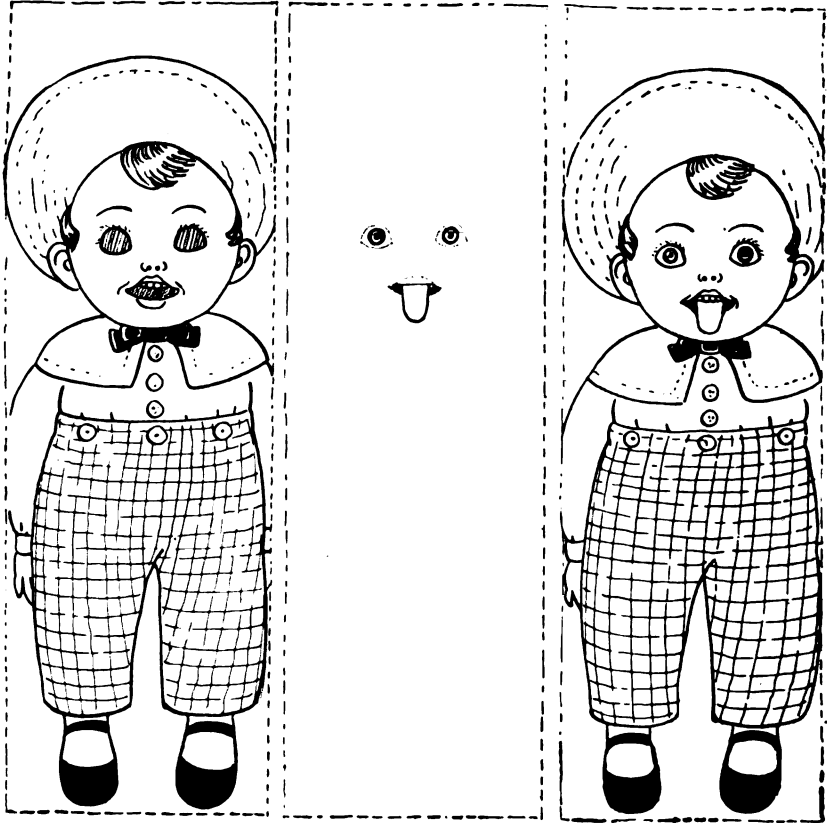
He had folded his sheet of paper and cut it in halves. On one of the halves he had drawn a comical boy, with big round eyes and a wide grinning mouth. With his jackknife he had cut out the eyes and mouth.

On the other piece of paper, in just the position of the cut-out eyes and mouth, he had drawn two eyes, also a projecting tongue which he had cut around, all but the upper part, so that it could be bent forward.

Then he placed the second paper behind the first, and by thrusting the tongue through the hole he had made for the mouth, and moving the back paper a little, up and down, to right and left, he made the eyes roll around and the tongue wiggle so comically that the little paper image was irresistible. He held it up to his teacher, giggling all over with delight, without a thought of the unwritten composition on George Washington.

"Isn't he funny?" said Hal. "Won't he make the boys laugh tomorrow?"

"Very funny!" assented Miss Gray. "Yes, I think the boys will laugh." And she let him go without a word.



THE WAY HAL WROTE HIS COMPOSITION AT HOME.

(The first panel shows Hal's drawing of the funny boy on the first piece of paper—the shaded part of eyes and mouth being cut out. The second panel shows the drawing of the eyes and tongue on the other paper—the tongue being cut loose at sides and end and bent forward. The third panel shows the second paper behind the first, the eyes appearing at the eye-openings and the tongue through the mouth-opening.)

But the next night Hal had to stay after school and write his composition on George Washington.

Bertha E. Bush.



A MARCH SURPRISE.

THE GIRL: "IF YOU ARE NOT THE WILD MARCH HARE, I WOULD LIKE
TO HAVE YOU FOR AN EASTER RABBIT!"

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. VIII.

MARCH, 1905.

No. 5.

THAT YELLOWSTONE RAT.



SARAH AND MRS. SNOW.

WHEN Mrs. Snow was getting well from a long illness, the Doctor said she had better go on a trip through the Yellowstone Park. So she took her two little daughters — Rose, eleven years old, and Nannette, who was eight, — and good Sarah, the nurse, and they all had a fine time in the Yellowstone. Mrs. Snow recovered fast, and they all had so many interesting adventures that everybody wanted to hear them talk right along, when they got home. Here is one of the stories they told.

One night they stopped at a little wooden hotel. Three small rooms were given to them, and they all went to sleep early, and slept soundly, for they were tired. The three rooms opened into each other.

About midnight, Sarah was awakened by Mrs. Snow, who stood beside her bed with a candle in her hand.

"Sarah," said Mrs. Snow, "I hate to wake you up — but there is a rat in my room. He runs around and makes funny noises.

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Then I get up and make a light, and hunt everywhere for him — and nothing at all is to be seen. I have been up three times now, and I am so nervous that I cannot sleep any more until we find that rat. You must come and help me find him.”

Sarah put on her kimona, and together she and Mrs. Snow searched every inch of the three rooms, but no rat could they find. It was a warm night. The windows were all open, but they became very much heated in their hunting, and were glad to get through and blow out the candle.

“Just go to sleep, Mrs. Snow,” Sarah advised her. “There surely is no rat here. Don’t you worry. I will be on the watch now, and if any rat does get in, why, I will attend to him.”

Mrs. Snow tried to do just as Sarah advised, but presently she heard a soft little running around in the room again, and then something dropped, and she knew that the mysterious rat had somehow managed to remain in, or to come in again from Sarah’s room or the other one.

“I can’t stand this any longer, Sarah,” Mrs. Snow said. “I am going to find another room and shut this one up. I think there is an empty room across the hall.”

Sure enough, across the hall was a clean little room, with a bed all made up in it. Sarah and Mrs. Snow looked all over it, and were sure no rat was there, nor any hole that a rat could get through, and then Mrs. Snow locked the door, and Sarah went back to her own room.

She shut the door to the room which Mrs. Snow had had, looked at the girls to see that they were all right, and then she was glad enough to go to bed herself and settle down after all the flurry.

She had hardly begun to doze again, when Rose gave a little shriek and then called, “Sarah! Sarah!”

“I’m coming,” answered good Sarah. “Wait till I light a candle. What is the matter?”

“There is a rat in here,” cried Rose. And then little Nannette woke up and began to cry, for she was afraid of rats.

This time Sarah was really angry at the rat. She was determined that she would sit up all night, rather than not catch

that naughty rat and punish him for so long tormenting her and the rest of them.

"Where did you see it, Rose?" she asked.

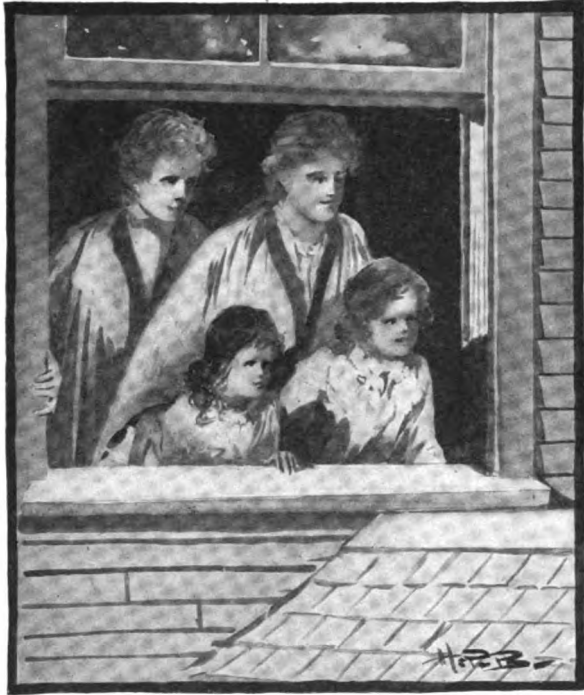
"I did n't see it, I felt it," said Rose. "It ran across the bed and it made such funny little jumps! And—ugh! ugh! I put out my hand—and I felt something soft and fuzzy—and then it was gone—oh, so quick!"

"Little jumps!"

Those words gave Sarah a new idea. The window was open, too. It had not occurred to her nor to Mrs. Snow that something could have come in at the window.

Now she rushed to it and looked out—and what do you think she saw!

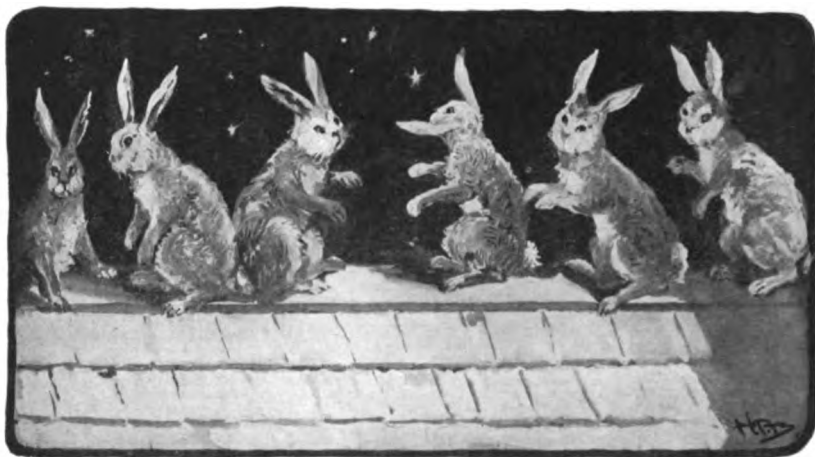
A wing of the house extended out from the main portion, just under



AND WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY SAW?

under this particular window. The moon was shining brightly—and out there in this clear moonlight, right on the ridgepole of the extension, stood up, on their hind feet, in a row, six funny little gray jack-rabbits! Oh, how Sarah laughed and laughed to see them! And then Rose and Nannette came running—and then they, too, fell to laughing for it must have been one of the funniest sights they will ever see in all their lives.

"Oh, I must have your mother see this," said Sarah. So she knocked softly on Mrs. Snow's door, and Mrs. Snow was awake, and she came out, and pretty soon, she, too, was laugh-



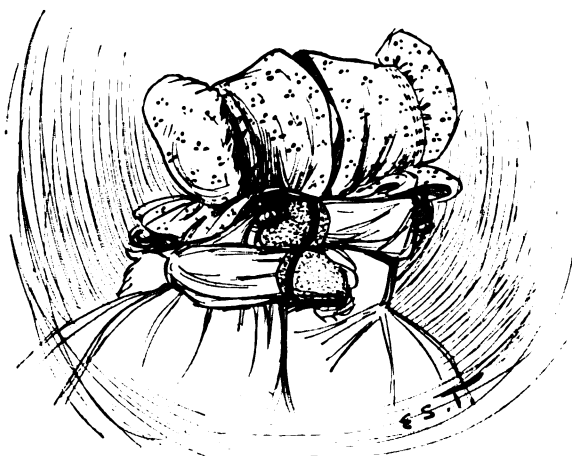
IN THE MOONLIGHT, RIGHT ON THE RIDGE-POLE, STOOD SIX LITTLE GRAY JACK-RABBITS.

ing and laughing at the funny little row of jack-rabbits.

"There is your rat," laughed Sarah. "It was nothing but a mischievous little jack-rabbit!"

Then they shut the windows at the bottom and opened them from the top instead — and then they all went to sleep, and heard nothing more of any rat.

Kate Upson Clark.



"MAKING UP."

LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

CHAPTER V. — STUMPY.

“OLD Winne-Lackee’s own little meadow-lark!” said the old Squaw again in her soft silky Indian voice. “Been sick long and dreamed strange dreams! Now very soon be well! Strong, brave little Indian girl not easy to kill!”

“Little Indian girl!” murmured Peggy. It seemed strange, she thought, scarcely strong enough as yet to think at all. Perhaps, after all, it was only the dreams that were strange, as Winne-Lackee said, and she might feel quite natural as soon as she was well.

“Been sick very long time,” the old Squaw repeated anxiously. “Good doctor will cure!” She pointed to the old Indian doctor who was quietly watching every movement that Peggy made and listening to every word she said.

He smiled kindly down at her, and Peggy smiled a little in response. They were kind to her — this Indian man and woman — and when she was well once more perhaps all her puzzled feeling would go away.

Old Dr. Sockabesin nodded at Winne-Lackee. The nod meant, “She will forget entirely, and you can make of her a little Indian Princess, to be a joy in your old age and she will more than make up to you for the granddaughter you have lost — *more* than make up;” for the old doctor knew that a white granddaughter would be a great satisfaction to Winne-Lackee’s proud old heart.

The old Squaw nodded back at him with grim satisfaction.

She meant to make a real little Indian girl of Peggy, but not as the Indians did in the old times when they made captives of white children. Peggy should be like a little Indian princess. Winne-Lackee had been in Washington and seen a President’s daughter; far finer should her little granddaughter be. She had been in foreign countries and seen more than one princess; far finer than any of them should her little white captive be!

She saw Peggy look wonderingly around the queer room,

which was Winne-Lackee's own chamber, and she wished that she had taken away the skins and left only the silken draperies. And she hoped that Peggy would find the odors of the sweet grass mats stronger than the lingering scent of the pipes that she still smoked in the privacy of her own room!

She saw Peggy looking wonderingly at the doctor and she motioned to him with a sharp frown to cast aside the blanket that he wore over his shoulders. It was a Mexican blanket of woven silk, but he wore it as only an Indian wears a blanket. Under the blanket Doctor Sockabesin wore just such clothes as a doctor who comes to *your* house might wear. It was only on the island that the doctor wore a blanket.

He took off the blanket at Winne-Lackee's frown. He did more than that. He stepped to the fire-place, where a little fire of boughs had been kindled because the summer day was cool, to throw the blanket upon it.

"Never a blanket or a pipe again if they will hurt the little granddaughter!" he said in the Indian tongue.

But Winne-Lackee caught the beautiful gay blanket and drew it safely away from the flames. "She must be Indian — she shall be Indian when she is well!" she said in low tones. "But first her heart must be at home here!"

Peggy looked and heard and wondered. She did not in the least understand why the old Indian doctor had wished to burn his blanket. They meant to be kind to her; it was easy to understand that. Of course it was only natural, since she was the old Indian woman's grandchild. But she had dreamed — oh, she must have dreamed for a long time that she was a little white girl! She could not remember where — not a face, not a name would come back to her out of that past that they told her was a dream! A dream — yet it seemed more real than this Indian chamber.

But she smiled when Winne-Lackee folded the gay silk blanket like a scarf and drew it over her own shoulders, pinning it with a sparkling pin.

The old Squaw wore now a trailing skirt of black silk, glittering with jet, and she looked stately and almost handsome as she

led the old doctor in a kind of slow dance about the great room for Peggy's amusement.

This was something like a fairy-book, thought Peggy. If this was only a dream it was a pleasant one.

The old doctor nodded again at Winne-Lackee as he saw Peggy's bewildered smile.

"She will be contented to be your granddaughter in a very little while," was what the nod meant to Winne-Lackee. And Winne-Lackee's face was full of triumph.

But just at that moment there was heard outside the door the rushing and scampering, the barking and whining of a dog.

The door was burst open and in rushed a little terrier.

He was a draggled and travel-stained little dog. His tongue hung from his mouth, he was panting, and he quivered all over.

He sprang upon the bed with joyful, frantic barks. He licked Peggy's face and hands. He wagged his small stump of a tail as if he would wag it off!

Peggy, suddenly roused and awake, threw her arms around the little dog and her eyes filled with tears.

"He is my own, own doggie, is n't he?" she cried in a puzzled, wistful way. "Is n't he?" she cried anxiously.

"Why no, no!" cried the Indian woman, and her soft voice was sharp now. "Bad dog will bite Medwisla! Bring sickness and bad dreams back to her!"

She seized the dog by the broken rope that hung from his collar.

"Tell Jo Mattawam to shoot him at once!" she called sharply as she tried to thrust the excited little dog out at the door.

She was so disturbed by the fear that the dog would bring friends to Peggy's rescue that she forgot to be cautious.

Perhaps, too, being an old squaw she did not quite understand how a little white girl might feel about her own pet dog.

Peggy was sitting up now against her pillows, her eyes wide with horror, a lump in her throat that would not let her cry out.

"Get out, you stumpy-tailed cur!" cried the old Indian doctor, coming to Winne-Lackee's help, and he used the toe of his boot to help to get the little dog out of Peggy's sight.



HE SPRANG UPON THE BED WITH JOYFUL, FRANTIC BARKS.

Peggy's ears caught one of the words he had said and it startled her so that the kick the little dog had received hurt her less.

"Stumpy! Oh, that's it!" she cried out and the strangling lump in her throat gave way. "My own dear, precious, old Stumpy! Oh, I did n't dream *him*!"

Doctor Sockabesin looked startled and a good deal troubled. He had not expected that a name from her old life would come back to Peggy so soon.

If only he had not noticed the queer, wagging stump-tail of the poor little beast!

Winne-Lackee returned in a moment repeating, "bad dog would bite Medwisla," so fast and loud that Peggy could not make her listen to her piteous cry for her "precious old Stumpy."

The old doctor stopped Winne-Lackee's loud tones by a question in Indian.

"How could the dog have followed the trail when you came by water!" he asked.

Winne-Lackee's voice trembled as she answered in Indian. "I landed once," she said. "And a dog like that will always find the one he loves!"

"My dear old Stumpy! Oh, I want him! I did n't dream *him*!" cried Peggy, turning her weak head from side to side on the pillow.

But the only answer that came to her was the sound of a rifle shot very near at hand.

(To be continued.)

Sophie Swett.

THE MARCH HARE'S OPINION.

"THERE'S *always* something the matter,"
 The March Hare said to the Hatter,
 "With the weather! it rains and blows
 Or else it hails and snows!
 There's always *something* the matter!"
 Said the March Hare to the Hatter!

J. M.



"WE WERE NOT FRIGHTENED, BUT —"

AT OUR SCHOOL.

WHEN we came out to say our piece,
Although we knew it all by heart
We could n't speak good in our throats,
And that of course just spoiled our part.

We were not frightened, but we knew
Our voices sounded very queer;
And soon the audience it laughed
Because we could n't make them hear.

We were not frightened; but to see
The people laugh made us forget —
I think to have the audience laugh
That grown folks too would be upset!

M. J. H.

NED LONGLEY'S NOTE-BOOK.

XVI.—ABOUT SOME CANALS.

"**M**Y father says," wrote Ned Longley in his note-book, "that while there is so much being said about our Panama Canal, and all the obstacles in the way of building it, I ought to look up some other canals, and see what bothers other countries have had with theirs.

"Thousands of years ago one of the kings of Egypt, old Ramesses II, thought he would build a canal, so that ships could sail

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from the Mediterranean Sea up the Nile a little way, and then go on across country by this canal to the Red Sea and out into the Indian ocean past where the Queen of Sheba lived, and to other strange countries. The Egyptian king built the canal but it would n't stay open; the desert sands drifted in and filled it up.

"In those days people were as great fighters as the Japs and the Russians now; they were always trying to destroy each other. Another king of Egypt, Pharoah Necho, thought he would open this canal again, and this time make it wider, so that his war ships (which were called triremes) could carry his army to Babylon by water and then he could destroy the city. But when he had kept the men digging in the terrible heat until more than one hundred thousand died, he had to give it up.

"But the world has always been hankering to "go cross-lots" by water, from place to place; so by and by, hundreds of years after the canals of the Eastern kings, a Frenchman undertook to build one — the one called the Suez Canal. The Frenchman's name was Monsieur de Lesseps.

"He was five years just studying on it. And then he was five years more investigating the Isthmus of Suez and preparing for it. And then he was eleven years building it.

"Monsieur de Lesseps was a good engineer to begin with, and he explored the whole lay of the land carefully before he really started to dig. He said it was a mistake to try to make a canal from just an inland river, like the Nile, to the sea; he said that practically it must be dug straight from ocean to ocean; and that we would have to do so with our Panama Canal.

"So, de Lesseps and his exploring party started from Cairo and crossed the Isthmus of Suez from north to south. All that country was such a desert then that these four persons with their attendants needed sixty camels for their luggage and provisions; and twenty-five of the camels were loaded with just water. At night the men would let out the animals and fowls they had taken with them for food, for these would always come back in the morning to go on with the party, because they would have died there alone in that desolate country and they seemed to know it. M. de Lesseps says that when they were starting

out in the morning, if a hen was left pecking at the foot of a tamarisk shrub, she would jump up, frightened, on to the back of a camel to go into her cage.

"The canal-makers had a good deal of trouble about water. They began work in 1859 and soon had 30,000 men digging. But in a little while, in 1862, they had to stop work, and dig a little cross-cut canal on purpose to bring drinking-water for the use of the army of workers. I believe this was called the 'Sweet Water Canal'—or was it the 'Fresh Water Canal'? The water was Nile water.

"After the Suez Canal was made, there were forty thousand people living in what used to be such a desert. There were little towns all along the canal, and bright pretty houses scattered about everywhere. On the banks were beautiful gardens. Besides these things were great works and workshops, docks and tall chimneys, at Suez and Port Said—such a contrast to the old dreadful desert!

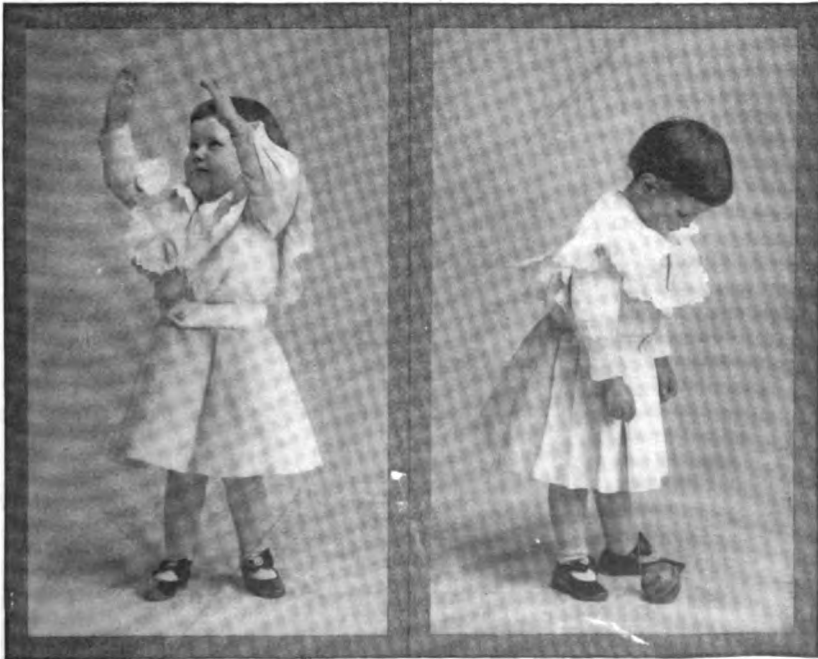
"I suppose that is something the way it will be in Panama. I remember hearing how dangerous it is in the swamps there and how people die of fever and other things. But by the time we have our great Panama Canal dug, I imagine all the banks will be filled with cities and beautiful houses and gardens, and our great chemists and engineers will have discovered how to take out the poison and drain all the swamps. It *is* going to be an enormous work. In America though, we like to do big things. I don't suppose when we once get to digging that we shall stop for yellow fever or the 'wet season,' or tidal waves, or earthquakes, or anything!

"In 1869, when the Suez Canal was opened, there was great rejoicing. There were fireworks at Port Said, and a long procession of ships with famous persons on board steamed into the new water-way. First came Eugenie, the Empress of the French, because M. de Lesseps was a Frenchman; then came the Austrian imperial yacht with the Emperor of Austria; then the Prussian frigate with the Crown Prince; then the Swedish yacht with Prince Oscar; then the Russian warship with the Grand Duke Michael; the Dutch gunboat with the Prince and Princess

of Holland ; then the English dispatch boat with the English ambassador from Constantinople, and hosts of other vessels full of other people.

"Great people from all over the world will come to the opening of our Panama Canal. And may Noll and I be there to see! And when the Panama Canal is finished the world will be all joined together in one long water-way! Hurrah! — hurrah! I say. For it is said that they began to talk over in Europe about joining the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans together by means of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama (Isthmus of Darien they called it then) almost as soon as Mr. Balboa had discovered the Pacific Ocean, and we Americans are going to do the thing now! Hurrah! — hurrah! — hurrah!"

Frances Campbell Sparhawk.



"THROW IT, MAMA, I CAN CATCH IT!"

"I DID N'T CATCH IT, DID I, MAMA!"



ACCORDING to the opinion of the twins, Jessie May and Clara Belle, there was really no person in their circle of relatives, outside of their own home, so nice as Aunt Louise.

Aside from the fact that Aunt Louise could remember, without being prompted at all, which was "Jessie May" and which was "Clara Belle," the twins loved her because she alone, of all the grown-ups, always remembered that the twins did *not* like to be dressed *just* alike. This may seem a small matter; but as Aunt Louise always brought the twins their new summer dresses on their birthday it did not seem a small matter to them.

The twins had agreed upon a system of receiving Aunt Louise's gifts, and they never varied from it. When Aunt Louise unfolded the pretty presents, Jessie May always exclaimed, "Oh, Clara Belle! Did you *ever* see anything so beautiful in your life?"

Then Clara Belle would reply that the dresses were just lovely, and that for her part, she could n't tell which was prettiest; and then Jessie May would say that she did n't know which was prettiest either; and each would continue to admire until Aunt Louise would finally say which piece of dress goods she had meant for Clara Belle and which for Jessie May.

Then each made up her mind at once and declared that her own dress was prettiest, and thanked and kissed Aunt Louise. Of course they each said that the other's was pretty too, very pretty, almost as pretty as her own ; but finally they came around to the first statement again, that they really did n't know which was the prettiest, and they must carry them to Mama and ask what *she* thought. And as Mama never could decide which was the prettier either, each little girl remained in such high content with her new frock that Aunt Louise said it was a real pleasure to give new dresses to such dear children.

So of course Aunt Louise could not have dreamed of such a thing happening as did happen on one of her visits.

The little girls had received their new dresses with their usual delight, and were about to trot off for Mama's decision, when Aunt Louise called them back.

"Wait," she said, "I have something else here for you. As I was packing my trunk, I just happened to think that May Jessie and Belle Clara might need new dresses too, so I put in this roll of pieces."

Now "May Jessie" and "Belle Clara" were the twins' dolls and each little Mama had named her doll "for its auntie," but in order to save confusion, the names had been reversed. This was another one of the things in which Aunt Louise excelled other grown-ups — this thoughtfulness for Belle Clara and May Jessie as well as for Clara Belle and Jessie May.

The twins did not open this roll until their own new dresses had been admired by their mother and carefully put away. And then — well, you would never have thought that two little girls who were so sweet about their own dresses as the twins always were, could have quarrelled over their dollies' frocks.

But now notice what they did.

In the roll of pieces Jessie May and Clara Belle found that there was one piece of silk, a lovely pink silk, a breadth of which had been taken out of Aunt Louise's evening dress when she had the style of it changed. There was enough for one doll frock, but not enough for two; and there was nothing else in the roll by any means so pretty.

"I'm going to have this for May Jessie," Clara Belle said very promptly, taking hold of the silk. "The color just suits her complexion."

"No," said Jessie May as decidedly, "I'm going to have it for Belle Clara. Belle Clara has got her old silk dress all spotted, and your May Jessie's is as good as new. You must know that Belle Clara needs a new dress much worser than May Jessie."

"Of course," said Clara Belle, "I know that Belle Clara is always getting her dresses all covered with spots. And *I* think that she ought n't to have any new ones till she learns to take care of them. Anyway, I'm going to have this delicate pink silk for May Jessie. You can make Belle Clara a white dress out of this dotted mull. You could n't do better! Wash-dresses are much more suitable for such careless children."

It did not take much of this sort of talk to make Jessie May take Belle Clara under her arm and leave the play-house, especially since it was Clara Belle's day to live in the play-house.

On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, Jessie May lived in the play-house, but this was Thursday. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays she lived in the corner of the piazza. To this corner she swiftly retreated.

Now everybody always said that Jessie May was a very sweet little girl. But any little girl who has a doll-child will know how much Jessie May wanted her dollie to have that pink silk dress. Clara Belle was a sweet little girl too. But she also wanted *her* dollie to have that pink silk dress.

Someway, though, as soon as the little girls were apart, they began to think that perhaps they had not acted so very nicely about that piece of pink silk! They each soon began to wonder what Aunt Louise would think. They each hoped she would not come down stairs just now and find them looking ill-tempered and disagreeable. They each felt that they must get the difference settled some way.

There was some serious thinking done in the play-house and some serious thinking done on the piazza.

Pretty soon Clara Belle left the play-house and started for the piazza. Jessie May met her on the steps.

"I'm so glad you've come," was Jessie May's greeting. "I was coming over to see you, only it's so warm, and Belle Clara does n't seem very well."

"I hope the little darling is n't sick," Clara Belle said.

"Oh, no. I think it is only that she has a new tooth coming," Jessie May said. "But I'm just a little anxious about her."



MAY JESSIE AND BELLE CLARA WERE THE TWINS' DOLLS.

"I came over to see you about that piece of pink silk," Clara Belle began, unable to wait longer. "I don't want my little name-sake dissappointed about it. If she is n't very well it might make her nervous and worse, and May Jessie does n't really need a new silk dress."

"Well," said Jessie May, "You are very kind, but I have made up my mind that Belle Clara shall not have it. I think she acted

selfish about it, and I don't want her to grow up selfish. I have decided that I will not indulge her about the dress. So you may make it up for May Jessie."

"I don't think it is quite the thing for such a child as May Jessie," said Clara Belle. "She's a little bit proud, anyhow, and I'm trying to teach her better. Besides I have noticed pink is more apt than any other color to make a child vain. I'll tell you, Jessie May, let's make it into a lambrequin for the play-house mantel-piece."

Aunt Louise always professed to be anxious to know why her pink silk became a lambrequin instead of a doll's dress; but the little sisters never told her.

The next time that Aunt Louise, whose window was just above that corner of the piazza, brought new frocks for the twins, she brought also new dresses for the namesake dollies — dresses which the little girl-mothers could not decide between, they were both so pretty.

Agnes E. Wilson.

THE WIND ON THE HILL.

I WONDER why the March-wind blows so roughly on the hill,

When down here in the valley it's all so nice and still;

I should n't think the folks up there would like the wind's cold touch,

Or that the little budding trees would like to shake so much.

I climbed up there one day last March to see how it would feel,

And, oh, the wind — it was so fierce it almost made me squeal.

It slapped me on my forehead and shut my eyes up tight,

And blew me round and round and round as though I were a kite!



I CLIMBED UP THERE ONE DAY LAST MARCH.

I like good sport, for I 'm a boy—but that March-wind is
rough,
And does n't know it's time to stop, or when it's played
enough;
And I 'm real sorry for the folks and things that have to stay
Up on that hill where that March-wind acts that way every day.

Lilla Thomas Elder.

DEAR LITTLE SHEILA

IV






Some days, out on the ocean, the sun did not shine much,







and  and  had but little fun, except when the  brought




up on , or when the sea-gulls came about the  to pick up food. The little

always ran to the side of the  also, to look at the great white hungry , and



she whinnied and acted as glad to see them as if they were Shetland  and she had always




known them! One day, when the  was leading  by the , he let Molly

take hold of the halter-  and skip up and down the deck with her. That





















was fun for  and the , but poor  had to run behind all the



way by himself; for Sheila would stop and not stir her  if Tommy touched her, and then Tommy would feel so bad that the  would come into

his . "It is very mean of her," he said, "to treat me so because that  on the  was bad to her!" "So it is," said the captain.



"You just come over here by me, and hold my , and help me keep watch for a  to carry your sister's  to your " Tommy was very proud to hold the 's long  up to his  and look through it. Pretty soon a  did pass, and  called out to it as loud as he could, "Hello, ship! stop, ship! We want to send a  by you!" But the  did not stop. So the  gave  a little  to wave if another  came in sight. One came in a little while. This was a tall , and did not look near-sighted, but it passed like the other one, and took no notice of Tommy's ; and Tommy cried, and said his  would never, never get Molly's  about buying 2 .



THE TRUE STORY OF A WATCH.

THE year that I was fourteen I spent with my Uncle William at Mertonhill, to attend the High school. The town of Mertonhill was made up of five villages. The High school, the railroad station and the principal stores were located at the largest village, so there was a good deal of teaming to be done, and my Uncle William had charge of this work.

Uncle William had a noble span of heavy gray horses, such great strong fellows that they could pull their loads from morning until night without overworking. I used to help Uncle take care of the horses nights and mornings—feed and water and curry them and help harness. Did n't I just love to make their stalls cosy and inviting, and "bed them down" well, when they came in at night hungry and tired! Jerry and John were nice fellows to take care of. Saturdays I was off with Uncle all day, at the station and everywhere, and helping him deliver the freight that came in for the townspeople and doing all sorts of heavy hauling.

One Saturday morning we had to start out unusually early, for there was a car load of lumber to deliver, and we knew we had a hard day's work before us, and I went out to feed the horses before daylight. I found it snowing, thick and soft, and it was still snowing when Uncle came out, but already growing colder. It was what he called a "sap snow," damp and clinging, just right for snowballing.

When we went to water the horses we found that all the water had leaked from the trough in the barnyard. So we had to lead Jerry and John out to the big watering tub that stood near our house, on Main street. It was still very early and there were only two or three tracks to be seen. There was a light at the little hotel, and at the station, and one at Clark's store, but nowhere else.

As we stood there letting the horses drink, Mr. Clark came out of his store and came down the street, kicking the snow right and left, and closely hunting the foot-track he had made going up from his house.

"Hello! Clark — lost anything?" Uncle Will called, just as Jerry lifted his dripping mouth from the tub and wheeled about, stamping off the snow, to make room for John.

"Lost anything!" answered Mr. Clark, still poking in the snow, "I should think I had — and it's my new gold watch — that big hunter I showed you yesterday! It must have dropped from my pocket in the snow, along here somewhere, when I went up a few minutes ago. It was in my pocket, loose, for I wanted to put it on a new cord up at the store. I had it when I left home, all right, but I missed it right after I unlocked the store. I've been down to the house and back again, but I can't find it. Somebody has been along and picked it up, of course, and that's the last I shall ever see of it!"

"Oh, you'll find it at the store, all right!" Uncle William said, "for no one has passed in your tracks, only Dick and I and the horses, as far as the watering tub. You have n't seen anybody, have you, Dick?"

"Nobody but Ira Bean," I said. "He went by just as I opened the barn. He was hurrying to get on the freight — he has to go to town for his mother's medicine."

"Well, then, that boy's got the watch!" declared Mr. Clark. "It's five minutes yet till the freight comes in, and I'll get to the station and overhaul him!"

"Overhaul who?"

It was the Professor, hurrying by, but he paused.

"Ira Bean," replied Mr. Clark. "He's picked up my watch somewhere in this snow." And then he told the story. "Dick here saw him go along soon after I went up to the store, and nobody else has been along since, and if he's going to the city of course he'll trade it off. I'm going up and overhaul him on the spot."

"Ira Bean!" repeated the Professor, "Why he's the most honorable boy in school, Mr. Clark. And all the evidence you've got is that you think you've dropped your watch in the snow, and that you've been along here, and that he's been along here! Overhaul nobody, Mr. Clark!"

"I *know* he's got it!" repeated the storekeeper. "Of course

if he saw it he'd pick it up. His mother's sick, and they're poor, and he'll sell it today in the city. I've got to prevent it here on the spot." And he turned toward the station.

The Professor laid his hand on Mr. Clark's arm. "See here," said he, "Ira may have picked it up, but you've no evidence. It would be rather rough on a young fellow to walk into the station and accuse him, and make a scene! Now I'm going to the city on the freight, and I'll quietly keep an eye on the boy, and I'll promise you, Mr. Clark, he don't sell your watch without my knowing it."

"Yes," said Uncle William; "and tonight, Clark, if you don't find it in the course of the day, the Professor and I'll talk it over with Ira and see if he's known of anyone picking up a watch."

And I put in my voice. "Do wait, Mr. Clark!" I said

I was filled with horror at the idea of Ira Bean's being questioned at all. Ira would have gone to somebody and told of it if he had found a watch lying in the snow, in our little village. Ira was younger than I, only thirteen, but a proud little fellow.

Mr. Clark, still angry at what he called "being prevented," by the Professor, walked away. "I guess I'll go along to the city too," said he. Uncle and I hurried in to breakfast and then went up to the station and got our load and set off.

We had a hard cold day of it, for it began to freeze long before noon, and it was considerably after dark, about seven, before we got home. We heard the whistle of the freight just before we drove in. Ira passed, in haste, just as I was setting the barn doors open, and spoke. The Professor came along soon after, and Mr. Clark came too, presently, and came into the barn.

"You've got home too, have you?" said Mr. Clark. "We'll go right over. You hain't heard of any gold watch being found to-day, I suppose?" he asked my uncle.

"No, I have n't," Uncle William said.

"Did n't expect you had," said Mr. Clark. "The young scamp! He's got it, fast enough. Anyway he'll have to give an account of himself. Dick here saw him go by, right up past the store. And you did n't see anybody else pass, now did you? We shall want you to come along with us, as a witness, Dick."

I felt heartsick at the thought of going over to Ira's house on such business. I said nothing. I had turned Jerry into his stall — Uncle William was taking care of John. I had just hung up Jerry's harness and was beginning to work on his feet — they were all balled up and caked with hard snow, and I was poking and prying at them with a sharp stick, when something dropped at my feet; and there, gleaming out faintly in a frozen cake of snow, was a gold object — and in less than a minute, at my call, we all saw what it was — a gold watch.

We all had hold of it on the instant, Uncle William, the Professor, Mr. Clark.

"Jehosaphat!" exclaimed Mr. Clark.

I could n't see or speak, for I was all choked up with tears, and with laughing too.

Yes, it was Jerry's big scooping foot that had picked up the watch as we led him to water that morning. Yes, wedged so snugly and safely inside the curving hoof, and held so fast by the frozen hard-packed snow that it had not been one bit injured though driven over miles of the Mertonhill roads — there the gold watch lay, again in its owner's hand!

So none of us made a call on poor Ira Bean that evening.

Clarissa Potter.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

(*V. — Nature-Study Questions about the Hen.*)

- I. Where is the hen's nose, and where are her ears?
- II. How many toes has the hen, and in what ways does she use them?
- III. How does the hen cleanse and dress her feathers?
- IV. How does the hen chew corn and other hard food?
- V. How does the hen talk (give two or more examples), and how does she sing?

C. Q. Wright, U. S. Navy.



IT WAS TO PLACE A CLOTHES-PIN — SO,
ON ARABELLA'S NOSE!

THE LITTLE SNORER.

A LITTLE girl I used to know,
Named Arabella Drake,
Was always falling fast asleep
When she should be awake.

At church, or school, in consequence,
She was a troublous bore,
For she would sit and blink and nod —
And snore, and snore, and snore!

At length her folks in their distress
An odd plan did propose;
It was to place a clothes-pin — so,
On Arabella's nose!

(164)

And when the children laughed, and nudged,
And giggled in surprise,
Miss Arabella woke right up
And opened wild her eyes.

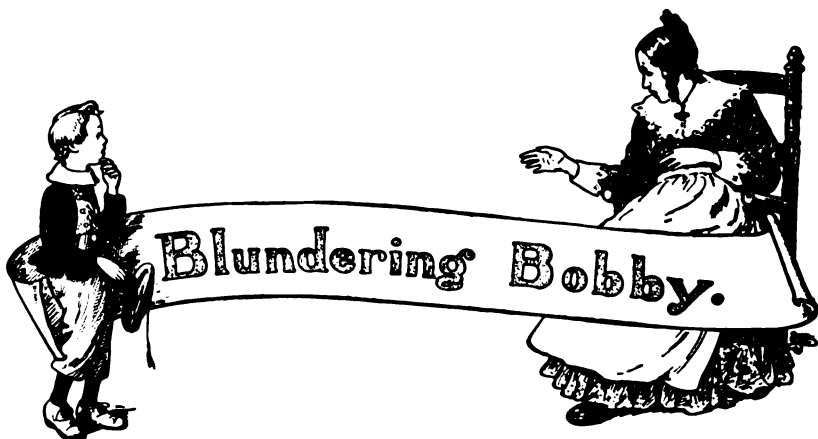
For hours and hours the clothes-pin thus
Miss Arabella wore,
And, though she 'd nod and drowse at times,
She never once could snore.



FOR HOURS AND HOURS THE CLOTHES-PIN THUS
MISS ARABELLA WORE.

And when they took the clothes-pin off
And set her small nose free,
She vowed no more she 'd go to sleep
Till sometime after tea!

Kate Wallace Clements.



(A Funny Folk-Story Retold.)

NOW this is a story which used to make me laugh when I was a child, no matter how often I heard it.



BOBBY AND THE EGGS.

Once upon a time there lived a good woman who had a son whose name was Robert; but because of a habit that he had of doing things in the wrong way he was commonly known as Blundering Bobby.

One day Bobby's mother said to him, "Robert, will you go to town for me, and buy me there half-a-dozen eggs?"

"Why, certainly, mother," replied Bobby; and away he went, returning, before long, with empty hands.

"Well, Robert," asked his mother, as he came into the house, "where are the eggs?"

"Why, mother," said Robert, hanging his head, "I am very sorry, but after I had bought them I put them into my pockets, and on my way home I fell down and broke them all to pieces."

"Oh, you shouldn't have done so, my son," replied Robert's mother. "You should have taken a basket with you."

"Well, mother," answered Bobby, "next time I will."

A few days later, Bobby was sent to town by his mother to buy a darning-needle.

"Well, Robert," she said, when he returned, bearing a large basket on one arm, "where is the needle?"

"Why, mother," said Bobby, looking ashamed, "I did just as you told me to do. I placed the needle in the basket, but it must have slipped through a crack, for when I looked for it, it was not there."



BOBBY AND THE NEEDLE.

"Oh, you should n't have done *so*, my son," cried Robert's mother, laughing and frowning at the same time. "You should have stuck the needle upon the sleeve of your jacket, and so brought it home in safety."

"Very well, mother," answered Bobby, "next time I will stick it upon my sleeve."

The next week Bobby's mother asked him to go to town to get her a pound of butter. Bobby started off on his errand in good spirits, but when he came back to his mother, he had nothing to show for his walk but a soiled coat and a red face.



BOBBY AND THE BUTTER.

"I am very sorry, mother," he explained, "but I did just as you told me to do. I stuck the butter upon my coat-sleeve, but it wouldn't stay there. It melted in the sun, and ran all over my jacket and down into the road."

"Oh, you should n't have done *so*, my son," said the poor mother, a little impatiently. "You should have laid the butter upon a cool clean dish, and covered it over with a cabbage leaf, and so brought it home in safety."

"All right, mother," replied Bobby, cheerfully. "Next time I will have a dish and a cabbage-leaf."

The next errand upon which Bobby was sent was to fetch a little white pig from the market.

Again he looked warm and tired when he came home, but he had with him no little white pig.

"I did just as you told me to do, mother," he said, half crying,

as his mother met him at the kitchen door. "The mean little beast would n't stay on the dish, but he kicked off the cabbage-leaf, knocked the dish out of my hand and smashed it to bits, and then ran away as hard as he could go."



BOBBY AND THE WHITE FIG.

"Oh, you should n't have done *so*, my son," answered his mother, feeling much discouraged. "You should have tied a stout cord to one of piggy's legs, and so led him home in safety."

"Well, mother," said Bobby, with a sigh. "Next time I will use a cord."

Nearly a month after this time Bobby's mother called him to her and said, "Robert, you must go to town and find me a good cook. Be sure that you make no mistakes today."

"All right, mother," replied Bobby, nodding wisely as he ran down the street, a strong piece of cord tidily placed in one of his pockets. But no cook came home with Bobby.

"Why, mother," he whimpered, when his mother asked why he had not brought her a servant, "I did just as you told me to do. I tied a string to the woman's ankle, and tried to draw her after me, but she was very angry and pulled it off, and would n't stir a step!"



BOBBY AND THE NEW COOK.

"Oh, you should n't have done *so*, my son," said the mother, almost in despair. "You should have lifted your cap, bowed politely, and invited her to walk along with you to your mother's house."

"Very well, mother," replied Bobby, meekly. "Next time I will be most polite."

That same evening, Bobby went to the pasture for his mother's cow, but he did not drive her home before him as was his custom.

"And what have you done with the cow, Robert?" asked Bobby's mother, curiously.

"Why, mother," said Bobby, rubbing his knuckles into his eyes. "I did exactly as you told me to do. I made my best bow and begged her to come with me to see my mother, but she only tossed her head and went on eating grass, quite as though she had not heard a word that I said."



BOBBY AND THE COW.

"Oh, Robert, Robert!" cried the mother. "I must give you no more errands to do. I must find some one to take care of you, my son, who can show you how things should be done."

So Bobby was sent to live for a while with a good farmer; and it was not a year before he lost the name of Blundering Bobby, and was called simply Robert.

Martha Barr Banks.

KIND LITTLE FRIENDS.

TWO little Stars, on a cold winter's night,
 In their places shone with a cheery light —
 So hard they twinkled up there in the sky,
 That a big Cloud wondered as he went by
 What the "fuss" was about. He called, as he passed,
 "My dear little friends, why twinkle so fast?"
 The two Stars laughed. "Our secret you 'll keep?
 We are lighting the world while the moon is asleep!"

Lena Blinn Lewis.



A NICE FATHER.

HER Father bought her a string of dolls —
Dolls strung like fish — so funny !
Oh, the nicest Father he must be
To spend that way his money !

Maria Johns Hammond.



"OH, CLARENCE," SAID HELEN, "I DON'T WANT TO STAY HERE ALL NIGHT!"

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. VIII.

APRIL, 1905.

No. 6.



I HEAR the distant bugles play —
The bugles down the country way.

At just about this time of year,
A long procession's drawing near.

I hear them coming now — don't you?
The first is very nearly due —

The many flowers of field and fell
That you and I know very well.

I hear their bugles; soon they'll fill
With echoes every dale and hill —



Frank Walcott Hutt.

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CLARENCE'S FIRST SAIL-BOAT.

(See *Frontispiece.*)

LITTLE Clarence and his father and mother and sister Helen have a house at the sea-shore where they go every spring and stay all summer. Clarence is very fond of sailing, and one spring he was very anxious to have a little sail-boat of his own. He had often been out in a sail-boat with the big boys, so that he understood a little about managing one.

But his father would not let him go out alone.

"Next year, perhaps, we will see about it, my boy," he said; "you need a little more practice and a little more strength."

Clarence had a row-boat, and he was allowed to row about in it by himself, as he promised not to go out of the little harbor where all the other boats lay at anchor. Sometimes little Helen went with him. Helen could steer the boat by pushing a little wooden tiller to one side or the other while Clarence rowed.

One morning they had been rowing about for an hour or two, and Clarence was tired.

"If we only had a sail-boat," he said, "it would go itself, and I should n't have to row at all."

"And we could go out there!" said little Helen, pointing toward the narrow channel that led from the harbor out to sea.

"Oh, no!" said Clarence, much shocked. "I have promised Papa not to go out there, and a gentleman always keeps his promise, you know."

"Did you promise particularly not to go alone in a sail-boat?" asked Helen.

"No, I did n't particularly promise that. But Papa knows I could n't, anyway, 'cause all the big boys' boats are padlocked and Mr. Brown would n't let a boat to me."

"We might just pretend this is a sail-boat," said Helen, "and keep still and see what it will do."

So Clarence pulled in the oars and both children sat perfectly still. The boat turned lazily with the tide. Clarence held up his broad-rimmed hat at arm's length, the breeze caught it, and the boat moved a little more quickly.

"Tell you what!" exclaimed Clarence, "let's make a sail!"

"How can we?"

"Well, you know my big yellow kite? We can make one with that — tack some cloth over it and then tie it to a pole!"

"Where shall we get the cloth? Shall we ask Mama for it?"

Clarence thought a minute, then he said, "We can buy a piece at the store. I've got fourteen cents."

"And I've got six cents," said Helen. "Won't it be fun?"

All the noon the children were busy cutting and hammering, out behind the barn, and after luncheon they started for the harbor again, carrying the sail. It was a funny-looking thing, shaped like a kite, and fastened by its side to a fence picket.

While they were getting into the row-boat, they kept the sail out of sight as well as they could, for fear that Mr. Brown, the boat-house keeper, would see it and ask them about it; but when Clarence had rowed a little way out into the harbor, he cautiously held the fence picket up in the middle of the boat against the seat. Instantly a puff of wind took the cloth and the boat skimmed along over the water.

Little Helen spat her hands. But she did not know how to steer a boat with a sail, so pretty soon the boat came up into the wind and stopped short.

Clarence thought a minute. "See here," he said, "I guess I'll have to steer. Do you think you are strong enough to hold the sail up against the seat?"

"Yes, indeed!" said little Helen. "I've a lot of muscle. How shall I hold it?"

"Hold it right still, in one place — like that! And don't move it unless I tell you to. We'll wind this rope 'round it — so! That'll help you hold it."

In a minute or two they were comfortably settled and having a fine time. Round and round the harbor they went, and every time that they passed the narrow channel that led out to sea they spied some of the big boys' boats going out or coming back.

By and by Helen's arm began to get tired.

"Why can't we just tie a knot in the rope and hold the sail to the seat?" she suggested.

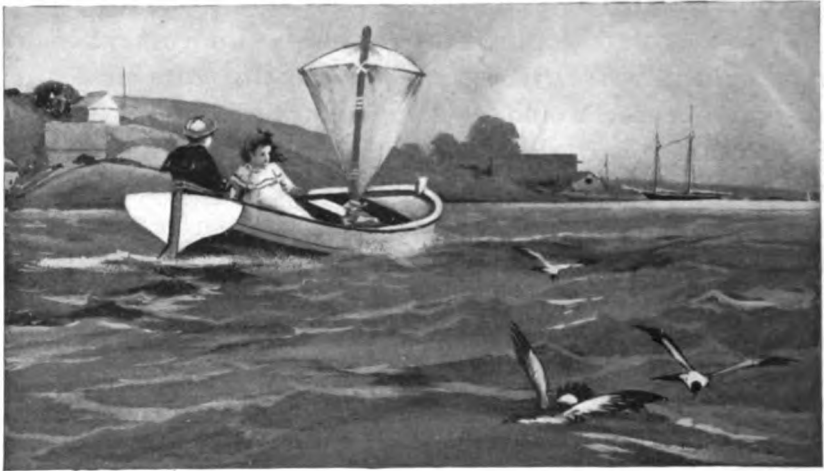
"Because," said Clarence, "we'd have to untie it every time we wanted to turn the sail 'round."

"But my arm is tired!"

"Well, make just a little knot, then, if you want to," he consented. "Oh, look! There's Bob Manning in his new knock-about! He's going deep-sea fishing."

Both children followed the knock-about with their eyes, and Helen, without thinking, made a rather larger knot in the rope than she had intended to.

Their little boat skimmed lightly over the sunny blue water. Clarence leaned lazily back and pulled his hat over his eyes.



IN A MINUTE OR TWO THEY WERE COMFORTABLY SETTLED.

"Isn't this great!" he exclaimed. "I'd like to do this always, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," said Helen, "only I'm hungry now, and I'd like some sandwiches — nice little sardine ones."

"Hi!" exclaimed Clarence, jumping up suddenly, "here's the channel! Turn the sail, quick!"

Helen tried to untie the knot, but it was so big, and the rubbing of the sail-pole had pulled it so tight that she could not budge it.

"I can't, Clarence!" said she, excitedly. "You do it!"

Clarence scrambled over the seat between them and tried to untie the knot, but it was too hard for even his fingers.

"Oh, Clarence!" screamed Helen, "see, we are in the channel! What shall we do?"

Sure enough! The wind had carried them right into the mouth of the narrow channel, and they were going out to sea as fast as they could go!

Helen climbed back to the tiller.

"Shall I try to turn 'round?" she asked.

"No, don't!" called Clarence. "We shall tip over if you do! Keep her straight if you can, until I can get there!"

If Clarence had known just a little bit more about sailing he could have managed to bring the boat ashore, though it would not have been an easy thing to do; but although he could have turned around very well in an ordinary sail-boat, he did not dare to try it in a boat with the sail tied fast. He pulled and pulled at the knot, but it would not come. He felt in his pocket for his knife, to cut the rope, but found that he had left it behind the barn when he was making the sail.

By this time they had reached the open sea; not another boat was in sight, and a strong breeze was blowing them away from land.

"Oh, what shall we do?" said Helen, piteously. "Where are we going?"

"I'll tell you when I've untied the knot!" said Clarence bravely, but very much frightened.

But Clarence was only pretending to untie the knot. He knew that he could n't do it, and he was trying to think what he *could* do. He knew that if they tried to turn around they would probably tip over and be drowned; and he knew that he could n't take the sail off the pole. Would they have to keep right on sailing out to sea until the wind died down? Would anyone see them and come and stop them? Already the land behind was beginning to seem far off.

"Oh, Clarence, look! What is that?" Helen was pointing straight ahead at something low down on the top of the water. "Is it—is it a whale?"

"Hurrah!" cried Clarence, waving his hat and scrambling over the seat between them. "That's Ballard's Bar! Hurrah!"

Give me the tiller, Helen, and we'll be on land in less than two minutes!"

Ballard's Bar was a narrow strip of sand and beach grass, about half a mile out at sea. When the tide was low anyone could walk out to it from the mainland, but at high tide it was an island.

Clarence steered very carefully, and the strong wind soon carried the boat up the sandy beach. The children got out, and Clarence succeeded in pulling the boat up high and dry, out of the reach of the waves. Helen danced up and down on the sand for very joy.

"Now let's go home!" she said. "I'm so hungry!"

But Clarence still looked sober.

"We can't go home yet, I guess," said he. "You see, the tide is high!"

"But why can't we?"

"Well, the water is right across the place where we've got to walk. It won't go off until—until tonight some time. You will have to be patient."

"Oh, Clarence!" Helen's eyes filled with tears. "I—I don't want to stay here all night!"

"Well," said Clarence, "let's take a walk up the beach and see if it's high tide for sure."

So they took a long walk up the level beach to the point where at low tide the bar was connected with the mainland by a strip of sand. But alas! there was now no sand to be seen, for the tide had come up and completely covered it, and the little white-capped waves splashed over it with a dreary lonesome sound!

It was just getting dark and the moon was rising as they turned and started back. Clarence thought of an awful story that he had heard once of a desperate burglar who had escaped to the Bar one night and had lain hidden in the tall beach grass until he was taken off by a strange little boat that was so swift that no one could overtake her. The story made him shiver, and he did not tell it to Helen.

They could see the lights of the town just beginning to twinkle across the water. How they wished that they were sitting at

dinner with their father and mother! The wind made such a strange sound in the marsh grass and the moonlight made such queer dancing lights on the water.

"Is this the way that the goblin island in the fairy story looked?" whispered Helen.

"There aren't any such things as goblins!" said Clarence bravely, and he moved up closer and put his arm around her.

Just then they both saw a little light, moving steadily along the water. It grew larger and larger.

"Look!" whispered Helen, "It's coming nearer!"

"It's a boat!" said Clarence, and his heart almost stood still. There might not be such things as goblins, but there *were* such things as thieves and pirates!

"Go and hide in the long grass, and keep still there," he whispered. "Don't be afraid — I'll take care of you! Quick! no — not there — way off!"

There was now no doubt that the people in the mysterious boat were going to land on the Bar, and Clarence decided that he would himself meet them bravely, and not try to hide. What if it were the same boat that took the burglar away!

The boat stopped in the shallow water, and came up into the wind. Some one shouted — some one called Clarence's name!

It was Clarence's father!

Clarence and Helen were so tired that they curled down and went to sleep as soon as they were taken aboard the big boat, and not until they went ashore at the boathouse did they realize that they really had been having a sail in Bob Manning's new knock-about.

Bob had noticed them on the water with their odd sail, and kept an eye out for their return; and when they had not come in, he had thought it best to go up to the house for Clarence's father.

The next year Clarence had a sail-boat of his very own, and he was always very careful never to make any unnecessary knots in the ropes.

Mary Rutter Towle.



Dinah, by Carolyn S. Bailey

ALL of the Dolls are asleep for the night,
Their eyes are shut, they are tucked in tight;

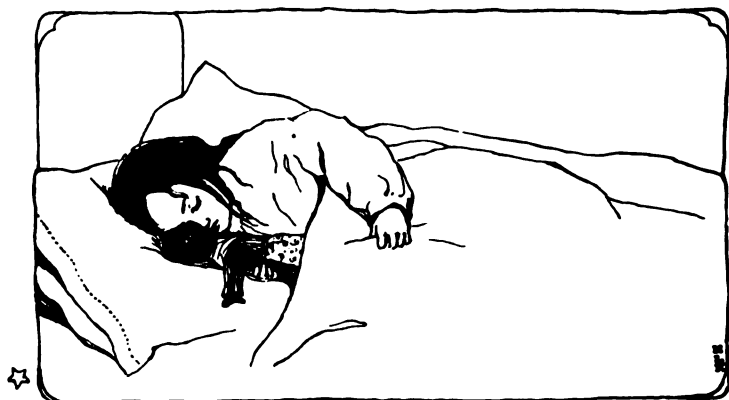


The nursery's straightened, there's nothing to do,
Oh, Dinah, my dear, but just to hold you.

You are not very clean, and your dress is torn,
Your arm is loose, and your heels are worn;
But Dinah, my dear, ever since I was small —
I don't know why — but I've loved you, that's all.

There is n't a doll who knows how to play
And never get hurt, like you, all day;
And when it comes night, and no one's about,
And my prayers are said, and the lights are out,

Oh, then do you think in your little rag head,
As you smuggle up close to me here in bed,
That you love me as I love you?
Oh, Dinah, my dear, I *am* sure you do.



And my prayers are said and the lights are out

LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

CHAPTER VI. — REX.

“STUMPY! Stumpy! Stumpy!”

Phi was calling and whistling and so were half the other Pollywhoppet boys and girls; so were Papa Piper and Grand-papa Piper, who had come home from journeys in different directions in search of Peggy — come home without finding the least sign of what had become of the child.

For it was discovered that Peggy's dog had disappeared, and people were looking in one another's faces, and wondering whether it were possible that Stumpy could have gone away in search of Peggy!

“He is just that kind of a dog,” Phi had said to his great friend Sidney Brooks.

And Sidney had answered, in a voice that was almost solemn it was so earnest, “I believe if we could find Stumpy we should find Peggy!”

But poor Phi, whose round freckled face had grown thin and pale in the two weeks since Peggy was lost, shook his head at that.

Phi had that red hair-ribbon, found in the river, in his pocket. It was a worn and frayed thing, now, and a boy's hot tears had stained it. But Phi had never shown it to anyone.

The ribbon and the over-turned boat had seemed from the first to Phi proof that Peggy had been drowned.

He had thought it just as well that his mother should not know about that ribbon.

Not even Sid or Betty Brooks knew that he had found it.

“I wish we had n't given Rex away. He would find Stumpy!” Sid said, after he had stopped to think a minute more.

Rex Brooks had been the champion and friend of Stumpy Piper, as a big dog often is of a little one. He had been given away because he would follow Dr. Brooks on his professional visits and had a habit of barking which annoyed some of the doctor's patients.

“He was only given to Aunt Laura, out at Holdfast,” Sid

went on, after thinking for another minute or two. "I'll tell you what, Phi! We'd better go and borrow Rex and set him to hunting for Stumpy! When we find Stumpy! ——" His breathless pause meant "we shall find Peggy too." Phi shook his head sadly again, but he agreed to the plan. Of course they must find Stumpy if possible, even if Peggy were drowned in the river.

The two boys went out to Holdfast on their bicycles that very afternoon, and brought Rex home with them. Rex went in search of his friend Stumpy all over the Piper grounds and the ship-yard that very night, and the next morning he started off eagerly when the boys, standing in the highway, spoke to him earnestly: "*Find Stumpy!*"

The boys had planned to keep their expedition a secret. Every clue that had been followed, ending in failure, had seemed to Phi to make his father's face whiter, and his mother's step more feeble.

They were only going to find Stumpy, this time, and he did not want a word said about that — not a word, Phi declared.

Half the town was now hunting for Stumpy, on one trail or another. Phi and Sidney just went to see, quite by themselves, what Rex would do!

The dog rushed down through the ship-yard, to the water's edge. Phi remembered a story he had read of a little dog that drowned himself because his master was dead! Had Peggy's dog drowned himself?

But Rex did not drown himself. He turned along the river bank, straight along the bank, up the river. The boys, upon their bicycles, found it difficult to follow him.

They were obliged, after a while, to take to the highway which followed the course of the river.

But Rex kept to the river bank and he held his nose to the ground. The boys upon their bicycles followed closely. Suddenly, at a pretty mossy shaded spot upon the bank, Rex sniffed and sniffed the ground and then raised his head and barked and whined. Then he walked to the water's very edge and raised his voice again in a piteous howl that echoed far and wide.



THE DOG HAD PUT HIS NOSE TO THE GROUND.

"There is sure some scent here that Rex knows!" said Sid.

The dog had put his nose to the ground again and was hurrying once more along the river bank.

Phi bent his head over the clayey soil.

"A canoe has landed here not very many days ago," he said. "And here are small dog tracks."

"There are a good many canoes up and down the river," said Sid carelessly. "And every Indian has a little dog!" Sid did not think it was likely that either Peggy or Stumpy had been carried away in a canoe.

He whistled sharply to Rex but the dog, usually obedient, was too intent upon following the trail he had found to return.

"I tell you we shall have to hurry back into the road to keep track of that dog!" called Sid.

Phi had stooped to pick up a tiny red bit of something from the clay. There were tracks of Indian moccasins. Some of them that the women wore were embroidered with beads. This might be a little red bead from one of them.

But no; it was a coral bead broken from a string. Phi's heart gave a great leap.

Since coral beads had come into fashion again Grandma had brought hers out from an old trunk and given them to Peggy.

Had Peggy worn her coral beads on the day when she disappeared? Phi thought there had been no mention of them in the notices that had been sent to newspapers far and wide.

Perhaps no one had thought of them!

Phi decided that Betty Brooks would be likely to know whether Peggy had worn them.

His impulse was to go directly home, see Betty, and find out. But Sid was halloo-ing. There really was nothing to be done now but to follow that dog!

Phi dropped the broken bead into his pocket, the same pocket where lay the water-soaked hair-ribbon.

Some way the hair-ribbon did not mean quite so much heart-ache now that the broken bead was there to keep it company!

On and on they went, over the highway, while Rex dashed along the bank, now through thickets, then in clearings, stop-

ping here to sniff the ground, capering and frisking there as if overjoyed at what he found. And always keeping up the loud barking that told the boys where he was!

"That dog's habit of barking is of some use, after all!" said Sid.

Both boys felt almost certain that Rex was on Stumpy's track.

But it began to look as if Stumpy had gone a great ways.

"I can't see what would send a dog away up here!" said Sid at length, halting doubtfully upon his wheel. "We are almost up to the Indian island!"

"I am going as far as that if Rex goes," said Phi positively. "And I am going to try to get across to the island if Rex seems to want to go there!"

"They say that the rich old squaw who rules and reigns there does n't much like white boys," said Sidney doubtfully.

"She has no right to say that white boys shan't go there and I am certainly going!" repeated Phi.

Phi had been thinking of that place where he had found the coral bead — broken as if some one had pulled at the string in haste — and of the small dog-tracks and the imprint of a canoe upon the clay.

Almost no one except Indians used canoes upon that river!

"Yes, *sir*, I am certainly going to that Indian island if Rex behaves as if he wanted to go!" said Phi again with strong emphasis. "I believe that dog knows what he is about!"

(*To be continued.*)

Sophie Swett.

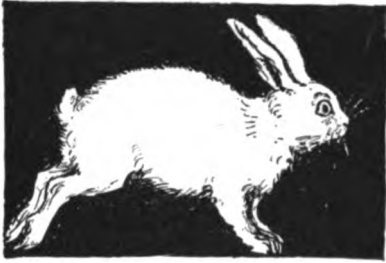
THE DAYTIME MOON.

IT is the brightening hour of dawn,
But see! the Moon she has not gone —

Maybe she waits to see the Sun
Before she thinks her visit done!

M. J. H.

THE GOOD OLD RABBIT.



THERE WAS A RABBIT LEAPING OVER
THE LAWN.

"LOOK, oh, look!" screamed little Jack Brownlow. "There he goes!" "Who goes?" demanded Maudie.

"Where?" shrieked the children next door.

"Look quick, Maudie!" cried little Jack; and Maudie's

blue eyes followed Jack's finger and saw a rabbit leaping over the lawn.

"Don't you know," called the biggest of the children, who had just moved in next-door, "he's an Easter rabbit and he's going to lay Easter eggs for you all, and he's seeing where he'll make his nests."

"He looks like he is a good old rabbit," said the smallest of the next-door children.

"Of course he's a good old rabbit," said Jack, excitedly. "Now he's stopped. Now he's in *your* yard over there; maybe he's going to lay eggs for you, too!" But the boy next-door met the eyes of Jack and Maudie and shook his head. But the little next-door girl's face brightened. "Maybe he will," she said to her brother, "just for once."

"I *wish* he would," said the boy, "calico eggs!"

"I want pink and blue and yellow eggs," called Jack.

"I want purple and red eggs," called Maudie.

Then Jack and Maudie caught sight of their mother on the house porch and they ran to her. "We have seen a good old rabbit, Mama," said Jack, "and you could have seen him, too, Mama, if you had been looking out of the dining-room win-



HE WAS SEEING WHERE
HE'D LAY HIS EASTER
EGGS.

dow. He was speeding across our lawn, right in plain sight of the dining room, a lovely snow-white truly Easter rabbit, seeing where he'd lay his Easter eggs; and he hopped over into the yard next-door too, and those children are out standing



NOW HE'S STOPPED.

on their front steps now, watching him and wishing that he'd lay *them* some eggs, some calico eggs. You must n't think they are foolish, Mama dear, and that there are no calico eggs, because there are calico eggs, Mama dear! I saw calico eggs myself one time," he went on, breathlessly. "A woman made them herself; she wrapped eggs in calico and boiled them and when she unwrapped

them they were calico eggs, all dotted and striped."

"If he is a real good old rabbit he'll lay the children next-door a whole lot of calico eggs, won't he, Mama?" asked Maudie. "He won't only lay eggs for rich people, will he?"

"No," said Mama, "not if he is a really good old rabbit."

"He certainly looked like a good old rabbit," said little Jack.

A good old rabbit he was, as the next morning proved, for there under Jack's hat, left carelessly on the lawn, was a nest of pink and blue and yellow eggs; and when Mama bade Maudie hunt beside the Easter flowers, the little girl found a dozen eggs, six of them purple and six of them red. And the joy of the children next-door was truly wonderful; for close to their neighbor's fence, but in their own little grass plot, they discovered a nest heaping full of calico eggs, all dotted and striped.

It is to be hoped that the good old rabbit was hidden somewhere near, so that he could see the pleasure he had given by being so really and truly good.



IT IS TO BE HOPED HE SAW THE PLEASURE HE HAD GIVEN.

Louise R. Baker.



THE CHILDREN OF THE PRESIDENT OF CUBA, LUCITA, CARLOS AND RAFAEL.

NED LONGLEY'S NOTE-BOOK.

XVII.—A LETTER FROM CUBA.

I FOUND out that President Palma's little daughter, Senorita (that 's the Spanish for 'Miss') Lucita Estrada Palma of Cuba, was a subscriber to **LITTLE FOLKS**, wrote Ned Longley in his note-book; "and I wanted to have her tell me something about Cuba. But I did n't think she would like to have me say this to her, so I asked my father about it. He said perhaps my mother would help me out. And she did; she wrote for me and asked about things there that would interest children.

'And this is the senorita's letter from Havana, Cuba:

" 'You asked me to tell you something about Cuba,' she writes. 'You know, we children were born in New York State and only came here when papa was made president.

" 'I think Havana is very nice, and it has a beautiful drive

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called the Prado which joins the Malecon where the band-stand is, and goes up on the boulevard along the Gulf of Mexico. I guess it is one of the prettiest drives in America; and on Thursdays and Saturday nights it is crowded by people, both in carriages and on the promenades, out to hear the music.

“Havana is right at the foot of hills, and the three little places up the sides seem just like part of it; it is very pretty.

“There are four forts about Havana—Morro Castle and Cabanas; Fort Atares at the south; Principe, which is very



THE PALACE WHERE LUCITA AND HER BROTHERS LIVE.

large, at the west, and Punta at the Malecon. There are still some parts of the old walls that used to enclose Havana fifty years ago. There are two pretty parks and some old buildings; the Cathedral where Columbus' bones used to be is one of them.

“This is one of the cleanest cities in the world, men are sweeping the streets all the time, there is not a speck of dirt left.

“My studies are arithmetic, spelling, reading, writing, geography, history and grammar, also calisthenics. All my lessons are in English, but I can understand Spanish.

“All my plays are the ones I learned in New York. I do



THE CATHEDRAL, WHERE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS WAS BURIED.

not know much about the way the children live here nor what their plays are.

“‘I am sending you some views of Havana, and my picture with my twin brother, Carlos, and younger brother, Rafael. I think papa is going to send his, too.’

“Was n't it kind in her? My mother asked for a picture of herself and of her father. So, she sent them, with some fine views of Havana, one of them the beautiful palace in which she lives.

“The Cathedral she speaks of, where Columbus' bones used to lie, is an old gray building of coral stone and covered with moss. Columbus had a queer idea when he was in Cuba. First, he thought it was an island; then he believed it was a part of the coast of Asia and that he could get into the wonderful seas where the ancients used to go and sail across the Indian Ocean and up the Red Sea, and so get by land to Jerusalem and then

to Joppa and across the Mediterranean to Spain ; or else he could sail around the whole shores of Africa and so get back to Spain ; he thought when he was in Cuba that he had got to a place where he could circumnavigate — that means 'sail around' — the globe. It seemed a strange dream then. But we've got there. And when the Panama Canal is done, now that we have the Suez Canal, we can take the short cuts, and we can go much faster than the old discoverer planned ; he did n't know about 'ocean greyhounds.'

"Morro Castle makes us think of our war with Spain. Cuba was having a revolution against Spain, like our revolution against England long ago, only, the Cubans had a great deal harder time. President Palma once wrote in a book: 'There never has been such suffering. The Cuban people knew the country would be ruined, all would have to be sacrificed, yet they never faltered.'

"And President Palma knew. In the early Cuban Revolution of 1868 his mother had been captured and starved to death by the Spaniards, and the vast estate she left him was confiscated by the Spaniards. He was made president of the Cuban republic, but was captured by the Spaniards and was put in prison where he was kept until the close of the war in 1898.



THE PRESIDENT OF CUBA.

"One day in 1898, when we were at peace with Spain, the **Maine**, our battle-ship in Havana harbor, was blown up, and ever so many of our sailors on board were killed. Everybody in America was furious about it. It was believed by most of us Americans that the Spanish did it. So, on April 19, 1898, the anniversary of our battle of Lexington, Congress resolved: 'That the people of the Island of Cuba are and of right ought to be free and independent.' It resolved that Spain must take away her troops from Cuba, or we should make her. And Congress said at the same time: 'The United States does not intend to rule over Cuba except to secure peace; then it will leave the government and control of the Island to its people.'

"Now, that is just what we did. We kept our word, and I'm proud of it. But first, we had our soldiers there, and had Santiago and other battles where Col. Roosevelt, now our president, and other brave men were. But I think the sailors that were killed in the **Maine** did as much by dying as soldiers could; that dreadful thing on the **Maine** started everything. We beat the Spaniards by land and sea and drove them out of Cuba. Then, our generals and our educators set to work and established schools and other good things for the Cubans; and a great many of the Cuban teachers were brought up here to study in our summer schools.

"In 1902, the Cuban people elected Lucita's father for their president again, and so we thought the Cubans could take care of themselves. He had come to the United States years before and been living with his family in New York State. During the last Cuban revolution he had been minister in our country for Cuba, and attended to her interests and looked out for many suffering Cubans.

"Cuba is a very beautiful country with mountains and valleys and coasts, and with forests and groves of orange and palm. It has beautiful fruits and flowers. I hope that I shall see it some day.

"But, most of all, I'm glad that Cuba is free. We have helped to set several countries free."

Frances Campbell Sparhawk.

A SPRING CONCERT.

A GREAT big marsh lying in the sun;
Up pops a little frog — then there is one.



One little froggy wonders what to do;
Up pops another one — then there are two.



Two little froggies blink their eyes to see;
Up pops another one — then there are three.



Three little froggies all begin to snore;
Up pops another one — then there are four.



Four little froggies kicking and alive ;
Up pops another one — then there are five.



Five little froggies playing funny tricks ;
Up pops another one — then there are six.



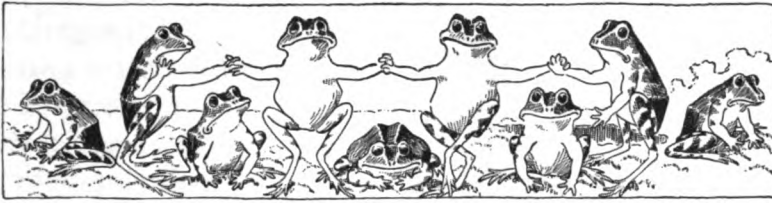
Six little froggies think the world is Heaven ;
Up pops another one — then there are seven.



Seven little froggies for more froggies wait ;
Up pops another one — then there are eight.



Eight little froggies — what a cheerful sign!
Up pops another one — then there are nine.



Nine little froggies — splendid froggy-men!
Up pops another one — then there are ten.



Ten little froggies all begin to sing —
What do they sing about? Spring, spring, spring!
Lilla Thomas Elder.

AN APRIL DAY.

NOW bless me! where have my rubbers gone,
And where is my big umbrell'?
It 's pouring rain, and a minute ago
It was just as clear as a bell!

Oh, here are my rubbers, and here 's my umbrell' —
But, dear! dear me! I say,
The sun 's out bright and the rain all gone —
Did you ever see such a day!

Anna A. Merriam.

POLLY'S EASTER SERMON.



"WHAT DO YOU WANT?" ASKED THE
QUEER LADY.

ONCE, when Polly was a little girl, she preached a sermon, a sermon that four or five people always spoke of as "that little Polly's Easter Sermon," though Polly never dreamed at the time that she was preaching at all. "I learned from that little Polly's Easter sermon, and I shan't ever forget it," one or another would say, "that we all have something we can lend!"

Early in the fall one year, that year that Polly was going on ten, her Sunday-school teacher had told her class that it would be beautiful

if each girl would buy a bulb and tend it herself, and on Easter bring the plant to school, and then all go together to the Children's Hospital and make glad the holy day.

"And," she added, "we will choose out the loveliest flower to give to the sickest little child of all!"

Now Polly was poor as could be. She lived in a tenement house, and her mother, who did washing and sweeping, worked hard mornings and nights to keep their two rooms tidy and comfortable; and little Polly had learned that a patch of brightness will grow and spread in almost any place if you try for it. And once, too, little Polly had been "the sickest one of all" in the hospital, and she just longed to take a lovely flower there on Easter — she knew about the joy a flower can give.

"But I have only three pennies!" she sighed; "now what can I do with three pennies?"

Well, I will tell you what was done with Polly's three pennies.

Polly went to Mr. Smith the florist, and she found him sorting bulbs. She asked him if he had a fine bulb for three cents.

Mr. Smith said, "No!" but tossed a crooked little brown knob at Polly's very feet.

"You can have that one for nothing!" he laughed, "and I'll sell you a pot of earth for your three cents."

Polly took the offering; and then she told Mr. Smith of her plan.

"I'll come in and tell you how it turns out!" she cried gleefully, and away she ran with her prize.

Now the window of Polly's back-room was always sparkling-clean, and the sun shone in every morning when it was clear.

There, by and by, on a little stand, Polly stood the pot with the Easterbulb; and every morning before she went to school she paid the little pot a visit, and sprinkled the dark earth and breathed a wee prayer over it, and then left it to the sunbeams.

The warm sun always kissed the earth, and way down deep the little brown bulb stirred and dreamed.

The dear little crooked bulb! It always dreamed the same dream. It was always of a rare white blossom, and songs of birds and golden light.

And one day, the little bulb straightened out and sent two small green sprouts up through the earth to tell Polly and the sun that it was doing its best.

Polly was wild with joy at this message, and that same day, full of fresh faith in the bulb and in the sun, she had an inspiration,



IF THE SUN SHONE, DADDY WAS SURE
TO SEE POLLY.

She knew that the Queer Lady, and old Daddy Nolan, had the sunlight a part of the afternoon in their windows. Right after dinner the Queer Lady had it, and later came Daddy Nolan's turn. So, although she was almost frightened at her own daring she took her little pot in her arms and trotted across the dark passage to the Queer Lady's door.



YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THAT PLANT
GROW.

Polly knocked softly. A cross woman opened the door. "What do you want?" she asked.

"Please," faltered Polly; "may I borrow your sunshine?"

"My—wha t?" Then the Queer Lady laughed roughly. "Come in and see if there is any here," she said.

Polly tripped in and looked about the dirty room.

"Oh! plenty," Polly replied, "if—if we could wash the window a little."

The Queer Lady was not angry at all, and after she had heard

Polly's story she went to work and soon a part of the window fairly shone, and the surprised sun looked in and said as plain as could be, "I declare! there are Polly and that pot of hers. Did you ever?"

For a whole hour Polly and the Queer Lady worked and talked, and when the sun passed on, the little girl gathered the pot to her heart and thanked her new friend. "Bring it every day," whispered the Queer Lady. "I'll have the window bright."

With a brave heart Polly with her plant toiled along up to Daddy Nolan's room. He lived at the top of the house, and had quite a fine lot of sunshine until the day was gone.

Tap! tap! tap! Tap! tap! tap! very softly.

"Who's there?" cried a gruff voice.

"Just little Polly down stairs!" quivered the visitor.

"What do you want?"

"It's to know if you will please lend my plant your sunshine, Daddy?"

"Well, come in, then!" The gruff voice was softer.

Polly went in, all smiles and dimples, right over to Daddy where he was by the window caning chairs; and with the little pot in her arms, she told her story.

Daddy got up and took the pot, and put it where the sun shone warmest; and then he and Polly had the time of their lives.

The little girl tidied the room, and sang as she pattered about. Daddy watched her, and his heart grew tender, and the sun shone on the pot with the little green sprouts.

So it was the days and weeks passed; and you should have seen that plant grow!

The Queer Lady's room became as neat as wax; and every afternoon, when the sun shone, she waited for Polly's step and knock with a glad warm heart.

The sky was grey some days and there was no sunshine to lend, none at all.

As for grave Daddy Nolan, he became too restless to work when the clock pointed to three and he would go again and again to the door to see if Polly was climbing up the stairs. If the sun had come over the roof, he was pretty sure to hear her light step and then to catch sight of her



EASTER MORNING.



POLLY CALLED SOFTLY TO THE LITTLE BOY.

brown head with her shining face almost hidden by the rich green leaves that now stood firm and full upon the stalk. Among those leaves the dream of the brown bulb was hidden — closely locked in a dark covering.

At the rooms that had only sunless windows, Polly stopped every day on her way up to Daddy Nolan's, to let the inmates feel how warm and strong the leaves were!

The Saturday before Easter when Polly opened her eyes, a wonderful sight greeted her.

There stood the plant on the window ledge — with its dream come true! A glorious white lily shone in the dim room, a lily with a heart of pure gold!

Polly knelt before it like a little saint before a shrine, and the sun, peeping in just then, sent a blessing down in long warm rays of light.

Polly's mother was standing there, in her shawl and bonnet, ready dressed to go to her day's sweeping. "I can hardly bear to leave it," she said; "only that *you* will have it all day, dearie!"

And then Polly went up the stairs, bearing the plant in her arms, and calling with her little knock at every door. "Come out and see the lily! Come see our lily!"

And what an Easter Sunday that was on the morrow! Polly,

carrying the lily, went through the grimy streets toward the Sunday-school, and after her followed her mother, the Queer Lady, and Daddy Nolan, and the others, all in their Sunday best, to celebrate the blooming of Polly's lily.

Then Polly's teacher said, "Now Polly, tell the school the story of the little crooked bulb — we shall all hear an Easter sermon by and by, but little Polly has a story too precious to miss."

Forgetting herself, and still holding her lily close, Polly began with the little crooked bulb and went on to the sunshine she borrowed of the Queer Lady and old Daddy.

"They all helped," she ended radiantly; "they lent me their sunshine, so that my lily had sunshine all day long! Just see it now — and it was such a helpless little bulb!"

And then — oh! you should have seen that joyous procession, going on to the Children's Hospital — the whole class with their flowers. With glowing face, standing by the snowy bed of the "sickest child of all," Polly called softly to the little boy lying there. He heard, and coming back from his shadowy dreams, he saw the glorious lily, and then the flower was placed by his bed, and he lay and looked at it with a smile. And, as if it were almost an Easter resurrection, from that very moment he began to get well.

Harriet T. Comstock.



















WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

(VI. — Nature-Study Questions about Drinking.)



- I. How do cows and horses drink?
- II. How do dogs and cats drink?
- III. How do fowls and most birds drink?
- IV. How do pigeons and partridges drink?
- V. How does the humming-bird drink?

C. Q. Wright, U. S. Navy.







DEAR LITTLE SHEILA






 was making
 a naughty noise out-
 side, kicking the  and calling, "Let me in!"
 was sewing on a surprise, and could n't
 let him in --- she had turned the  to keep him
 out! On the  lay her long red satin 
 ---that was for dear little  to wear; and she had
, , and , making a red satin  for
 the ship's kitty. "Please don't kick the ,
 Tommy, dear," she said. "If you are good, you
 will be very happy to-night." "Why?" asked
 Tommy. "Because it's your birthday," said
 Molly. "I won't have a birthday on
 this old wet , and 
 not here!" shouted Tommy. "There's
 to be a lovely surprise," said Molly,
 through the . "I won't have a surprise!"
 said Tommy. But he did. He and Molly looked
 pretty when they went to dinner.  wore his












velvet suit, a lace collar and a red rose, and  wore her pretty red-and-white striped silk dress and looked as if she were made of red-and-white .




The  shook  with , and there were  and a birthday with six , and gay  of candies and choco-



lates at Tommy's place, and a  lay by each . Tommy laughed when he saw the ship's

 sitting up in a big , wearing a red  ! And when they were having  in trotted the



, with  trotting after him, wearing long red . All clapped their , and that so startled the  that

she gave a loud whinny right there by Molly's . And

then, like an answer, there came another whinny, far down in the

, and a stamp of  !

"Quick!" called the ,

and the  took  out on a run, her red  flying ! "Oh, what was that?" cried the 



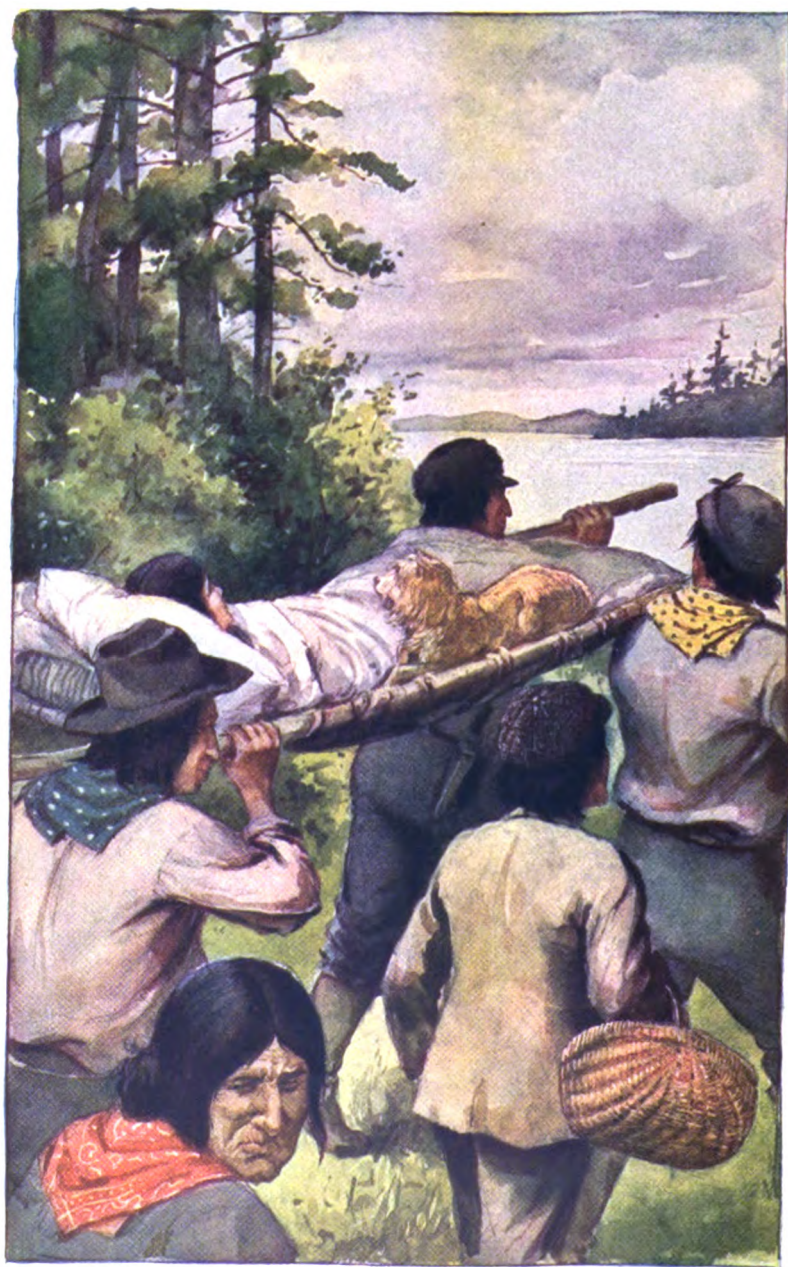


THE STRINGS GOT TANGLED OVERHEAD.

BALLOONING.

ON such a windy day in Spring
I sailed my b'loon like anything!
But when I raced with next-door Fred
The strings got tangled overhead;
We could n't tell just which was which,
An' Fred gave his an awful twitch,
An' *one* broke off and blew away;
'T was mine that went — so Fred *will* say!

E. S. T.



PRINCESS WISLA'S JOURNEY.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. VIII.

MAY, 1905.

No. 7

THE STORY OF IN-DOOR SUN.



NCE on a time, in far
Japan,
There lived a busy
little man,
So merry and so full
of fun
That people called him
In-Door Sun.

Now In-Door Sun made mirrors fine,
Like those in your house and in mine,
And in these looking-glasses bright
His own face saw from morn till night.

It made him feel so very sad
To see his face look cross and bad
That he began to take great care
To keep a sweet smile always there.

And soon he found that those he knew
All seemed to like him better, too;
For, like the mirrors, everyone
Began to smile on In-Door Sun!

Now, try this, just one day, and see
How bright and smiling you can be:
You'll find both happiness and fun
In playing you're an "in-door sun"!

Inez G. Thompson.

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OVER THE UPPER ROCKS OF THE GREAT HILL, NEARLY AT THE TOP.

UNCLE RALPH'S BROWNIE.

WHEN Rose and Nannette Snow went out to the Yellowstone Park with their mother, what they really wanted most to see was Uncle Ralph.

Uncle Ralph was an uncle of Mrs. Snow, but he was not much older than she was. Many years ago he had gone to Montana. He had expected to make his fortune in the mines, but he had not had very good luck. Still, he had stayed on and on, working and hoping. All the time he had been writing to Mrs. Snow and the children often. He made pictures on the letters and told funny stories. Many of these stories were about his wonderful collie dog, Brownie. The children wanted to see Brownie almost as much as to see Uncle Ralph.

Every little while, Uncle Ralph would send a box of presents to the children. He had never seen them, but they had sent photographs back and forth so often, that they felt sure they would know each other when they met. Many photographs of Brownie, too, had been sent to the children. They were sure they were going to know Brownie the very first minute.

There was a great time finding out what train to take to get to Uncle Ralph's. He lived at Tentacle — a tiny mountain village, twenty miles up from a railroad. Traymore was the nearest railroad station to him. But the express trains ran over another road — what was called "the Short Cut," a new track, not yet entirely finished, but still so that it could be used. Axtell, on the "Short Cut," was the most convenient station for the Snows to come to. It was finally arranged that Uncle Ralph should come down to Axtell, and they would all spend the night there and have a good visit.

In point of fact, Uncle Ralph was so impatient to see them that he arrived at Axtell three days before the Snows were due there.

This made some confusion, as you will see.

For, at the last moment, Mrs. Snow decided to go to Traymore, instead of by the "Short Cut" to Axtell, so she telegraphed to Uncle Ralph at Tentacle. But, as we know, Uncle Ralph was quietly waiting up at Axtell, and never got the telegram at all.

Behold, the train drawing into Traymore! Out tumble two excited little girls, and their excited mother. The porter follows, carrying their bags.

"Set them right down," said Mrs. Snow.

"Yes, Uncle Ralph will take them," cried the children.

But no Uncle Ralph was there. Off went the train, and the little group felt lonely enough, in the strange wild country — for there were only a dozen or so shanties in the whole village of Traymore.

As they stood there looking gloomily around, Nannette's quick eyes spied a dog prowling about a stage-coach which was standing not far away.

"Look!" she cried. "There's Brownie!"

"It does look like his pictures," admitted Mrs. Snow. "Let us ask."

They walked over to the stage-coach. The driver was just mounting the box.

Yes, that was Mr. Ralph Kane's "Brownie."

"But where is Mr. Kane?" asked Mrs. Snow.

The dog pricked up his ears.

"Brownie!" said the stage-driver, sternly. "Go over there and lie down under the shed — clear over — clear over, I say! There — now stay there!"

"You see," he explained to the Snows, in a low voice, "Mr. Kane told me not to say before Brownie where he was. He's gone to Axtell, to meet some friends — but if Brownie knew it, he'd be in Axtell too, as quick as he could get there."

"Oh, Mr. Kane has gone to meet *us*!" cried Mrs. Snow, explaining in her turn to the stage-driver. "He could not have have received our telegram."

"Probably not," assented the driver. "Telegrams are mighty uncertain around here. And now you can't send any telegrams up Axtell way anyhow, for a dam broke out up there, and all the poles went down for miles."

"But we can't stay long," cried Mrs. Snow, "and we would n't miss seeing Mr. Kane for the world. What shall we do?"

The driver scratched his head.

"You might tell Brownie that he's at Axtell — and tie a note to him — and Mr. Kane'd get it before dark tonight." (It was then about two o'clock.)

"Really?" breathed Mrs. Snow.

"I'd be willing to bet 'most anything on it," said the driver. "He is so crazy to find his master that he has run twice from Tentacle here with me, and back again. It's a good twenty mile — and he gets tired — but he will go every time till his master gets back to Tentacle. I never saw such a dog."

So Mrs. Snow wrote a note. It was put into a tin box, and then tied securely around Brownie's neck. Then the stage-driver said, "Mr. Kane is over to Axtell, Brownie — *Axtell*. You understand?"

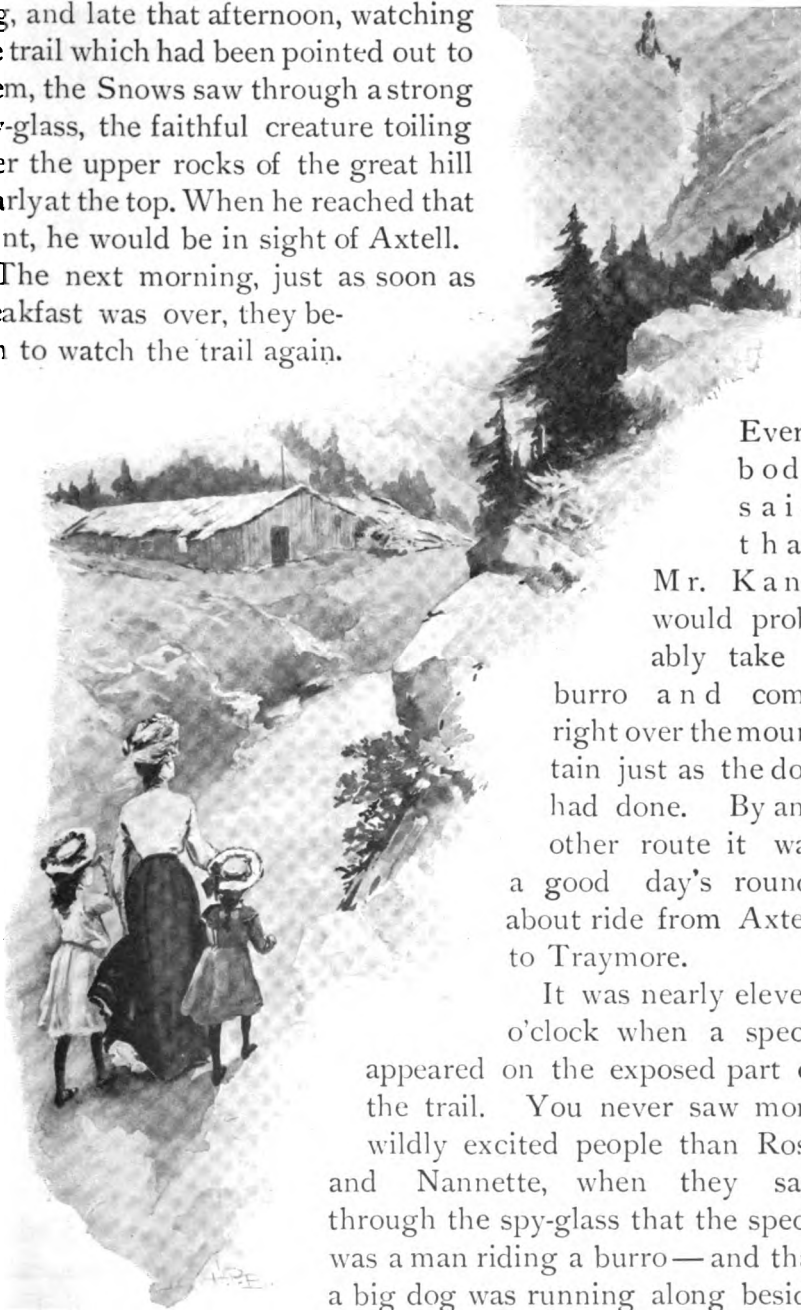
The dog barked excitedly.

"Well — you get along there and find him, and bring him back with you as quick as ever you can. Now right up the mountain there, as fast as you can go!"

So up the steep rocky side of the mountain bounded the good

dog, and late that afternoon, watching the trail which had been pointed out to them, the Snows saw through a strong spy-glass, the faithful creature toiling over the upper rocks of the great hill nearly at the top. When he reached that point, he would be in sight of Axtell.

The next morning, just as soon as breakfast was over, they began to watch the trail again.



OVER THE TERRIBLE MOUNTAIN.

Every
body
said
that

Mr. Kane
would prob-
ably take a
burro and come
right over the moun-
tain just as the dog
had done. By any
other route it was
a good day's round-
about ride from Axtell
to Traymore.

It was nearly eleven
o'clock when a speck
appeared on the exposed part of
the trail. You never saw more
wildly excited people than Rose
and Nannette, when they saw
through the spy-glass that the speck
was a man riding a burro—and that
a big dog was running along beside
him!

“Mama!” the girls cried, “it is Uncle Ralph and Brownie!”

Coming down a mountain is quick work, and it was only a little past noon when Uncle Ralph rode into the yard of the rough inn where the Snows were waiting for him. Then they had some happy hours together — and the happiest one in the whole party was Brownie.

“Oh, you good, wise dog! You do understand words, and names of places, too, don’t you?” Rose said to him. “I wish somebody would invent something nice to do for dogs when you love and thank them very much. All we can do is to pat them and give them bones — and we must n’t give them *many* bones or else they will be sick!”

And surely if it had not been for Brownie, they would not have seen Uncle Ralph — for he had risen before sunrise that morning in order to make the hard journey over the terrible mountain.

The girls begged to take Brownie home with them, they loved him so much — but their mother said she would not for the world take away that faithful friend from Uncle Ralph.

Kate Upson Clark.

TOO BAD.

A SAD thing happened here today;
’T was not *my* fault, I ’m sure you ’ll say,

And yet it made me late at school,
Which is of course against the rule.

I ’d put *my* hands before my face,
If *I’d* done anything as base

As something on that shelf — oh, my,
I hate to tell! *It told a lie!*

It gave Mama a nervous shock —
Because it was her new French clock.

Helen A. Walker.



ONCE upon a time a little girl planted a little tree. She planted it on Arbor Day. So she called it her Arbor tree. Her father helped her to plant it, for a little tree may be much taller than a little girl and much heavier than she can handle. This little tree was. The little girl's name was Belle.

Little Belle's Arbor tree was planted on the lawn right where she could see it from her chamber window. Every day, the first thing when Belle awoke, she ran to the window to say good-morrow to the tall little Arbor tree, and to see if it was still standing up, and if it had grown any. And every morning after breakfast Belle ran out to her tree and hugged it and told it to be good and grow. And she told all her secrets to the tall little tree.

On one never-to-be-forgotten day Belle saw tiny shining brown points all over her tree. She ran for her father and pulled him by the sleeve all the way from the library to the tree to look at it and tell her what it was doing. Her father told her that the tiny brown points were leaf-buds. He told her to watch and see if she could catch them when first they threw off their tiny brown coats and came out in spring frocks.

Belle hardly could spare the time to play dolls or to go to gather May blossoms she was so afraid she should not see the baby buds



THE TINY BROWN POINTS WERE LEAF-RUDS.

when they jumped out of their coats. But sure enough one May morning little Belle looked down from her window and there was the tall little Arbor tree dressed out in the softest pink; every little bud had ruffled out into pink leaves. Pink was Belle's favorite color, and she clapped her hands and called down the stairs to everyone in the house, to look out and see her Arbor tree.

The tiny pink leaves looked so much like a pink mist that Belle was a little afraid that they might all melt away the same as the grey mist did that hid her tree one day. But the pink mist did not melt but grew brighter and began to flutter and Belle called the tree her pink butterfly tree.

"What makes it grow?" asked Belle; "and where do the pink leaves come from?"

Then her father told her how the little tree found food to eat down in the ground, with its many mouths, and how it drank sunshine and dew from the air. And little Belle thought that her Arbor tree was the queerest creature in the world.



A BRANCH OF THE PINK BUTTERFLY TREE.

One day Belle came to breakfast with tears in her eyes. "My tree's pink is all gone," said she; "it is turned to green!"

Belle did not think green nearly so pretty as pink.

"Well," said her father, "let us watch and see what it will do next."

So little Belle kept watch and wondered.

By and by there came a morning when Belle shouted down to her father. "There has been a little snowstorm on my Arbor tree! Doesn't it look lovely?"

There stood Belle's tree with its shining new green leaves all dotted with white.

When Belle ran out the next morning but one and looked at her tree closely, she found the snowflakes were white blossoms with golden hearts, just opening. They were so beautiful and their breath so sweet that little Belle danced for joy.

Every pleasant day Belle took her dolls and her picture-books out under the tree; her snowstorm tree, as she called it now. But one day while she was singing her doll to sleep, something white



THE SHINING GREEN LEAVES WERE ALL DOTTED WITH WHITE.

and thin fluttered down into her lap from the tall little Arbor tree. Belle looked up, wondering. Another snowflake came down. She ran up to the house, to the window, and called to her mother, "Mama, my tree has begun to snow!"

There came a smart breeze that night, and Belle's heart was like to break, for the breeze carried away all the white blossoms, and there the little tree stood, the next morning, just a green tree again.

"The blossoms did not come intending to stay," her father told her. "They were but promises to you."

"And what was it they were promising to me?" asked little Belle.

"That is your tree's beautiful secret," said her father. "You may watch and see if you can not find out the tree's secret."

And so Belle watched—little Belle was learning to like to



THEN BELLE FOUND THAT THE SNOWFLAKES WERE WHITE BLOSSOMS WITH GOLDEN HEARTS.

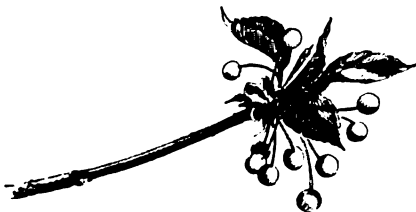
watch — and at last she came to her father and said, “There are little green knobs on the tree everywhere the blossoms came off. Still, I do not think I shall care very much about *them*!” she added.

“Watch and see what they become,” said her father. “You may be surprised.”

And so Belle watched; and she began to call it a magic tree, since it was full of wonders and surprises. For by and by she found out that the green knobs were growing. It was not by any means a plain green tree. And the green knobs grew and grew, and Belle sat under the little Arbor tree more and more, and it made a nice little shade for her and her dolls to sit and play in when the sunshine was too warm.

And the green knobs kept on growing.

And by and by the green knobs became little balls and began



THE GREEN KNOBS WERE GROWING.

to swing on slender green stems and birds came and sang in the little tree and looked lovingly with their bright eyes at the little balls swinging in the sunshine.

“Something quite new must be going to happen,” said Belle after she had watched the tall Arbor tree many days; “the green balls are turning red and yellow.”

This pleased Belle very much. Every day the balls grew brighter and one day when the birds were in the tree one of the balls fell at Belle's feet. She took it up and found a bird had picked it. At first she felt cross with the bird for spoiling the pretty red ball. Then she wondered how it would taste—for it looked as if it would be good to taste. As soon as she had tasted she cried out to the bird, "Throw down some more, birdie! throw down some more!"

And soon several more of the little juicy red balls came down from the branch on which the bird sat.

When Belle's father came home she ran at once to tell him of her wonderful discovery.



"SOMETHING QUITE NEW MUST BE GOING TO HAPPEN," SAID BELLE; "THE GREEN BALLS ARE TURNING RED AND YELLOW."

"Those little juicy red balls are cherries," he said, "and now you know what it was the white blossoms were promising you, don't you?"

"Birdies and cherries, birdies and cherries!" laughed little Belle; "birdies and cherries, birdies and cherries!"

The second year has begun, and Belle's tall little Arbor tree is still growing taller and getting ready for a bigger and more delicious harvest of the juicy red balls for the summer now coming on.

Mildred Norman.



"EXCUSE ME!"

A POLITE CHILD.

THIS Little Boy is four years old;
He has such pretty ways,
And, when he turns to leave the room,
"Excuse me!" always says.

M. J. H.

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LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

CHAPTER VII. — THE LITTLE GIRL ON THE LITTER.

IN less than an hour the boys were down on the river bank again with Rex, nearly opposite the Indian island.

The dog was pawing the earth and barking madly. "He acts as if he were crazy to get over to that island! See, he's going to try to swim over and if he does he will get drowned!" cried Sid. And he tried to hold Rex by the collar while the dog made frantic plunges into the river.

But Phi was intent upon watching a party of Indians who had crossed from the farther end of the island to the main land and were setting off upon a journey through the woods.

What seemed to be a child's figure was to be seen lying upon a litter of boughs and skins that was carried upon the shoulders of four strong Indians.

An old squaw, a younger one, and half a dozen Indian men and boys were of the party.

"Where are those people going?" asked Phi, curiously, of two Indian boys in a canoe who drew near to inspect the white boys' bicycles — and to trade for them if possible.

"Off to Canada with little sick girl. How much him cost?" said Tom Molasses who wore clothes like a white boy, but had not quite unlearned his Indian speech in the Indian island school-house. "Him" meant Phi's bicycle.

"Little girl old Winne-Lackee's granddaughter. Old squaw bring her all the way from Bar Harbor in canoe. All white doctors there say little girl would die. Winne-Lackee was squaw to a great chief. Little granddaughter a princess — Princess Wisla." It was Jo Mattawan, with even more of the Indian in looks and speech than Tom Molasses, who told all this, with evident pride in the little princess.

"Old Winne-Lackee foolish like all squaw," Tom Molasses interrupted. "Said little dog made Princess Wisla sick. Told Jo Mattawan to shoot him. Jo not that kind of fellow! I say, want trade bike?"

Jo Mattawan's rough Indian face had softened queerly.

"Strange little dog look up friendly and wag his tail — Indian boy not shoot to hit! Now Winne-Lackee take little dog off with princess to make her well," he said, with a jerk of his head towards the procession that was passing into the woods.

Looking keenly Phi could see the little dog — he saw the wag of a stumpy little tail as the litter passed among the trees.

"Does the dog belong to the little Indian princess?" he asked of the boys.

"Yes, come with her all the way from Bar Harbor — and then Winne-Lackee say shoot!" said Jo Mattawan scornfully. "Winne-Lackee squaw of great chief, but foolish like other squaw."

At that very moment old Winne-Lackee was saying something about the dog to old Dr. Sockabesin and his daughter Minnehaha who were starting off with her into the woods.

"No need to carry Princess Wisla off at all, but for fear that they follow and find the dog!" Winne-Lackee said it grumblingly, as she set her old feet to the long march. But yet she had been glad, after the first hasty moment, that Jo Mattawan had not shot the dog. Little Princess Wisla had shown such love for it. And there was a soft spot for a dog in Winne-Lackee's old Indian heart.

"But *now* there is no trail, no sign for white man to follow!" she added joyfully.

Old Winne-Lackee was reckoning without the wag of Stumpy's tail which the boy across the river who had seen it could not forget!

"That little Indian princess' dog has a wag to his tail exactly like Stumpy's," Phi was saying to Sidney.

But Sid had forgotten everything in his fear for Rex. The dog had broken away from him and was swimming with desperate haste and struggle towards the Indian island.

"Take us into your canoe, quick! Then we can pick up the dog!" said Sid to the Indian boys. "He is not the swimming kind of dog, you know!"

The Indian boys were very ready to help. In fact, if it had not been for their skill in keeping Rex afloat — since he very

soon showed that he was "not the swimming kind of dog" — it is more than likely that he would have drowned.

Poor Rex! He was glad to get back to shore, but he stood upon his hind legs and howled mournfully with his gaze fixed upon the Indian island which he could not reach.

"I'll tell you what! I want to get over there about as badly as Rex does," said Phi in a low tone to Sidney. "I can't get that little dog or the litter out of my mind. The wag of his tail and Rex's actions and all seem to me to mean a good deal!"

"I should just like to know what they could mean?" said Sidney, who had been thinking pretty hard, as one could see by the furrow between his eyes. "The little Indian princess' dog can't be Stumpy! And as for Rex, he may have got on the track of a rabbit or something."

Phi was trying to make a bargain with the Indian boys to take him over to the place where they had seen the procession of Indians enter the forest, but the young Indians looked puzzled and surly and shook their heads.

"Winne-Lackee not like to be followed," they said. "Bad things happen to white boys if they follow Winne-Lackee. Her little granddaughter very sick. So sick that Dr. Sockabesin and his daughter Minnehaha go along to take care of her. Winne-Lackee troubled about the little granddaughter. Boys better keep away from Winne-Lackee!"

"You might get yourself into trouble and I can't see that you would do any good," said Sidney. And people were in the habit of calling Sidney a very sensible boy.

Phi made the Indian boys describe the little princess' dog, over and over again.

It sounded as if he looked exactly like Stumpy; but then, as Sidney said, why should not a little Indian dog look exactly like Stumpy?

Phi turned back slowly and reluctantly with Sidney, and Rex followed, dripping and mournful with downcast head.

After they had got almost out to the highway Phi suddenly dropped off his bicycle and ran back to ask the Indian boys a question.

He wanted to know whether the Indians were going to walk all the way to Canada, through the woods, or whether they expected to strike a railroad soon.

But the Indian boys knew nothing about that. "Winne-Lackee never tell her business," they said. But they did know that she was coming back soon. Six, eight weeks she might stay. No more than that. Now that she was old, Winne-Lackee did not like to stay away from home.

"I am going to get my father to telegraph and stop those Indians if they are upon a train!" said Phi, excitedly, as he joined Sidney again. "I want to know just how they came by that little dog."

"Now, see here, old fellow!" Sidney threw his arm affectionately around Phi's shoulders. "You are a good deal upset by Peggy's disappearance and it's no wonder. And then having Stumpy run away made things seem more strange. But you must n't lose your head because a little stumpy-tailed Indian dog looks, half a mile away, like your dog, or because Rex seems to be following a scent! He often does that, you know. I don't believe you would have thought twice about the Indian dog if it had n't been for Rex!"

"It was n't half a mile away," said Phi, "and I don't see how any other dog could look exactly like Stumpy!"

"It's very, very easy to be deceived," said Sid, wagging his head wisely. "Out there on the river when we thought Rex was drowning and I called to you to catch him by the collar, I heard another voice call, 'Phi! Phi!' just as I called. Of course it was only an echo, or my imagination, but after we had got the dog safe I could n't help thinking of it. You see it does n't do to think you can't be mistaken!"

Sid's common sense was apt to be very convincing to Phi. He suddenly threw himself headlong upon the ground and sobbed as if his heart would break.

After all, what were the little clues that had made hope beat high in his heart? They were nothing when one came to look things in the face!

So many little girls wore coral beads! The old squaw's

granddaughter might have done so and she might have stopped there, where he had found the bead, on the way from Bar Harbor.

And many a little dog wagged his stumpy tail exactly as Stumpy wagged his!

And as for Rex — of course he had followed the scent of some creature of the woods!

It was what the water-soaked hair-ribbon had told him that Phi believed now. Peggy was drowned in the river.

He made no response when Sidney proposed that they should have a picnic of the Pollywhopet boys and girls up at the Indian island.

"I think I would like to wait until old Winne-Lackee and the little princess come home," said Sidney. "I would like to see them. They say the old squaw dresses sometimes in silks and diamonds like a fashionable lady, and sometimes in a blanket and moccasins like Molly Molasses who comes around with baskets."

How could he be thinking of picnics? Phi thought a little bitterly. Well, after all, Peggy was not Sid's sister!

At that very time Peggy, going through the deep woods on the Indians' shoulders was saying softly to herself: "Phi! Phi!"

She had called out, "Phi, Phi!" joyfully, echoing a voice that had rung strangely in her ears, just as the Indians had started to carry her away.

Winne-Lackee had frowned upon her and scolded her, and Dr. Sockabesin had looked fierce. Peggy did n't understand why, but now she only *whispered* the name: "Phi! Phi!"

She felt happy about it as she had felt when she remembered Stumpy's name.

"Phi is another name, Stumpy, out of the world you and I used to live in!" she whispered.





And then there came a sudden rush of tears to her eyes.



"Oh Stumpy, dear Stumpy, shall I ever remember all about it?" she said in Stumpy's own faithful dog-ear.

(To be continued.)

Sophie Swett.



DEAR LITTLE SHEILA

 and  stayed awake a long time in their stateroom, looking out at the  and .


Then Tommy put on his  and crept into his  and began to cry. "Tommy!" said

Molly, "what ails you? You cry all the time!"


"Well," said he, "what was that noise we heard at , like a ?" "That was a little echo-horse," said .

"Don't you know how we used to make echoes, up at Uncle Ned's ?" But Tommy shook his .






"I think 't was a , or a , or a !" he said.

"Or a ,




"No," said Molly.





said Tommy, "it was something I was afraid of!" "Well, we need n't care what it was," said Molly, "for the stewardess said we would be home tomorrow. See! she has been in and 'most packed our , and










hung our  on the , and set our  and  all ready to put on." But Tommy was asleep, the  still on his face, and Molly went



to sleep too. The next thing they knew the  was shining in, and the  stood ready to help them dress. They could hear the 

ringing on the , and wagons rolling, and  barking. And  began to dance and shout, "Oh, we've got home! Good-by, old sea! Good-by, old ! Good-by, naughty old Sheila! I sha'n't see you again!"

"Any passengers here for me?" called a big glad voice right in the room, and there stood Uncle Ned!

The next minute the  had  on his , and in a jiffy Tommy and  were in Uncle Ned's , and Tommy was saying, "We had a naughty little  on the , and I never shall want to see her again!" "Oh, yes, you will!" laughed Uncle Ned.





THE BOYS WERE RATHER RAGGED.

UNDER THE UMBRELLA.

THREE small boys were sitting under the umbrella, which was small too.

The boys were rather ragged and so was the umbrella. Two long slits let through a scattering downfall of both sunshine and shower from a clear blue April sky, and at the end of one of the ribs the silk had broken loose and was on its way up to the top.

But the three chums crowded close together and took turns sitting in the middle, holding the umbrella. Each was chewing one third of a stick of gum, and all were deliciously cosy and happy.

"If I had a dollar," said Pinky, "I'd buy us a great big umbrella that 'ud cover us up jest as slick."

"My! I wish 't you *did* have a dollar, Pinkey," said Dumpy.

"'N' I wish so too," said Popsy.

"If *I* had a dollar," said Dumpy, "I'd lay it out fer gum. You kin buy a stick fer a penny, an' they's a whole hundred pennies in a dollar — so we'd have a hundred sticks o' gum. Think of that!"

"My! I wish 't you *did* have a dollar, Dumpy," said Popsy.

"'N' so do I too," said Pinky.

"If I had a dollar," said Popsy, "I'd buy streaked i-scream with it, and we'd set here all so snug and eat that i-scream right straight up, every single bit! There, sir!"

And Pinky and Dumpy cried out with one voice then:

"My! I wish 't you *did* have a dollar, Popsy!"

Carrie A. Parker.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

(VII. — *Nature-Study Questions about the Toad.*)

I. Where does the toad live when little, where when grown up, and where and how in winter?

II. What are the notable differences between the toad and the frog — in skin, in teeth, in feet, in form and movements, in habits, etc.?

III. What does the toad eat, and is he a small or large eater?

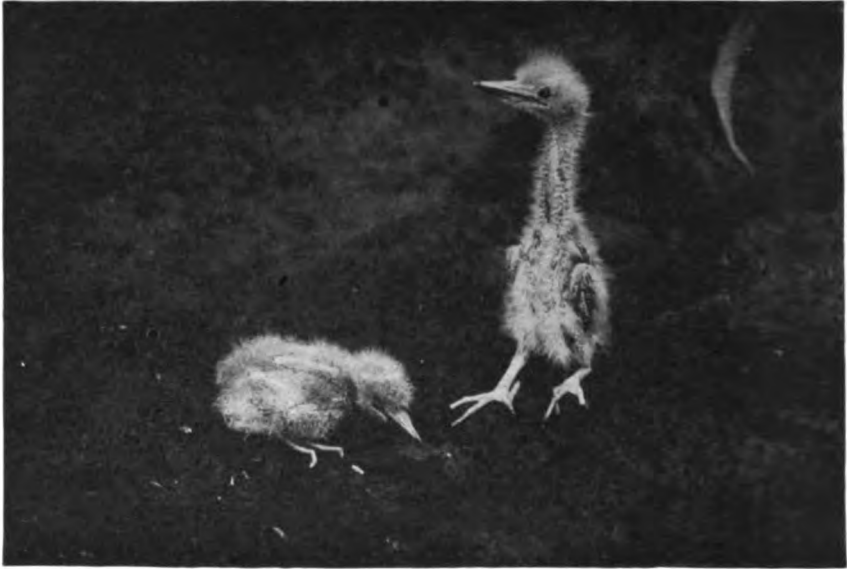
IV. How does the toad capture what he eats?

V. Is the toad harmless or dangerous, and is he useful to man or not?

C. Q. Wright, U. S. Navy.



SOMETIMES SHE LOSES OFF HER SHOES.



THE BIRDS DID NOT MOVE FROM WHERE THEY WERE PLACED.

THE GREEN HERON BABIES.

ONE warm afternoon in the latter part of May, a boy with a camera was rowing down stream in western Kansas. As he passed under the large branches of an elm tree a green bird flew out. Now this boy was very much interested in birds, and was anxious to take photographs of as many different kinds as he could. But he never destroyed the eggs nor killed any birds. He was generally to be seen with a camera instead of a gun.

He knew that the bird he had seen leave the tree was a green heron, a bird whose nest is frequently built in trees along the water; since this bird is a fish-eater such a place is most convenient.

So the boy stopped his boat and looked up into the over-hanging branches, and about twenty feet above him he saw a nest. After tying his boat to a tree at the water's edge he climbed the elm to see what the nest contained. It was so far out upon the branches that it was not safe to venture along to quite reach it. But he could see some eggs of a light greenish-blue color. The nest itself was much like that of a mourning dove except that it

was larger and built of coarser sticks, in fact it seemed to be just a loose pile of sticks lined with twigs.

The boy could not get close enough to take a nice picture of the eggs, but he hoped they would hatch and that he could photograph the young birds, and when he went away he was careful to remember the tree.

In about a week he returned to the elm and found, instead of the eggs, two young birds. They were very queer looking nestlings with their covering of light gray down, and their long strong beaks.

He had thought of a way to take them out of their nest and photograph them and then return them to their home, without hurting them. He had brought with him a large tin dipper and a small basket with a cover. He cut a slender pole about seven feet in length and now he securely lashed the long handle of the dipper to this. With this outfit he climbed the tree and ventured out far enough on the limb so that he could reach the nest with the dipper by means of its lengthened handle.

Then he carefully dipped into the large flat nest until the cup contained a bird; this he brought within reach and placed it in the basket. In the same way he obtained the other bird and in the basket he carried both down to the ground.

The nestlings were not in the least afraid of the boy or the camera, and he left them in the basket while he fastened the camera on to the tripod and opened it up ready to use.

Then he set the nestlings on the ground and placed an open umbrella where it would shelter the young birds from the hot sun. In their nest the foliage had protected them; and young birds need such protection, and they suffer if they do not have it.

The birds did not move from where they were placed so the boy quickly focused on them and set the shutter of his camera for one twenty-fifth of a second's exposure, then removed the umbrella and took the picture.

The bird babies were probably about one week old at that time.

One seemed very helpless, but the other stood up straight

and looked so wise that one could imagine that he was really wondering what the boy was about.

As soon as the picture was taken the young birds were carefully returned to their nest in the same manner as they had been taken from it.

Some people believe that a mother bird will destroy her eggs or kill her young birds if a person has touched them.

But this boy has handled many kinds of eggs, and many tiny birds, when taking pictures; and the rain crow, or yellow-billed cuckoo, is the only bird that ever broke her eggs because he had



AS THEY HEARD THE BOY CLIMBING THE TREE THEY HOPPED OUT AND TRAVELLED AROUND.

touched them, and no bird ever has killed her young birds because he had handled them.

The next time the boy photographed these young green herons he managed as he did the first time. And as before one bird seemed weak and the other strong; and both were just as fearless and curious about what was being done. They had grown rapidly. The mother-bird was not in sight, but had evidently fed her young only a short time before, for one of the birds spit out a whole fish. It was a very small one though.

The last time the boy went to take a picture of the heron babies they were large enough not to be afraid to leave the nest. When they heard the boy climbing the tree they hopped out and fearlessly travelled around among the net-work of small branches, and it was with difficulty that the boy finally caught them.

It was not long after the last photograph was taken until the young birds were able to fly from their nests and had learned how to obtain their own food. Sometimes they would stand motionless on the edge of a pile of drift, and when a small fish came near they would catch it. At other times they would stand side by side in the shallow water and dip up minnows or any other small fish that came swimming within reach of their long necks and strong beaks.

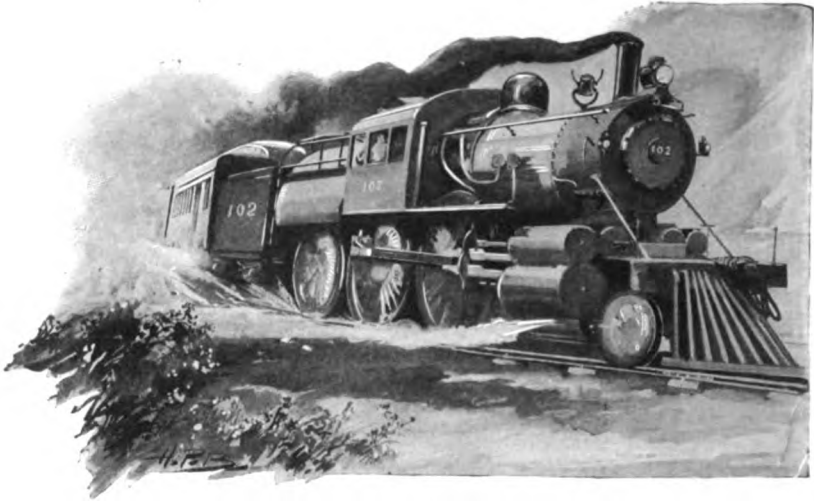


BIG ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES.

If they observed the approach of a person when they were fishing, they would fly up into a near-by tree, always being careful to alight where leaves would hide them; and their color was so near that of the leaves that they were not readily noticed among the foliage. Perhaps this way of hiding was an instinct got by the race of herons from living among boys; for the green heron, as Col. Goss says, is always in bad repute among boys, hooted at and stoned and called names by them — perhaps because it destroys so many little fish.

The boy kept track of the pair all summer, but before winter came they went south where there would be no ice to prevent their catching fish to live upon.

Viola McColm.



NOW THE TRAIN 'S COMING IN!

THE RAILROAD TRAIN.

I WILL sing you a song of the railroad train,
With a ch', ch', ch', and a ch', ch', ch';
It's puffing along through the sun and the rain,
With a ch', ch', ch', and a ch', ch', ch'!

When it strikes a switch at a slower gait,
There's a clack, clack, clack, and a clack, clack, clack,
And it's in for a five or a ten minute wait,
With a clack, clack, clack, and a clack, clack, clack!

Then it's off again at a wonderful pace,
With a toot, toot, toot, and a toot, toot, toot;
Look out for the cinders right in your face,
With a toot, toot, toot, and a toot, toot, toot!

Now the train's coming in with a ringing bell,
With a ding, dong, ding, and a ding, dong, ding,
And the people are ready to rush, pell-mell,
At its ding, dong, ding, and ding, dong, ding!

Oh, ho ! but I like the railroad train
With its ch', ch', ch', and its clack, clack, clack,
And its toot, toot, toot, with might and with main,
And its ding, dong, ding, to clear the track !

L. L. Norton.



LEAP-FROG.



AS USUAL I BEGAN TO CRY.

MY FIRST PARTY.

"A little girl, quite well and hearty,
Thought she 'd like to have a party;
But, as her friends were shy and wary,
Nobody came but her own canary."

I REMEMBER reading these lines in a magazine a great many years ago, when I was a little girl; and I remember also the picture that was on the page in the magazine above these lines — a picture of a little girl sitting all alone at a dainty tea-table; and hanging in a cage above her head and singing away with all his might a pet canary.

That rhyme always has reminded me of the first party to which I was ever invited. I think I will tell the story here. It is a true story and really-truly happened.

Well, I had n't any brothers or sisters, and so I was what is called "an only child;" and a great misfortune that is considered by some people, although I confess that to this day I have never felt the disadvantage of it. Perhaps that was because my mother was always so much to me that I did n't feel the want of brothers and sisters.

But since my mother was so much to me I was very dependent upon her. I could hardly bear to be separated from her, and I had the unfortunate habit of bursting into tears whenever she was out of my sight for any length of time, since I imagined that something dreadful had happened or was going to happen to her. I could tell you a great many stories of the little girl who cried for her mother; for my first party is only one instance.

My father was a college professor, and of course the children of the "faculty" played together and made a group by themselves.

Well, one day Albert and Helen Stanford, two children of one of the professors, were to have an afternoon party. Of course I was invited and with me eight or ten other children. My mother made me a very pretty dress, and bought some ribbons to match for my hair — I had hair so long that I could sit on it, and one day when I was sitting in a chair my fat little cousin who was just learning to walk pulled himself up from the floor by two handfuls of it, and you can imagine how it hurt!

My mother also bought me some new slippers for the party, so I was all ready and tripped away merrily decked with my ribbons, on the afternoon of the great event.

After we had all reached the house we played games indoors and out on the lawn — "Around the Green Carpet," "Hunt the Slipper," "King's land," "Button, button," and several others until it was nearly time for the supper.

I had been having a lovely time all the afternoon, but all of a sudden I thought of my mother and wondered if she were at home and all right, and pretty soon I lost all interest in the games and dropped out of them entirely, and could think of nothing else than that I must go home and see my mother. I am very sorry to say that as usual I began to cry; and when the professor's wife kindly asked me what was the matter, and tried to soothe and comfort me, I would not be comforted but felt all the worse and told her I must go home to my mother. She urged me to stay to supper, but I said I could not, and truly, by that time I was in such a state of mind that I did not care whether I had any supper or not; I would far rather not have had any.

But in spite of all I could say, this kind lady would put some

of the cake and candies they were to have for supper in a napkin for me to take home, and very reluctantly I took them and very reluctantly she let me go.

After I left the house I felt rather ashamed to go home, especially with that napkin full of dainties, for I knew if I carried that home, my father and mother would know that the party



I WENT STURDILY HOME TO FIND MY MOTHER.

was not over when I left and would ask me why I did not stay until the end, and I did not wish to tell them that I had cried and finally had left the party and come home to "see my mother," for to do that was my great failing, and I had been chidden for it many times before.

But what to do with that food! Then the thought came to me why take the food home at all? Why not throw it away and then my father and mother would not know that I left the party before it was over?

I forgot to say that we lived a little out of town over the hill beyond the college, so when I had passed the college there was

a long strip of campus behind a fence beside which I had to walk. Here was my chance. So over the fence I threw cake, candies, napkin and all, and went sturdily home to find my mother.

My parents were a little surprised to see me so early, and asked me what I had been crying about, for they could easily see traces of tears on my face. I told them I had been crying because I wished to come home to see my mother, which was the truth, but not the whole truth, as I did not tell them anything about the food that Mrs. Stamford had given me and that I had thrown over the college fence.

But some of the children who came home later saw the napkin and the cake and the candies which I had thrown away lying behind the fence in the moonlight, and *they* told some of the other children about it, and *they* told their mothers, and finally in much less than a week it reached *my* mother's ears, just as I ought to have known would be the case.

When my mother heard of it she was very sorry I had behaved so badly, at my first party, and very much ashamed that I had thrown away the nice food that kind Mrs. Stamford had given me to bring home.

I was sorry too, and promised to do better next time and I really tried, but it was many years, and I was a large girl, before I wholly overcame the habit of crying for my mother ; so I have a great deal of sympathy with any other little girl who cries for hers.

Mrs. Mary Angell Lincoln.

IF.

IF the Rain knew when to go away—
 But it stays and stays and stays!
 No, it never knows when it should stop—
 Oh, it has such teasing ways,
 And it much disturbs our Plays!

M. J. H.



IS SHE SAD, OR SORRY?

BLINDING.

*"One — two — three —
And out goes shel"*

Oh, what is the trouble with Marjorie,
All alone out there by the apple-tree?
Quiet she stands,
Her face in her hands —

Is she sad, or sorry? Oh, no, not a bit!
Don't you see she's blinding because she's "It"?

A. W. C.

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THE MOCCASIN FLOWER.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. VIII.

JUNE, 1905.

No. 8.



THE PINK MOCCASIN-FLOWER.

HE twenty children that went to the summer term in School District, No. 6, thought the new teacher, Miss Avery, the nicest teacher they ever had had. She thought of such interesting things for little children to do, and they all loved her, from Hester Hall, just six, to eleven-year-old Burt Barnum who thought himself too old to go to school with children so young.

One Friday afternoon Miss Avery took from her desk the picture of a pale pink flower with darker pink spots on it. The leaves were a light green.

She held the picture up for the children to look at, and asked them if they had ever seen a flower like it. No, not even Burt Barnum had seen a flower like the picture.

"It is a kind of orchid," said Miss Avery, "and orchids are very rare and curious flowers. This one the Indians call moccasin-flower because they think the blossom looks the shape of their moccasins. The name the white people give it is lady's-slipper, because they think it looks something like a slipper. It is now about the time of year for it to blossom and I think it must grow in some of the woods and swamps about here. I want to have one of these blossoms very much. I never have had one. How many of you would like to try to find me one?"

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Every child in the room raised a hand and Tommy Martin raised both of his — then he blushed and put one down. It was not because the children loved flowers so much, but because their dear Miss Avery had asked them to find one for her.

"What nice children!" said Miss Avery. "Well, you will have to search carefully for it is a shy flower and loves to hide away where none but sharp eyes can find it. To every child that finds one of these flowers I will give a book like this," and Miss Avery held up a book full of flower pictures.

As soon as school was dismissed, little Tommy Martin ran home as fast as he could.

"Oh, mother, mother," he cried, almost tumbling into the kitchen. "Teacher is going to give a grand book to every scholar that finds her a pink Indian-shoe flower. It will be the shape of a lady's-slipper, she said. May I go to Hubbard's Swamp tomorrow and hunt for one?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Martin, "you may go when your chores are done. Run along now, and weed the onion and the carrot bed, so you can go."

Tommy Martin was not quite eight years old but he could accomplish the most chores of any boy in School District, No. 6, nights after school. He could weed the garden and water the plants, and feed the chickens and drive the cow home from the pasture, and help his mother in many ways. Mr. Martin was away from home through the week, and there was no one to do these things for Mrs. Martin but Tommy. Best of all, he could take such good care of two-year-old Baby Martin that she did nothing but laugh when she was with him.

Baby Martin loved to run away, or creep away — she could creep much faster than she could run — so Mr. Martin had made a belt to go around her waist and to this he fastened a long piece of webbing, at the end of which was a stout string. When Tommy took her out-of-doors with him to his work, he would tie the string to a fence picket, or to a post, and Baby Martin could go only as far as the webbing would let her. Tommy called the belt and strap Baby's "Holdfast." She would pull at the string and laugh and call "Boo-o-o!" to Tommy, and Tommy



WHEN SHE SAW TOMMY SHE SHOOK A FLOWER AT HIM.

would laugh and then call back "Boo-o-o!" to the Baby.

Saturday morning — on the Saturday Tommy Martin was going to Hubbard's Swamp to hunt for Miss Avery's flower — Mrs. Martin awoke with what Tommy called one of her "big headaches," which meant she must lie still all day, and Tommy must get his own bread and milk, and dress and take care of Baby Martin, so there would be no chance for him to go. But after dinner Mrs. Martin told Tommy — for she was sorry for Tommy — that she would try to have a nap and he might take the baby in her cart and go up in the berry lot and see if he could find enough ripe raspberries for his father's supper. This was much better than staying in the yard, and Tommy trudged away to the berry lot, dragging Baby Martin in her little cart.

The berry lot was quite a big lot. A grassy cart track ran through it, and on one side of the track were low hills where the berry bushes grew, and on the other side were thickets of young trees and lovely grassy places.

Tommy went along the cart track till he came to the fourth hill. Then he pulled the cart up on a level place, put the "Holdfast" around Baby's waist and tied the end to a small birch. Then he set her in the grass where clover and dandelions were growing, and left her there to pull the blossoms while he went into the bushes to see if any berries were ripening. He ran back now and then to see if Baby was all right, and he would call "Boo-o-o!" to her and she would laugh and call the same to Tommy.

Baby Martin loved to pull flowers, and when she had pulled all within her reach she crept along for more. Something with fur on it and long ears peeped at her from the bushes. Baby Martin called, "Kit, kit!" and clapped her hands, and out popped a little gray rabbit and scampered down the hill. Baby Martin called, "Kit, kit!" and crept after it as fast as her "Holdfast" would let her — half rising to her feet; then all at once there was no "holdfast" and the Baby was half rolling, half creeping down the hill after the "Kit, kit!"

It was easy for Baby Martin to get down the hill, for there were not many bushes and the grass was soft and fine. When she reached the bottom of the hill she sat up and looked about for the "Kit, kit!" There it was, just over the cart track, and Baby crept across. Mr. Rabbit ran into the bushes and Baby crept into the bushes too.

Tommy had found the berries were ripening a little, here and there one, and he stayed to pick all such so as to have enough for tea. When he had picked all he could find, he ran to where he had left the Baby, but she was gone. He set down his pail and ran here and there, calling "Boo-o-o!" but Baby did not answer him. Then he saw where the grass was matted down and he ran down the hill and when he got to the foot he called "Boo-o-o!" as loud as he could call. Then he listened — and he heard a little faint call in answer.

Tommy pushed through the bushes and all at once he came to a soft green place across the track with trees and bushes all around it, and in the middle there sat Baby Martin pulling away at some pink flowers. When she saw Tommy she shook a

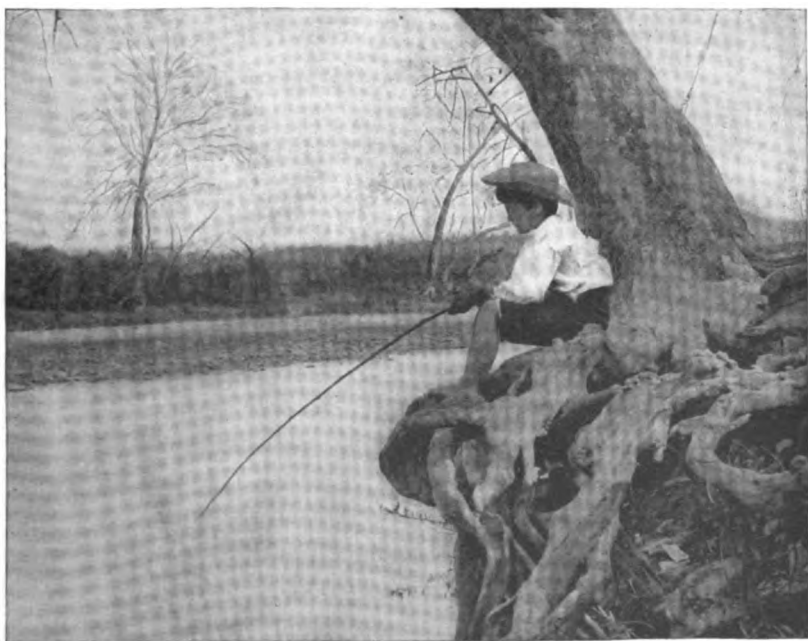
blossom at him and said " Boo-o-o! " as loud as she could. Tommy caught her up in his arms and ran back to the grassy track and then he noticed the flowers that the Baby held. They were exactly like those in the picture that Miss Avery had showed them at school.

On Monday, after school, Tommy took Miss Avery to where the moccasin-flowers grew, and all the children went too, for not a child in the school excepting Baby Martin had found a moccasin-flower.

Tommy told them just how the Baby had found the flowers, and showed them where she sat in the thicket on the grass.

" And Mama says," added Tommy, " that she's glad 't was our Baby that found the flowers, but she does n't want her to find any more till she is a big girl, for next time she might follow the rabbit away and get lost for sure! "

Elizabeth Flint Wade.



NOT A BITE!

WINDING THE CLOCK.

THE children like to wind the Clock —
To hear the measured sound
That says the spring is right and tight
And all the wheels go round ;



THE CHILDREN LIKE TO WIND THE CLOCK.

The sound that very plainly
says
The Clock will tick and go
Just as it should, all night, all
day,
And keep the time, you
know.

Now 't would be fine, if children thus
Could be wound up to work,
And never stop, nor make mistakes,
Nor any duty shirk !

Oh, steady, steady Clock, you see
We almost envy you,
You are so sure, you are so right,
In everything you do.

'T would be a comfort in
the house,
Were children as correct ;
Then, every day, from morn
till night,
Good conduct we 'd ex-
pect.

Yes, Clock, with steady moving hands,
With constant measured sounds,
We wish they *could* be good as you
In all their daily rounds !

Maria Johns Hammond.



THE CHILDREN CAME ALONG BY THE BROOK, AND STOPPED, AND LOOKED UP, AND WONDERED.

BIRDLINGS FOUR.

ONCE there was a nest in a green maple tree by a brook. This nest was a little home, and a family of sparrows lived in it.

The family name was Chippy.

Mr. Chippy and Mrs. Chippy and the Chippy children, like all the Chipping Sparrow tribe, had short dark bills, slender pale legs, and slim toes with sharp claws for clinging to their perches. They all wore brown feathers on their backs, gray underneath, and on their heads caps of shining chestnut. Their eyes were dark and very bright.

There were six in the happy family: the father sparrow, the mother sparrow, and the child sparrows, Twit, Tweet, Chip and Cheree.

Now Mr. Chippy and Mrs. Chippy were plump busy well-to-do birds. Early in the season they had built their snug nest, with its soft springy lining of horse-hair coiled round and round in a hundred little rings.

Then one day there was a happy twittering up in the maple tree, because Mrs. Chippy had laid a little speckled egg in the nest. And another day there were two, and before long three,

and at last four — four tiny brown-speckled eggs in the bottom of the hair-lined nest.

After the four eggs were laid, the mother sparrow spent most of her time on the nest, snuggled down over the eggs, with only her bill and the tip of her tail showing over the edge.

It was a safe nesting-place, and very quiet, up there in the leafy maple tree. Only now and then, mornings, noons and nights, the little children came along by the brook, on their way across lots to school, and stopped, and looked up, and wondered.

At first the little school-children wondered if there were eggs in the nest; and then, when they saw day after day the mother bird's bill and the tip of her tail over the edge, they wondered if there were baby birds in the nest.

And one warm night, after the mother sparrow's long and patient brooding, sure enough, the four speckled eggs cracked open, and out came four baby sparrows.

The very next morning, just as the children got to the maple tree by the brook, they heard a tiny chirping, and looked up — and then they suddenly took tight each other's hands and held their breaths, for the mother bird was perched on the edge of the nest, and they could see four stretched-up little heads, with mouths wide open for the bug in her bill. For a minute they stood hushed, until the bug dropped into one of the open mouths, and the four heads sank out of sight — then they ran on with a hop-skip because they knew there were little birds in the nest!

After that Mr. Chippy and Mrs. Chippy were kept very busy finding and fetching great numbers of flies and bugs and millers and worms. The pair were on the wing, to and fro, from sunrise to sunset. They hardly had time to chirp.

And the Chippy babies began to grow bigger and plumper very fast. The little pin-feathers in the down that barely covered them began to spread out into feathery feathers like the beautiful ones the father sparrow and the mother sparrow wore. And the birdlings four kept on growing, and growing, until one summer day they measured themselves with the father sparrow and found they were almost as large as he was.

They were so big, in fact, that the nest was very crowded, and

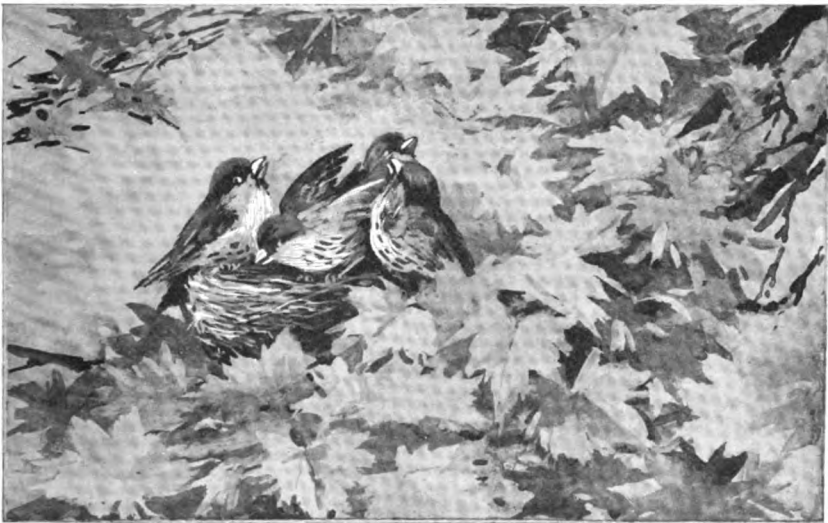
they began to perch on the rim, and to hop from the nest to the small branches of the maple close by.

They were also learning to fly.

And that is how there came to be a story — that is how they came to get a drink in a cunning odd way.

It was a hot day, a very hot day. Not one white cloud sailed across the blue sky. The yellow sunshine flooded all the air. It even pushed boldly in among the maple branches, and through the green leaves, to the very home of the sparrows.

By noon it was too hot to stay in the nest, or even perched



THE NEST WAS VERY CROWDED.

side by side on the rim, so the four panting little birdlings hopped out among the branches. And then they began to be thirsty, very thirsty indeed, and to long and long for a drink of water.

"Oh, I can see down through to the brook," said Twit. "Let's fly down and get a drink."

"But the banks are high," cried Tweet.

"And tall reeds grow all along the edge," said Chip.

"Twit is a goose," called Cheree.

"I wish I were a goose," replied Twit; "my neck would then be long enough to reach the water."

"*Chippity-chip-cheree!*" laughed the others.



THE REED
BEGAN
TO BEND.

But it did look so cool down by the water! And it was so very hot up there in the maple tree!

Twit looked down longingly again and again. Suddenly he fluttered off his perch to the branch below, and from that down to another, and another, and another, until he reached the lowest branch of all. That branch was just over the brook.

Then he flew across to the top of a tall reed.

It was cooler down there in the shade by the water, and Twit clung to the reed, swaying gently back and forth, and singing chirpy bits of song.

After awhile the reed began to bend, and to lean a little out over the brook.

"Oh, ho!" thought Twit, his eyes of a sudden growing big and bright. Then he perked his head and called up to the three in the tree.

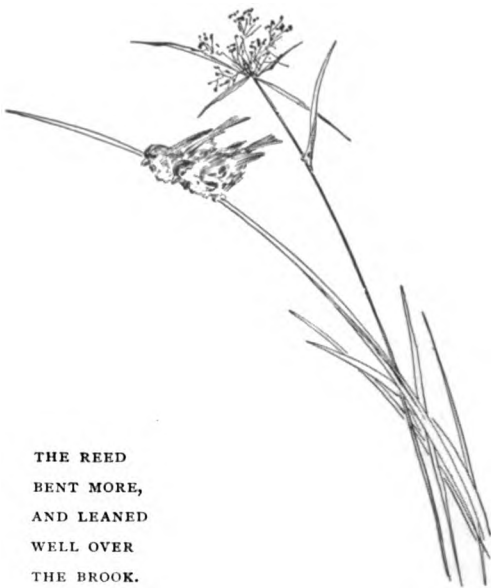
"Hillo, hillo!" he piped. "Come down, and we'll have a drink after all!"

Down fluttered the three young sparrows, Tweet and Chip and Cheree, down to the lowest maple branch.

"How, oh, how?" they asked.

"Why, the reed will bend," answered Twit, swaying out over the water — "don't you see?"

Tweet flew over and perched beside Twit — and the reed



THE REED
BENT MORE,
AND LEANED
WELL OVER
THE BROOK.

bent more, just as Twit had said, and leaned well over the brook.

Chip flew over and perched beside Tweet—and the reed bent lower still.

Then Cheree, seeing how it was, flew over and perched beside them—and the reed bent more and more, bent until the four thirsty birds could almost reach the water.

“Oh, if we were bigger!” said Twit.

“Or heavier!” said Tweet.

THE REED
BENT LOWER
STILL.

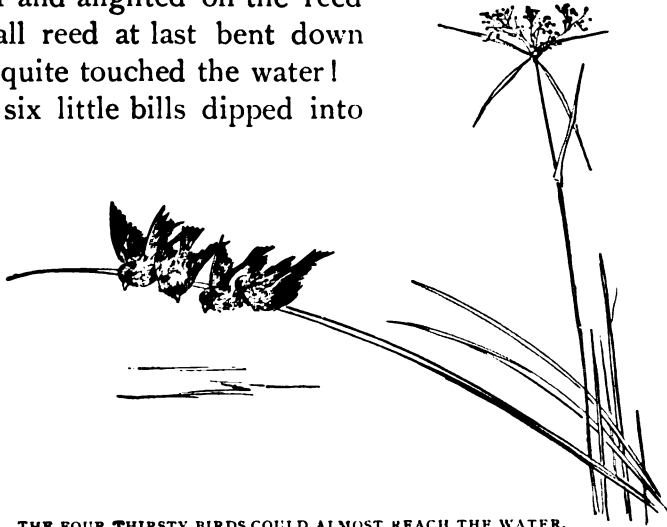
“Oh, if the father bird would come!” said Chip.

“And the mother bird!” said Cheree.

Just then the father sparrow and the mother sparrow did come, and they were hot and thirsty too.

So, when Twit and Tweet and Chip and Cheree cried out all together, “Oh, father, oh, mother, come here!” the parent birds also flew over and alighted on the reed—and the tall reed at last bent down until the tip quite touched the water!

In a wink, six little bills dipped into the brook, and six thirsty sparrows lifted their heads and drank the clear cool water. Then they dipped their bills and



THE FOUR THIRSTY BIRDS COULD ALMOST REACH THE WATER.

lifted their heads and drank again, and again, until they were cooled and refreshed.

After that the little birds, twittering all at once, like so many little children, began to tell the father bird and the mother bird about Twit's happy thought, and how they had one after another adventured out of the home tree. The pleased parent birds chirped their approval—but the busy afternoon was before them, and they could not stay.

When Mr. Chippy and Mrs. Chippy flew off, the Chippy chil-



THEY DRANK AGAIN AND AGAIN.

dren still clung to the bending reed, and, oh, how they twittered and fluttered their wings! Oh, how they chirped and sung, now one, now another, then all together in a praising chorus!

*“ Chip chip cherree ! Chip chee, chip chee !
Chip chippity chee ! Cherree, cherree ! ”*

And that was the way the birdlings four got a drink. That was the way they thanked the Giver.

And the little children, going home from school, heard them, and began to sing too!

Charles Stuart Pratt.

LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE CONDUCTOR ON THE NORTHERN.

THE wag of a little dog's tail and a broken coral bead might not mean much, but Phi made up his mind, as the hot tears dried upon his cheeks, that he would tell his mother all about them. Phi and his mother were great friends. He told to her more than he would have told to anybody in the world.

He had been warned not to tell her anything that would arouse false hopes about Peggy, and he had kept entirely to himself the water-soaked hair ribbon that might drive her to despair. But he felt that he *must* know what she would think about the little dog that seemed so much like Stumpy and about the broken bead picked up where an Indian canoe had stopped.

But as Phi reached his own door Dr. Brooks was coming out with a very serious face.

"Your mother has broken down, Phi," he said. "The strain and grief have been more than she could bear. She must be kept as quiet as possible and you must be a very wise boy and not tell her anything that can agitate her."

Phi swallowed a great choking lump in his throat. His father had gone away to see whether a little girl lost in New York state could possibly be Peggy. There had been a report of a little girl carried off on the steamboat on the day of Peggy's disappearance. Now every lost little girl caused a thrill of hope and, all over the country, people were hired to look into every report.

Had he anything to tell?

He hesitated only a moment after the lump was swallowed.

"I want to tell *you* something, Dr. Brooks, if I can't tell it to mama," he said.

Dr. Brooks put his hand on Phi's shoulder in a fatherly way and told him to jump into his carriage. He was going in haste to visit another patient, but he listened carefully to Phi's story.

"Don't you remember Jo Peebles who used to live in the little red house down by the ferry?" he asked.

Phi could not for a moment remember Jo Peebles or think what he could have to do with finding Stumpy.

"He used to work in your father's ship-yard," the doctor went on. "Now he is a conductor on that northern railway. The Indians will camp in the woods tonight and strike the H — station at seven o'clock tomorrow morning. Jo will be on board. He probably knows Stumpy — the dog was always around the ship-yard — and he knows — Peggy."

Dr. Brooks looked at Phi as he pronounced the name, Peggy, and Phi's heart gave a little leap.

He thought of the little girl whom he had seen lying upon the litter and of the way the little dog licked her hand just as he had seen Stumpy lick Peggy's hand a great many times.

Phi had had a queer fancy that the little girl looked like Peggy. It was such a queer fancy that he had not even mentioned it to Sidney. He was afraid that Sidney would think that the loss of Peggy was making him crazy.

"Of course it is not in the least probable that the old Indian woman is carrying Peggy off with her princess," continued Dr. Brooks. "But Rex's queer behavior and your feeling about the little dog make it seem worth the while to find out something about the Indians who were going off through the woods."

The doctor drove directly to the telegraph office and sent a message to "Mr. Joseph Peebles" at the railroad station of a little town on the Canada line.

"Look out for party of Indians on train. May have Margaret Piper and dog Stumpy."

The telegraphs and telephones, all over the country, had carried Margaret Piper's name every day.

They were beginning, now, to carry Stumpy's name as well.

Phi had stood by and seen many a message sent that brought only a hopeless answer. But his heart still thrilled with hope — even more now than it ever had done before.

Although Sidney had jeered at his fancy, Sidney's father had listened and had thought it worth a telegram!

As they turned away he overheard a girl say to the operator, "I should think they might know by this time that the child is at the bottom of the river!"

But even that did not turn the world dark to Phi today.

He counted the hours until the time when Dr. Brooks thought they might expect to receive a telegram in answer from Jo Peebles.

He longed to whisper through the key-hole of his mother's door :

" I am almost sure I have found Stumpy! And what should Stumpy go away up to the Indian island for but to find Peggy? "

But the doctor had said that he must say not a word until they heard from Jo Peebles.

Phi lay awake that night, as much as nature ever allows a healthy twelve-year-old to do and the next morning he was down at the telegraph office hours before Dr. Brooks had thought they could possibly hear from the conductor.

While Phi was waiting in the office, with his heart sometimes as light as a feather with hope, and sometimes as heavy as lead with fear, Jo Peebles, in the private car that Winne-Lackee had ordered for her party, was trying to get a chance to speak to the little Indian princess and her dog, that was keeping a jealous watch over her.

Old Winne-Lackee had taken this journey to Canada in Jo Peebles' train before and she talked with him now, telling him how ill her little grand-daughter had been and that today she could sit upright for the first time. But when the conductor drew near the little princess, Winne-Lackee waved him off with great dignity.

The little dog, too, barked furiously. Stumpy seemed to have grown used to the Indians, already, but he would let no stranger come near his little mistress.

But Jo Peebles made another effort to see the little princess. He carried a tid-bit from the dining-room car to Stumpy and a great orange to the princess. This seemed to convince Winne-Lackee, as well as Stumpy, of his good-will.

Perhaps the old squaw was careless, because in all the outcry about little lost Margaret Piper no one had suspected *her*. No one had even observed her upon the river on the day when Peggy was lost.

Perhaps, too, she was a little drowsy from the pipe that she had smoked with Dr. Sockabesin, after the fine dinner that had been served to them in their own car.

Anyway, she let the conductor carry the dainties to Peggy and Stumpy at the farther end of the car. And Stumpy wagged his tail when the conductor patted his head and Peggy looked shyly up into the face of the only white person who had spoken to her since she had awakened from what seemed a strange and troubled dream.

Peggy could sit up on a sofa today, and she looked with a half-smile into the conductor's face as he bent over her.

She was wrapped in a blanket but it was not an Indian blanket; it was a silk one that had been made in Venice. She wore half a dozen strings of beads around her neck but they were of amber, of amethyst, of carnelian and gold mixed together, bead for bead, and of silver filigree. There was no little coral necklace from which a bead had been broken! A coral necklace was not good enough for little Princess Wisla.

Jo Peebles looked her over, from her dark, dark face to the bead-embroidered moccasins upon her feet. He said to himself that she looked like a thorough little Indian.

"I used to know a little dog just like this one," he said, patting Stumpy's head. "His name was Stumpy, too. It was in a ship-yard in Pollywhoppet that I saw him."

The color leaped into Peggy's face at the sound of that name. But it showed only very faintly under the pokeberry stain.

"Pollywhoppet!" she repeated as if the name were very queer and difficult. "Pollywhop-pet!"

It stirred her sleeping memory but it did not thrill her heart as the name of her brother had done.

"Wisla not know Pol-ly-whop-pet," she said slowly. "Wisla know only names of her own people."

Already she showed a slight trace of the Indian accent. Winne-Lackee and Minnehaha had talked to her a great deal and her tongue, that seemed slow and halting, tried to imitate them. Peggy had always been quick to learn and she was now learning very quickly to be a little Indian!



PEGGY LOOKED WITH A HALF-SMILE AT THE CONDUCTOR.

They had reached a station and conductor Peebles hurried to telegraph to Dr. Brooks at Pollywhoppet.

Peggy dropped her head upon Stumpy's rough coat with a sudden burst of tears.

"Oh, Stumpy, there is something that I have lost and can't help longing for! Shall I ever remember what it is?" she sobbed.

Old Winne-Lackee scowled when she came back to Peggy's sofa and saw the tears.

"What that man say?" she demanded angrily.

Peggy answered slowly trying to swallow a lump in her throat :

"He said something that make Wisla think of — of something she dreamed once, a great place by a river — grassy first and then heaps of soft, soft something that girls and boys played in — not Indian boys and girls like Wisla. And we went up and down in the sunshine. And there was a house different from ours on the island and, and people — not any kinder maybe than you" — something like distress in the old squaw's face made Peggy say that — "but different. And, oh, I long for them so! There is an ache in here all the time" — Peggy laid her thin little pokeberry-stained hand on her heart — "because I can't remember — can't dream the dream or get back into that world again!"

Old Winne-Lackee's face twitched suddenly as if to cry.

She could bear the fear of being followed and put into prison, even the pang, sharp sometimes, that came at the thought of Peggy's mother's suffering — old Winne-Lackee had been a mother herself — but the pang she could *not* bear was the fear that Peggy would never love her.

It was queer, but what the old squaw longed for most of anything in the world was a child's love.

She bent over Peggy with tears upon her withered face long after the child had cried herself to sleep.

"Pol-ly-whoppet!" murmured poor little Peggy, wistfully, in her sleep.

(To be continued.)

Sophie Swett.



THE HERALD COCK.

THE Cock with joy, the world to warn,
Proclaims that comes the happy morn,
And passing is the night forlorn ;
And every little child in bed
Wakes up and lifts its sleepy head,
To hear what this good Cock hath said !

M. J. H.

TWINKLES.

THE grass-blades twinkle on the lea,
The leaves they twinkle on the tree,
The stars they twinkle in the blue,
The waves within the river too—
All nature wears a twinkle-smile,
So pleased and happy all the while !

H.



A JUNE ROSE.

NED LONGLEY'S NOTE-BOOK.

XVIII. — ABOUT JAPANESE LITTLE FOLKS.

“ I DON'T know what father thought when little Japan turned at last upon big Russia and fought her for encroaching upon Korea, the small country Japan was protecting, and for not answering government letters when asked civil questions ; but when Noll and I got our maps and looked at the size of the two countries we laughed and said little Japan must have been crazy ! ”

(260)

That was what Ned Longley set down in his note-book one day after the taking of Port Arthur. He and Noll had been counting up the splendid Japanese victories, which had made "spots of glory" all over the maps which had had but simple names of places before.

"Father helped us trace the places of battle and the lines-of-march," wrote Ned the morning after this talk. "And then we thought it was strange why we had n't known even the names of Togo and Oyama before this war, and nothing at all about the Japanese Emperor whom his subjects think is such a sacred person.

"We said we wondered how the Japanese children were trained at school. Father told us that was something to look into, and then he asked us what we *did* know about the Japanese school-children. Noll and I ransacked our minds to see what we did know, and I wrote it down here this morning, and it is a funny lot of things. We think there must be something about the training of the Japanese little folks — things we never have heard of yet — to account for the kind of men they all seem to become; and Noll and I mean to search into the matter.

"In Japan all things seem to be different from ours. Their books have lines up and down the pages instead of across, and little pictures, called 'characters,' in place of letters. The Japanese have two alphabets; one has forty-seven characters; the other a great, great many; and a Japanese man can't be learned until he knows thousands of these. The girls have to learn the easy alphabet; but the boys both.

"The school-rooms are awfully funny — no platform for the teacher, no desks, no seats. The teacher sits on a mat with a little stand about half a foot high beside him, and the children all sit around him on the floor, and learn, and study.

"The Japanese don't think so very much of arithmetic as we do; but they think a great deal of 'language.' They don't use pens; in school the children mix India ink with water, and take their brushes and paint the characters on paper. And the master teaches them how to write letters, just as we have themes to write. First, they must say something very fine about the

weather — I don't see how they can when it's bad! Then they must call the persons they are writing to 'learned' and 'great' and 'honorable' and all kinds of good names — what we should call 'taffy' — and they must call themselves very humble and of no account. Then for other lessons, they learn proverbs telling them how to treat their parents and be kind to all animals. I don't know what else; but everything they learn must be right training, because the whole multitude of the 'little brown men,' as the papers call the Japs, are so keen and swift and victorious, and so kind even to their foes. They escort their prisoners out of the country in the most polite manner, and they send the officers the most delicious food to eat — chickens and things.

"Sometimes the children play games for kites; and even in this they show how they have been trained in politeness. The boy who loses his kite makes a bow and hands it over to the other fellow with a smile, just as if he were glad to do it. Japanese kites are a great deal bigger and handsomer than ours, and I *know* there is n't a boy in the world who would want to smile when he loses one! And I've read that the Jap children never strike one another; and if one breaks or spoils something belonging to another fellow, he is awfully sorry and says so.

"I forgot to say that the Japanese children don't often need to be punished in school, and I should n't think they would. For, instead of keeping them after school, or whipping them, the teacher sticks a plaster on their hand that burns like fire. That shows the Japanese are trained to be heroes when little.

"And then Father told us something which shows more of the training the Japs must have been getting — probably for centuries. He says he has heard that the rule in the Japanese armies is that if a general or any officer is killed or wounded in battle so that he has to drop out, the officer next below in rank takes his place; if *he* is killed, the next one takes *his* place; and if *he* is killed, the next one, all the way down to the last man in the regiment. I should think an army of such men *could* make all kinds of 'turning movements,' as the papers say, and so beat the poor Russians."

Frances Campbell Sparhawk.



JUST because this is a true story you must know that it is ever so much more interesting than some tale that never happened.

Most people at the time we knew her called her the Parlor Hen ; her other name was a very curious one — Pertelote, a name the people in Bloomsbury had never heard before. Her father's name was Chauntecleer. In vain Miss Amanda explained that hundreds of years ago a poet had told about a hen and a cock called Pertelote and Chauntecleer. The people in Bloomsbury did not care for what poets had said hundreds of years ago, so this chicken finally went by the name of the Parlor Hen.

The Parlor Hen had early become an orphan ; her mother had died while Pertelote was still a downy little chick, all yellow. Chickens are not as fond of their brothers and sisters as children are, so that Pertelote did not have the satisfaction of ever knowing which ones they were.

As little Pertelote had no natural protector, Miss Amanda fed and tended her. She was allowed to come and go, and to do very much as she pleased ; and she was such a dainty brown leg-horn that she became the pet of Miss Amanda and Miss Amanda's father, the Deacon. She would walk into the kitchen with a "*cl-u-ck, cl-u-ck, cluk, cluk*," and go up to Miss Amanda, which may have meant nothing at all ; but Miss Amanda took it to mean "*cru-m-bs, cru-m-bs*," so she would always put a few in a pie plate upon the floor. Then Pertelote would walk out upon the back piazza and cock her head to one side and eye the Deacon. Occasionally she would draw up one foot and blink,

as if the sight of this reverend man filled her with admiration; and the Deacon frequently would remark that he thought that chicken was uncommonly clever. In fact, Pertelote was so much at home in the house that she would enter and occupy the parlor whenever she chose, and Miss Amanda often found the little hen in there reposing on the pillow on the horse-hair sofa.

But when winter came Pertelote was sent to the hen house to



AMANDA BELIEVED THE LITTLE HEN SAID, "CRU-M-BS! CRU-M-BS!"

stay with the other chickens. Miss Amanda and the Deacon missed her very much, but to have a chicken in the kitchen in winter-time was out of the question.

But what do you think happened in the spring? When the chickens were let out again Pertelote came directly back to the house. In May she began to lay eggs. And where do you think Miss Amanda found Pertelote's first egg? On the horse-hair sofa in the parlor! Miss Amanda was horrified—a hen laying eggs on her parlor sofa—the idea!

When the spring planting was over, Miss Amanda went away on a visit for a few days. Her last injunction to her father was, "See that you keep that hen out of the parlor!"

Several times the Deacon eyed Pertelote severely as he came upon her strutting around on the piazzas. And every day he looked carefully into the parlor where all was dusk and quiet. So far as he could see, Pertelote was invariably in the kitchen or on the piazzas.

When Miss Amanda came home her first question was, "Father, has the hen been laying in the parlor any?" "I ain't seen her," replied the Deacon. Miss Amanda felt much relieved as she untied the strings of her bonnet. She bustled over the house putting things into order; she pared some potatoes for supper, put on codfish to boil, mixed up soda biscuit, and then went into the cool dark parlor to rest. She peered around for a second or two and was just about to sit down on the horse-hair sofa when, with a "*Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck!*" and a shrill cackle and a great beating of wings, Pertelote flew up.

"Well!" ejaculated Miss Amanda, "if here aren't six eggs on the sofa pillow! I s'pose Pertelote calculated to set here on the sofa. Father!" she called.

The Deacon was crestfallen when Miss Amanda

pointed out to him that for every day of her absence Pertelote had gone into the the parlor and laid an egg on the sofa!

The warm eggs were taken promptly out to a shed adjoining the house and there put in a box filled with hay. Then the



THEN SHE WOULD BLINK AT THE DEACON.

Deacon carefully placed Pertelote down upon the eggs.

But during supper Pertelote walked into the kitchen. "Cluck, cluck, cluck," she called to Miss Amanda. "You'll get no c r u m b s — you're going right back on to your nest," said Miss Amanda firmly, picking her up.



PERTELOTE WAS ALWAYS AFTERWARD KNOWN AS
THE PARLOR HEN.

All the next day both Miss Amanda and the Deacon labored to keep Pertelote on her nest. She would not stay in the box, but wandered every other half hour into the house.

A little brood of pretty Pertelote's chickens would be valuable. And by evening Miss Amanda had made up her mind to a compromise. Pertelote should not set on the sofa pillow, but the box might be brought into the parlor.

"Caw-w-w, caw-w-w!" sang Pertelote cheerfully as she was carried by the

Deacon from the warm shed to the cool dark parlor. Two or three times she flew up on the sofa, standing on that eminence to eye the box on the floor. But at last with apparent content she settled down into the straw.

That evening Miss Amanda said to her father, "I'd hate to have folks know we were hatching chickens in our parlor."

"'T is a bit out of the ordinary," replied the Deacon, with a twinkle in his eye, "but women and hens always have had their own way."

And there in Miss Amanda's cherished parlor ten little downy chicks were hatched, and ten little downy chicks strutted

through the parlor and out upon the piazza and so into the yard after their anxious clucking mama, Madame Pertelote. But they had scarcely time to get the shells off their backs before Miss Amanda closed and locked the parlor door, exclaiming, "It's the *last* time chickens are hatched in *my* parlor! I *trust* no one will ever hear of this!"

But for some reason Pertelote was always afterwards known in Bloomsbury as the Parlor Hen!

Jeannette A. Marks.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

(VIII.—*Nature-Study Questions about the House-Fly.*)

- I. How many wings, and how many legs, has the house-fly?
- II. Which way do the house-fly's feet point?
- III. How does the house-fly climb up a window-pane or walk back-downward along the ceiling?
- IV. Why does the house-fly rub its feet together when it lights on a table-cloth, and at other times?
- V. How many eyes has the house-fly, and in what direction does it see?

C. Q. Wright, U. S. Navy.







MY DOLLY.







I WISH my Dolly could grow up
 And be a Woman Doll;
 I wish that she could learn to talk,
 If only like "poor Poll"!
 But Dolls, you know, they never change,
 Except to older grow;
 No Dolly ever does improve—
 They *can't*, of course, we know.




M. J. H.






DEAR LITTLE SHEILA




(VII)




The next morning  and  were up and out on Aunt Nell's  before , so glad to be out in the , and to see the  in

the grass! "They don't have  and  on the , do they, ?" said Molly. "Don't have nothing but old !" said Tommy---and then suddenly he grabbed his sister's .




"That  we heard on the  is round here!" he cried. "I hear him, I do!" Molly would have laughed, but she too had heard something. She looked a bit scared. "I heard Sheila somewhere!" she said. Just then  and a





 came out on the , and both the  cried out, "It is our !" and ran to meet him. 



"And he wants you to go out to the  with him," said . "Is  out there?" whispered Molly. "What a funny question!" said




Aunt Nell.  looked afraid, but the sailor drew him along---and it was just as Molly had guessed! Sheila, dear little , was in the , and she






reached out her pretty  to kiss  when she came in. And in the next stall stood another Shetland , and the stranger put out his nose and

smelled of  when the  drew the little boy up close and said, "See! This is your , your own little horse, and he likes you, Tommy! Now you are all right!" "He is 's present to Tommy!" guessed Molly. "And Sheila is papa's

present to me, and they came right on the same  with us, and we never knew they were our own  at all!" "Your

 is a great joker, isn't he?" laughed Aunt Nell. "And it was my pony I heard down cellar on the  at my birthday !" said Tommy.



"And do you belong to us, too?"  asked the  "Yes," said he, "I go with the !"



A MUSICALE.

WE are making some beautiful music,
Just me and my dear little skye —
Way down by the spring
We play and we sing,
My little dog Tatters and I.

Katharine Hamilton.

AN INDIAN LEGEND OF CREATION.

I.

THE Great Spirit made the World of land and water. He smoothed out the wide prairies, and carved lofty mountains which he covered with flowers and forests.

He filled the seas and rivers with fish, and made beasts of many kinds to roam over the land.

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He commanded that the mighty Sun God should send heat and light by day.

He caused the Pale Moon Goddess and her children, the Stars, to soften the darkness by night.

One thing only was wanting.

II.

So the Great Spirit took some clay, and moulded it into the shape of a man.

He placed it in the sun to bake.

The Great Spirit left it for many days.

When he returned it was burned black!

"It is not good," said the Great Spirit, and he cast it aside.

This was the Black Man.

III.

Again the Great Spirit took some clay.

He moulded it into the shape of a man.

He placed it in the sun to bake.

He watched it very carefully, but removed it from the heat too soon.

"It is not good," said the Great Spirit, and he cast it aside.

This was the White Man.

IV.

Still again the Great Spirit took some clay.

He moulded it into the shape of a man.

He placed it in the sun to bake.

This time it did not bake too long.

This time it was not removed too soon.

It was as the Great Spirit had planned, and he was satisfied.

"It is good," said the Great Spirit. "For this man have I made the plains and the mountains.

They shall belong to him forever."

This was the Red Man.

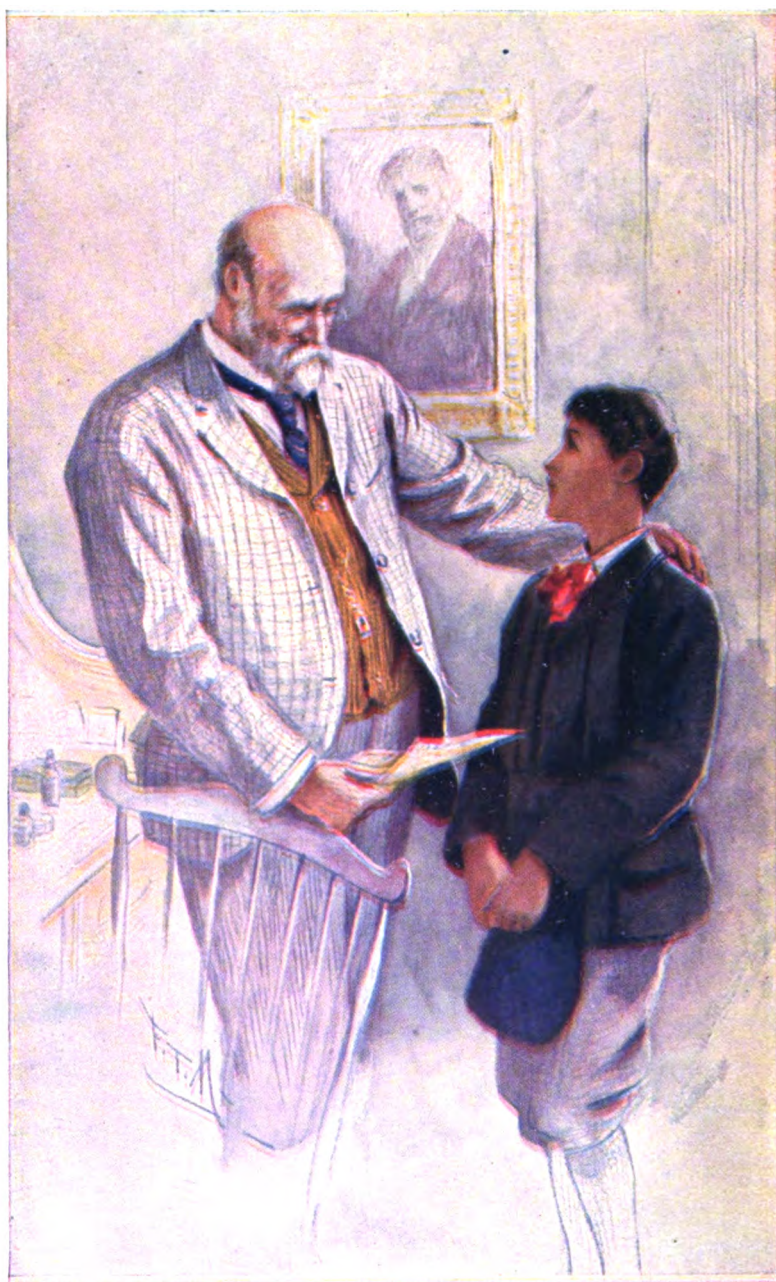
A. Gray.



MARJORIE AND MAJOR.

NOW Marjorie is trim and sweet,
And also very, very neat;
Major, her doggie wee— well, *he*
Is *not* as neat as he might be,
For he is running every day
About the dusty street at play.
So Marjorie an apron keeps
For doggie Major when he sleeps;
And when he wants to take a nap,
Curled snugly up in Marjorie's lap,
He shakes himself, and rubs his nose,
And off for his "sleeping-apron" goes!
Now, don't you think some day he'll be
Almost as neat as Marjorie?

Isla May Mullins.



"FID, A GREAT DEAL DEPENDS UPON YOU NOW!"

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. VIII.

JULY, 1905.

No. 9.

THE MONEY JOE BURNED.

IT was the evening of the second of July, and the moon was looking into the chamber-window of a small farmhouse. Inside the window sat Joe Baring, counting his money with no light but the moon. It was mostly silver money and nickels, and he could count it by size and feel. He did n't look exactly like a miser, yet his brown eyes did have a remarkable sparkle of satisfaction in them.

He did n't handle his money exactly like a boy of eleven either; very carefully he placed his two-dollar bill and his three silver fifties in a pile and on top two quarters, and then he smiled as he said, "That's four dollars sure!"

Then he made two tall piles of dimes and two very tall piles of nickels. "Also four dollars!" said he.

And then there was left a little heap composed of a quarter and two dimes and eighteen pennies.

"Eight dollars and sixty-three cents to spend for the Fourth?" Joe whispered softly, with a rising inflection.

"I guess not!" he answered himself.

The year before to a day, Joe's father had given him thirty-five cents. "Joe," he had said, "this is all I can let you have, for times are hard, and I can't spare money to burn up, even to celebrate Independence Day."

And Joe had said, "Thank you sir," and taken the thirty-five cents and made it go as far as he could in the way of noise.

But Joe was a thoughtful young lad, and afterward he had considered what his father had said, and asked himself why his father should furnish money for his celebration when he himself was almost eleven years old.

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"Now we'll see about my 'money to burn,'" he said one day when the berry season came on.

Joe had always picked quarts and quarts for his mother to can. One morning he asked her if he might pick all one day and have the berries to take to town three miles away, and sell for himself; and he told her about the fireworks and what his father had said.

His mother thought it only right that he should have one day to earn money for himself; and he earned just a dollar that day.

"That's to burn!" he said.

Nobody can ever tell how much good that dollar did little Joe Baring, as it lay in his pocket.

The next day was a rainy day, and he made himself a box with a slit in the top big enough to let a fifty-cent piece slip through. The two pieces had a good jingle every time they touched.

Joe began to watch for other ways of earning money.

One day in August a neighbor said she wished she had some thoroughwort to make some syrup. Joe started for the cows earlier that night, and he brought home a fine lot of thoroughwort, and the neighbor gave him a quarter-dollar.

When the frosts came Joe took a trip to town with shag-barks which brought him a crisp two-dollar bill.

The week before Thanksgiving Joe was busy helping his father get the turkeys ready for market twenty miles away; and one day, about the tenth time that Joe looked wistfully up at him, his father said, "Well, son, what is it you want?"

Joe answered at once. "Father, shall you write to the man who buys the turkeys?"

"Yes, I always do," Mr. Baring said.

"Well, then," said Joe, drawing nearer, "perhaps you don't know it, but the real evergreen that they sell in the city at Christmas grows in our woods behind the berry pasture, and I want you to ask that man if he will buy some of me."

His father looked at him curiously. Finally he said, "It would take a good many hours of your play-time to get it, for these city men want only the best."

"That's all right," said Joe.

"All right then," said Mr. Baring.

The merchant, who was always satisfied with articles sent from that farm, promised to take all the evergreen Joe could send him.

Joe almost repented, for he worked so hard that his back ached and his hands were very sore; but when the check for five dollars came he felt well-paid.

Some way it seemed different from his silver and his nickels, even from his bills; *they* were just "change."

"This looks an amount to 'burn up'!" Joe said to himself. "As I can earn so much I ought to have a bank-account!"

It is possible that his mother's remark at the tea-table, that the Greenville bank was paying four and one-half per cent. interest on deposits called his young attention to the value of banks.

The next morning he followed his father to the sleigh and asked him to take the check and his two-dollar bill to town and put them into the bank for him.

Mr. Baring told him to put on his best suit and come with him to deposit the money and get his bank-book himself; and he looked after Joe with pride as he ran back into the house.



JOE WON'T FORGET THAT NIGHT SOON.

There was no happier boy of eleven than Joe that night when he followed his mother into the pantry and showed her his bank-book with seven dollars to his credit — and even his wooden bank, where his money “collected” in “little dribblets” seemed more important than before.

“I’m glad I’ve taken care that I shan’t burn *all* my money up!” he said.

Joe had now got the habit of looking around him for money to earn.

The next thing he did was to take a stroll up over the hill pasture where he often went for checkerberries in the spring. The snow had kept them from the birds, and when the spring thaw came he picked and sent enough to his father’s city consignee to bring him sixty-five cents.

Soon it was known that little Joe Baring stood ready to “do things,” especially when the muddy country roads of spring weather made it disagreeable for the women of the neighborhood to walk to the village and many a dime found its way to his pockets.

Joe was thinking of all these things as he was counting his money in the moonlight the evening of the second of July and remembering all the stone-pickings and the strawberry-pickings and the weed-pullings which had gone to make up the small heaps and piles.

He wished he had n’t been so careless and killed a neighbor’s hen with his sling, for that cost him fifty cents! “But it was only honest to tell him and make him take his pay!” said Joe.

After placing his “piles” in various different ways he found he had five dollars to put back in his wooden bank even after putting three dollars and sixty-three cents into his pocket to spend for the Fourth.

“Three dollars and some cents is enough to burn!” he said “I’ll deposit that five with my other deposits.”

On the third of July he went to town and returned with several packages and an invitation to spend that night with his Cousin Will.

Joe’s father had n’t forgotten what the night before the Fourth

means to a boy, and Joe was soon on his way back carrying all his packages.

He won't forget that night soon ; for he saw, for the first time, a huge pyramid of barrels built up twenty barrels high, lighted and casting a glow over the faces of two thousand people. Horns tooted, drums beat, bells rang, fire crackers and torpedoes exploded continuously, cannon roared and flags waved, and the whole sky was lit with fireworks, and every boy joined in the noise and made all he could.

When he went to bed at two o'clock at his uncle's, Joe Baring felt that he had done what he could for his country that night ; and with it all was a feeling of satisfaction because he had burned up his own instead of his father's money, to do it.

Ella C. Ball.

LUCKY.

T*INK-a-tink-a-tink !*
This is what I fink :

I'm a *lucky* darky chile,
 Feel like singin' all de while —
 I've a norrange, an' a pine, sah,
 An' they bofe o' them are mine, sah !

(*Tink-a-tink-a-tink,*
Dink-a-dink-a-dink !)

An' a melon, an' a mango,
 An' a little dinky banjo!
 Feel like singin' all de while,
 Such a *lucky* darky chile:

That is what I fink —
Tink-a-tink-a-tink !

C. S. P.





FATHER CLASPED HIS HANDS AROUND THE LAMB'S BODY.

MUD'S PECULIARITY.

THE TRUE STORY OF A FAMOUS EDITOR'S PET.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

MUD was a lamb. Its companion lamb had no name — there seemed to be nothing distinctive about that little animal calling for a name. It was just "The Lamb and Mud," or "How's your Lamb—and Mud?" when a visiting neighbor would refer to my pets, inquiring as to their welfare.

I dearly loved my two lambs, and no ten-year-old farmer-boy could have more carefully cared for them, or fed them more faithfully from the time when they were given to me by my father one early spring. I recall the very day. Those days stand out distinctly in memory — the day when the Lamb was given to me and the day when I acquired Mud, about three weeks later.

Mud had no name then — but he soon made a name for himself, and fame, too. Mud was much the smaller, but he was the more active of the two lambs. He could take the milk from the pint bottle through the rubber nipple in just two and three-fourths minutes, while the Lamb required four and one-half.

(280)

That's what Fred, the "hired man," said one day, when I was telling him that the little lamb could beat the big one in taking a pint of milk. Fred held his watch and timed them.

Now the older one was big-framed, tall, lank, and rather ungainly—a young lamb on sheep's legs. Those legs always seemed to me a misfit, far too old for him, or perhaps more as if they had been hewed out in the woodshed and driven in, one on each corner of the lamb. But the smaller one was trim, well-built as a lamb ought to be, but in 999 cases out of 1,000 is n't. The little lamb was refined, supple and graceful in every motion. The legs were not all of a size, and the joints seemed made to allow the leg to bend, which was n't true of the larger lamb. I recall how gracefully the little legs tapered down to the little black hoofs. The ears were thin and delicate, and best of all, the wool was really wooly—soft and curly, not hairily goat-like, as was the coat of the larger lamb.

The Lamb would take the milk out of the bottle leisurely, with an occasional bunt, and a wiggle of the tail, and frequent stoppings to let the air go through the rubber nipple and bubble up through the milk as it was drawn out.

But with the smaller lamb it was decidedly different. That lamb "fed all over." Head, neck, tail, body, legs—even the ears were in action. And there was a "let up" on the milk, for bubbles to rush up through, only about twice for the entire bottle. I used to think it was fun to feed the little fellow. His activity would make one laugh, and tempt one strongly at many a feeding-time, to give more than the regular allowance. Oh, what an active, curly, roly-poly little lamb he was!

"See him feed! Is n't he a nice little lamb!" I exclaimed to my father one day, as he was going through the barn.

Father stopped a moment, and clasped his hands around the lamb's body until his fore-fingers and thumbs touched. "Yes, he's growing—getting to be just as fat as mud!"

I never knew before why mud is so often regarded by country folk as a synonym of fatness, but I understood it from that moment, and the comparison seemed very appropriate. The lamb, like a lump of mud, was soft and pliable, with no sharp corners

nor stick-like legs as with the larger lamb. "Fat as mud!" He deserved the name, and "Mud" it was ever afterward.

About three months later, when both lambs had grown quite large — but the larger lamb as ungainly as ever — and Mud was fatter than ever — I had an idea.

It's a wonder that this idea had n't occurred to me before.

There was my wagon, made that spring, with solid wheels, cut from plank, a firm body, and regular split neap — all solid and strong — built like larger wagons, for business. For the farmer



THEN MUD SEEMED TO GO CRAZY ALL AT ONCE!

boy (at least, it was so in those days) gets a wagon made, not because he wants to play with it, but because he can draw wood from the wood-pile to the kitchen — apples from the orchard to the house — pumpkins from the cornfield to the barn, etc. Hence the wagon is strong and serviceable. You don't break it easily. This was especially fortunate in my case.

Now this was the idea.

There were the lambs, and the wagon, and there was plenty of rope and parts of harness scattered about in the barn. Why not have a lamb-team, and do business, as the men did with Tige and Mage, the oxen?

So I drew the wagon to the barn, and loaded in a liberal sup-

ply of short pieces of ropes, heavy strings and straps. The lambs followed me. They little suspected the "fun" in store for them. I did n't foresee it all, myself!

We went around back of the barn, and down into the orchard. I did n't want to be disturbed, or called away just then, by the folks at the house, to do any chores. There was more important business on hand. I laid the rope and straps out on the ground under the apple-tree and fashioned a harness, as only a Yankee boy could do it. The Lamb stood very well, only trying now and then to suck one of my fingers when I fitted the bridle, and getting hold of one of my ears when I reached forward to fasten the traces to the improvised whiffle-tree. All was proceeding admirably with the Lamb; I was having as little trouble as if I had harnessed a wooden saw-horse. But I little dreamed of the pent-up possibilities of Mud.

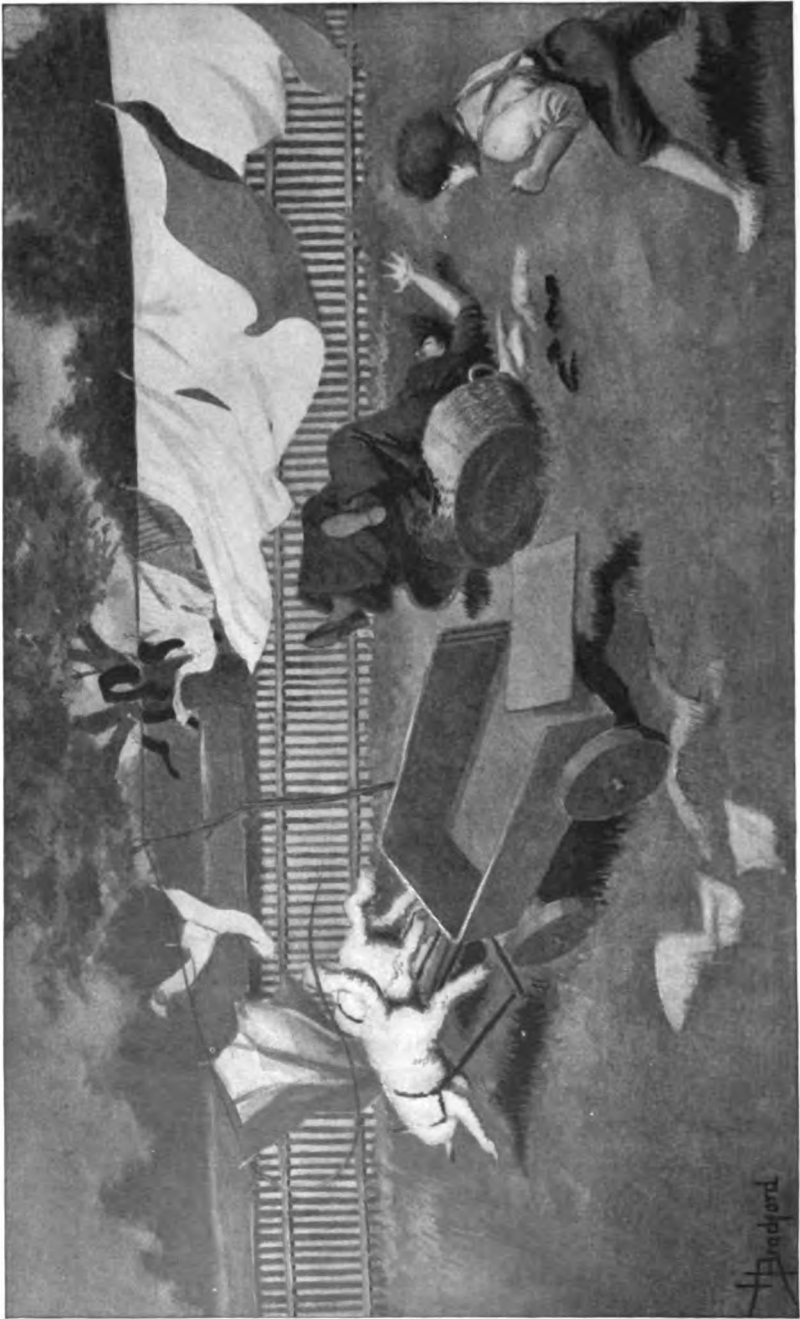
Mud was peculiar in many ways, I knew; and somehow I felt that if there were to be trouble, it would begin with Mud. But Mud's great peculiarity I was yet to learn.

"Come here, Mud! Mud, I say, come here! HERE, I say! Here, now, nice little lamb—come and have some milk!" I gently persuaded.

All went fairly well till I attempted to fasten a rope around the body as a girth to hold the traces. Then Mud jumped—in fact, he seemed to go crazy all at once. I struggled, I coaxed, I petted, but that lamb would jump up, down, and forward, backward, sideways, diagonally, at least the thirty-two points of the compass.

By this time the Lamb was also getting excited—something I did n't suppose was possible. In spite of all my efforts, the team would n't "whoa" or "stand still now!" The two lambs broke away from my hold, and went, wagon and all, straight for the house, and I followed on a run.

Around the end of the house and through the front yard they went "a-tearing"—literally, in this case—through the clothes that Lib was hanging on the line, for it was washing day. They did n't even stop for Lib, or give her time to get out of the way. They wanted the path exactly where she stood, and they got it,



THEY DIDN'T EVEN GIVE LIB TIME TO GET OUT OF THE WAY!

as she went backward over the clothes-basket. The wagon bounded, the mud flew from the wheels, the Lamb went down, entangled in a sheet that nearly touched the ground, and Mud dragged them all under the wagon, till the wheels brought up a few feet farther on against the gate-post. Then Mud turned a complete somersault, and lay panting on his back in the well-trodden path, wet from a rain the previous night — never so true to his name, all Mud!

Let me pass over this phase of the "discovery." You would have wanted to pass over it, when Grandfather, Aunt Mary, and Lib gathered around.

What Grandfather said when he looked at the harness straps, what Aunt Mary and Lib said when they looked at the clothes (for the line gave way when the sheet was pulled down), what father said when he returned from the village and they told him about it, what I thought and what was done to me — well, I can't bear to tell all that was said and done; it would n't look well in print, and, besides, you children would make fun of me, if you knew all!

(To be concluded.)

Edward F. Bigelow.

THE MINUTES.

O THE little minutes — O the minutes, every one,
Are the tiny steps that I go climbing with the sun;
Up the stairways of the day, we glancing, dancing, go,
And I'm happy climbing with the little minutes, O.

O the little minutes — but they're big enough to find —
Step by step I climb them, till I leave a day behind.
They're the easy steps upon the stairways of the day,
Guiding, leading, through the lovely golden Lands of Play.

Frank Walcott Hunt.



FROM THE SEED THAT HAD
BEEN A GLOVE-BUTTON.

SOME KID-GLOVE FLOWERS



AUNT LOUISE had opened the great blue sea-chest in the garret. Namesake Louise stood beside her in almost speechless interest, for that chest was packed with old-fashioned clothes. Aunt Louise was after an India muslin which she had worn when she was a young woman and which was now to be cut over into a frock for Namesake.

In her search Aunt Louise lifted out the quaintest gowns and held them up that Louise might see the short waists and long skirts. She showed Louise also the sleeves to be buttoned on when one went out of doors — muslin for summer and heavier ones for winter. Almost at the bottom of the chest she found the India muslin.

"See the little kid gloves!" cried Louise, spying them in the corner of the chest.

Aunt Louise laughed. "Take them down stairs and ask Grandmother about them," she advised.

So Louise showed the shabby little gloves to Grandmother and asked whose they were and why they had been so carefully saved.

"Dear me," said Grandmother, "these were the first pair of kid gloves I ever owned! They cost three dollars and I earned the money myself, penny by penny, picking berries and sewing sheets and knitting stockings and doing odd jobs. It took me over a year to save enough money."

Louise looked at the venerable gloves with respect.

"What funny buttons," she said. "They are pieces of kid stretched over something round. I wonder what!"

Grandmother cut the kid covering of one button with her scissors.

"Why, they are seeds!" cried Louise. Sure enough, each button was a kid-covered seed.

Grandmother suggested that Louise plant one and see what kind of a plant would grow. So little Louise planted in a flower-pot the seed that had been a dainty glove-button for more than fifty years.

After a few days a green shoot appeared. Grandmother soon guessed what kind of flowers the plant would bear, but she



LOUISE BROUGHT HER A BUNCH OF FLOWERS FROM THE CURIOUS GLOVE-BUTTON GRAND-MOTHER HAD WORN SO MANY YEARS BEFORE.

would not tell. The little shoot lengthened out into a vine which grew high on the trellis Aunt Louise arranged, and one morning it bore a pink-and-white sweet-pea blossom.

When Grandmother's birthday came, a few weeks later, what do you think Louise gave her?

A little bunch of the sweet peas that grew from the curious glove-button Grandmother had worn so many, many years before.

Mary Alden Hopkins.



THE FIRST MORNING AT THE BEACH.

LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

CHAPTER IX.—BETTY BROOKS LENDS A HAND.

"TICK-TICK — click-click" went the machine in the telegraph office, until Phi, who had been waiting, waiting, since early morning, felt as if it were ticking and clicking in his head. Half the men in Pollywhoppet seemed to be having telegrams that morning but no answer came from Jo Peebles to Dr. Brooks.

At last, late in the afternoon, the operator, who was interested in the search for Peggy — as, indeed, who in Pollywhoppet was not? — called to Phi and read him the message just as she had ticked it off.

"Dog common cur belonging to Indian girl. No white child. Nothing suspicious."

Old Winne-Lackee had done her work well with the pokeberry ink, with the Indian way of combing Peggy's straight black hair and with her Indian dress.

And Peggy's loss of memory, together with her quickness in

learning the Indian speech and all the Indian ways, had made the old Squaw's success complete.

Only a fortnight had passed since Peggy had dropped out of her own world — and, already she looked to Jo Peebles like “a thorough little Indian!”

Poor Phi! When he read that message his heart sank low indeed.

He went out of the office without a word. He heard the telegraph operator say before he closed the door, “Poor little Peggy was drowned in the river. They might as well give up the search!”

And he knew that the throng of people in the telegraph office, which was the post-office as well, were all nodding their heads in sad agreement with the operator that Peggy was drowned.

When he handed the telegram to Dr. Brooks the strong man's lip trembled.

“I had not much hope, Phi, my boy,” he said huskily, when he had read it. “The old times when Indians made captives of white children are gone by. Those Indians on the island would not be likely to kidnap a child. Such things are done for money, nowadays. The rich old Squaw who rules up there on the island has no need of money and I don't believe she would allow such a thing if she had. I set a broken arm for her once and I found that there was something really human about her. No, no, Phi! She has only her own little granddaughter with her and the granddaughter's dog. As for Stumpy he probably fell off a raft into the river and was drowned. He was always getting upon the rafts you know, and especially since — since Peggy went.”

“I — I guess I know the wag of Stumpy's tail!” insisted Phi hoarsely, because he wanted to cry. “And I guess Rex has too many dog-brains to make a fool of himself!”

Phi broke down after that out-burst. He felt heart-broken now and scarcely cared who saw him cry.

Dr. Brooks put his arm around the boy's shoulder. “Phi, a great deal depends upon you, now!” he said gravely. “Your father is going to take your mother to Europe and you will be

the man of the family while he is gone. You know how this trouble has broken your grandfather down. Even he will lean upon you!"

"Going to Europe?—now, with Peggy gone?" gasped Phi.

"A report has come of a little girl having been picked up by a Norwegian vessel from a raft that was adrift far out at sea. There was a small raft missing, that day, you know; the owner thought that some Freeport ruffians had stolen it, as they had stolen others. It is possible that it went adrift with Peggy upon it, but I am afraid this may prove a false hope like so many others. But it will be good for your mother to go. So, Phi, you must be the strong man of the family and keep up your grandfather's heart."

Phi held his head a little higher now, and the tears on his cheeks were hastily brushed away.

"Grandpa does n't believe that Peggy was drowned, I know," he said slowly. "But it was n't a bit like our Peggy to get on to a raft and be carried off to Norway! She had more sense! And, whatever anyone may say, it was n't a bit like Stumpy to be drowned. And maybe"—Phi's eyes shone now through a mist—"maybe Grandpa and I and your Sidney and Betty and all the Pollywhoppet boys and girls, who thought such a lot of her that they can't bear to believe she is dead, may find her instead of Papa and Mama and all the detectives and things who are going off everywhere. Anyway we shan't give up trying! And whatever Jo Peebles may say I am going up to that Indian island again when the old Squaw comes home!"

Down in the ship-yard, on the very day when his father and mother sailed for Europe, Phi had a chance to find out just what a need there was that he should be, as Dr. Brooks had said, "the man of the family."

Twelve years old is not very far along towards being a man, but Grandpa's great need of him was going to bring upon Phi a sense of strength and manliness. For poor Grandpa, who had been a strong man in mind and body for his years, seemed to have been brought suddenly to his second childhood by the loss of Peggy.

Phi found him wandering around the ship-yard, searching, searching in the piles of sawdust, under the great piles of boards — where there were no “teeters” now — and even all over the new ship, the “Margaret Piper”, still waiting upon the ways, for some trace of his little lost granddaughter.

Phi remembered the water-soaked hair-ribbon in his pocket but he had the broken coral bead to keep it company and there was always hope in that bead.

He followed Grandpa up to the deck of the new ship. The old man’s gaze was wandering wistfully over the river as he stood there.

“We don’t believe Peggy was drowned, Grandpa!” said Phi earnestly. “Not one of the Pollywhoppet boys and girls believes it! And not one of them is going to stop trying to find her. They — they all know that our Peggy was just the right kind of a girl!”

What he meant was they all loved Peggy but he felt that that would be talking like a girl. Besides he had to try pretty hard, anyway, to keep back the tears.

Grandpa did n’t try. His face had looked hard and set, but the tears rushed to his eyes now in a flood and his lips quivered like a child’s.

“The Pollywhoppet boys and girls — bless them!” he murmured softly. “So you think they will find our Peggy when the grown people can’t? Well, well, the children can do great things! We’ll see, we’ll see who will find Peggy!”

Sidney Brooks was coming towards the ship with Rex at his heels. Rex, who remained at his old home, now annoyed no one. The dog seemed too depressed by the disappearance of his old friend Stumpy to bark. Sidney and Rex came up to the ship’s deck.

“Grandpa, Sidney and I want you to promise us one thing!” said Phi earnestly. “The ‘Margaret Piper’ is your ship and we want you to say solemnly that she never shall be launched until Peggy is here to christen her.”

Grandpa gazed into the boys’ eager faces and then again at the deep, swiftly-flowing river.

Although he had become almost a child again Grandpa could not hope quite so strongly as the children.

But his face suddenly caught the brightness of the boys.

It was almost as if something had whispered to him, that hope is always the good, true thing to trust.

"I'll promise you! We'll shake hands on it!" he said, almost happily. "The ship's launching-day shall never come until our Peggy christens her — not if she goes to pieces on the ways!"

The boys hurrahed. Phi tried his best to keep the tears out of his voice; it was so good to see the hope in Grandpa's face! But as for that dog Rex, he would not bark and frisk as he usually did when the boys hurrahed; he only sat down upon his hind legs and howled dolefully!

"Rex, old fellow, we are going up to the Indian island again next week," said Phi — for he had persuaded Sidney to go and see what they could find out, even in the absence of the old squaw and her little granddaughter and the little stumpy-tailed dog.

They would row up in a boat and take Rex with them. The Indians might not allow them to land but they would try it, anyway! Rex pricked up his ears when he heard that.

But alas! measles had broken out in Pollywhoppet. On the day when the boys had planned to go to the Indian island Sidney was in bed, in a darkened room, and Phi's severe cold and sore throat made it evident what was coming to him.

Mrs. Brooks said that Betty must be sent away. The child was worn out with grieving for Peggy and she did not wish her to take the measles just now. It was very fortunate that Betty wished to go away with Aunt Rebecca Style, who was willing to take her; very fortunate, but a little queer, because Aunt Rebecca Style thought that little girls should always be too much dressed up to play and that dolls were silly and puppies and kittens too troublesome!

"You are a little goose! You won't have a good time," said Sidney when Betty was taking leave of him — through the key-hole for fear of the measles.

"Oh, don't you know why I am going with Aunt Rebecca

Style?" whispered Betty. "She is going to Canada and I am going there to find Peggy!"

For, in spite of Jo Peeble's message, the Pollywhoppet girls believed that the old squaw was carrying Peggy off with her little grand-daughter. There was even a whisper that she might have turned Peggy into a bird or a beast like an old witch in a fairy-book. Betty Brooks herself knew better than that — but perhaps she did not know, as Sidney scornfully told her, "how big a place Canada was."

She did n't seem to lose courage after he told her that, for she simply whispered, again through the key-hole, with every word like a little explosion:

"I — am — going — to — find — Peggy!"

(To be continued.)

Sophie Swett.

A CATLAND LAW.

PUSSY caught a Mouse for dinner;
 But the Mouse was wise and old:
 "Wait a bit!" spake he unto her.
 "Have you never yet been told
 That there is a law in Mouseland
 That pronounces it disgrace
 To begin to eat your dinner
 Ere you go and wash your face?"

Pussy felt ashamed. "A Cat should
 Do as well's a Mousie can!"
 Loosed her claws — and in a jiffy
 Off the wise Mouse lightly ran!
 Very vexed, the Pussy scolded:
 "Mouseland laws would work disgrace!
This shall be the law in Catland —
 'After eating wash your face!'"

Ecil Leyven.



ROB IN TEXAS

TAKEN AT THEIR WORD.

TOM and Mary and Jack and Jane,
Way, way off in the State of Maine,
Rob in Texas, and Maud and Bess,
And a hundred thousand more I guess,
Gladys and Norman and Harold and Joe,
In California and Idaho,
Frowned that dawn as they rubbed their eyes
And glowered out at the dripping skies ;
And this is the way they did all complain :
 " Rain, rain, go to Spain ! "

Spain had done nothing, you understand,
And there was many and many a land
Would have taken that rain and paid for it,
But those thoughtless children cared not a bit ;
India, for instance, was dying of drought,
While they stood and gazed with a sigh and a pout,
Droning over the old refrain :
 " Rain, rain, go to Spain ! "

*Then a powerful fairy, my dears, that heard,
Took those petulant children at their word.*

Little Patricio Pablo Ramon,
 With his brother Diego Jose Leon,
 That very same day in old Madrid,
 And Ynes Ysabel in Valladolid,
 And Maria Mercedes in Alcantara,
 And Tomas Estevan in Guadalajara,
 And a million more from the Tagus river
 All the way to the Guadalquivir,
 From the mighty northern
 mountain gates
 Way, way, *way* down to the
 Straits,
 Opened that morn their soft
 dark eyes
 On beautiful cloudless Spanish
 skies;
 And they sang with joy as they
 thought up scores
 Of plans for picnics and fun
 out-doors.

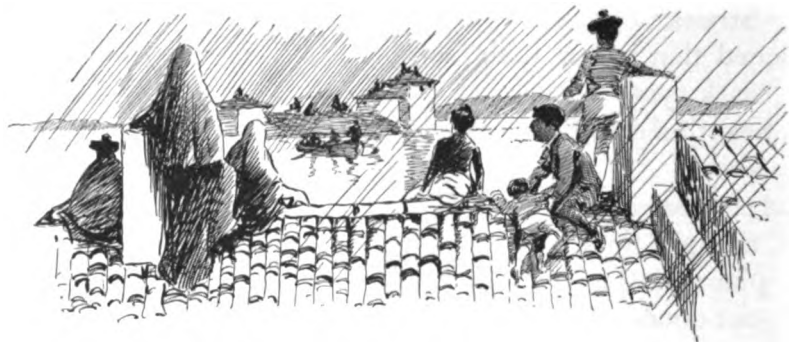
But listen now! it was not two
 hours
 Ere clouds came up, and down
 came showers.
 No child could picnic, or stroll,
 or drive;
 The rain, you see, had begun
 to arrive.
 All day it poured, and it poured
 all night;

The children said things that were not polite,
 But were truer than they could dream. Ramon
 Said to Diego, in peevish tone,
 "It seems like this — and it is n't fair —
 We have not only our proper share
 But what 's left over from everywhere!"



ALL DAY IT POURED.

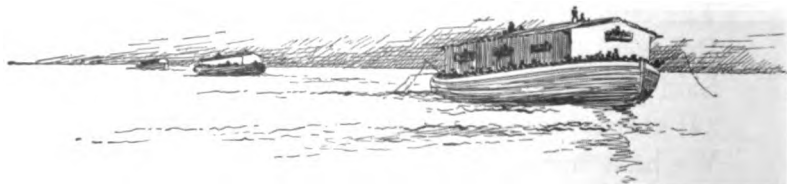
And still it poured and poured and poured !
Boats sailed by with people aboard.
The streets were rivers, yellow with mud,
And everybody talked of a flood.
Still it continued to pour and pour ;
Families moved to the second floor,
And then to the third, and then to the roof ;
Then built themselves arks that were tempest-proof,
And all got in and floated away —
For you 'll agree 't was no place to stay.



FAMILIES MOVED TO THE ROOF.

The land was drowned. There was no more Spain.
And just *one* advantage to me is plain,
From all this ruin, to Jack and Jane
And Gladys and Harold and all the rest —
And this is small comfort it must be confessed
For such a prodigiously sad mishap —
There was one less country to learn on the map !

Julia Boynton Green.



THEY BUILT THEMSELVES ARKS THAT WERE TEMPEST-PROOF.

PHILIPINA'S ADVENTURE.

THERE was once a cat. Of course there were a great many other cats; but only one (that I ever heard of) was named Philipina, and had white fur, with three black paws and a black nose *and* a black tip to her tail.

Philipina lived on a farm in Maine. Her mother taught her, while she was a very small kitten, to chase, first grasshoppers, then mice, and then small birds; and to wash herself neatly from her little black nose to the black tip of her little white tail. She took just as much pains with the black places, paws and all, as with the white.

There was one thing which most cats know, but which Philipina never had to learn; that was to be afraid and run, or bristle up her back, when she sees a dog. Philipina's very best friend, next to her mother, was a great Newfoundland dog who let her lie down between his paws and box his nose (with her claws put away out of sight), and who never troubled her except by sometimes trying to help her wash herself. His tongue was so big and strong that it tumbled her right over in the grass. Then she would put out her claws and say cross things; but the two always made up before night.

One day when Philipina was about three months old she followed a young sparrow into the woods. Up flew the bird, into the boughs of a tall pine tree, and up the shaggy bark went Philipina, after him. The sparrow escaped easily enough, and left the kitten perched on a bough about twenty feet from the ground.

Philipina, having looked in vain for the bird, now began to think about getting down; but how was she to do it? You see cats always like to go head-first whether it is up or down. Philipina put one black paw down the trunk of the tree as far as she could reach, then another; but then she paused. She knew that if she put a third paw down she would tumble head-over-heels. She drew back and crouched on the branch again. "Mi-ou-ou-w!" she said, finally. It never occurred to her to back down the tree.

What should she do? It might be that she could get off the

tree somewhere higher up! She climbed up for ten feet or more. Then she looked down. She was worse off than ever, "Mi-a-a-a-ou-w!" she wailed again.

Philipina kept on, almost to the top of the pine. There she found, at any rate, a comfortable place to rest. It was a deserted crow's nest, in which she curled up. There she washed herself a little, to take up her mind, and then, feeling sleepy after her long climb, she closed her eyes for a nap.

A few minutes later a shadow passed across Philipina, but being asleep she did not see it. Far overhead wheeled a great bird called in the country a hen-hawk. His quick eyes caught the little bunch of white fur in the crow's nest. Down he came silent and swift, to the tall pine. He hovered over the nest a moment, with flapping wings, and when he rose, little Philipina was held tightly clutched in his claws!

Now it so happened that Harry Smith, whose sister was Philipina's mistress, was just starting out to fish for pickerel in a pond near the house, when he caught sight of a huge bird flying slowly over the tops of the trees.

"Hen-hawk! Hen-hawk!" he shouted, rushing into the house for his gun.

Out he came again, with the gun, Bruno, the Newfoundland, barking by his side. The hawk flew off toward the pond, but Harry, by taking another path, got there first. He took aim and *Bang!* went the gun.

Harry did not fairly hit the hawk, but the bullet went so near that the hen-hawk was frightened, and letting his prey drop, flapped off to the deep woods as fast as he could go.

Down went Harry's sister's cat, through the air, to Harry's great amazement, straight into the pond.

Confused by the fall and the fright, and sore and bruised by the hawk's cruel claws, poor little Philipina mewed faintly, but she could not swim and would surely have drowned in the pond, when there came a great *splash!* and to her joy she saw Bruno's honest black head surging toward her through the water. How the dog did swim! His powerful webbed feet drove the water behind him as he threw himself ahead faster and faster until he

reached Philipina, just as she was sinking, caught her by the loose fur on the back of her neck, and holding her high above the water, turned about for the shore.

Half a minute later Bruno laid down at Harry's feet the wettest, most miserable, but most thankful kitten you can imagine. Then, while the good old dog shook himself and galloped about, barking joyfully, Harry took poor little Philipina up in his arms and carried her home to his sister.

Next day Philipina was as well as ever. She never had such an adventure again ; but to this day, though she is a sober cat with kittens of her own, she starts and runs when she sees a bird flying overhead, even if it is only a swallow or a robin.

Willis Boyd Allen.



HOME FROM SCHOOL.

NED LONGLEY'S NOTE-BOOK.

XIX — THE YOUNG RUSSIANS.

“WHEN I went into our Library reading-room yesterday,” wrote Ned Longley in his note-book, “it set me thinking of the Russians, especially of the Russian boys. A dozen young fellows, about my own age, were sitting around the table, dipping into the new magazines and illustrated papers.

“You see the sight of the boys all reading reminded me how they have Government Censors in Russia to go over the new books and magazines and papers and cut out nearly everything that a keen young fellow would enjoy reading — things that would let him see how the world outside is managed.”

“The Russian Government knows better than to let its people *think*. This is the reason why it keeps Censors to cut out everything that would *make* them think from the books and papers that come into the country. In fact the business of the Censors is to keep ideas out of Russia.

“The Russian libraries don't have any reading-rooms. In most countries the Government favors public libraries. But in Russia, the country that is so big and has gone to war to make herself bigger, the public libraries are poorer in all respects than they are in any other country in Europe. Would n't we in America be ashamed of calling a little pile of fifty books a 'public library'? Over in Russia is where Mr. Carnegie is needed with his splendid money, only, Noll says, they'd need Teddy Roosevelt a few years first as Czar to open up the country and fit it for the common people to live and breathe in!

“My father told us how a Russian author gave the people of his province a fine library; and when the people, out of gratitude to him, went to procure some of the author's own works to read, they found that the Censor had thrown out all his own books because they advocated every person's freedom to think and act.

“There are some fine libraries in Russia. My father says there is a very fine one in St. Petersburg. It has over a million books, but it does n't do the common people any good.

“I suppose we Americans can't begin to imagine how poor

the education is that Russia furnishes to the children of the poor. The rich educate their own children at home, with tutors and governesses, and don't care whether the government schools are good for anything or not.

"Father told us that a great German statesman, a Mr. Von Moltke, I think he called him, said the reason why the Germans beat the French in a war they had about thirty years ago was on account of the German schoolmasters in the little villages — they had taught the children so well that they could think as well as fight.

"We never hear, father says, of active intelligent men springing up as thick as spatter all over Russia in the way independent intelligent men spring up in America where libraries are thick and the homes are filled with magazines and papers. The common people in Russia have hardly any great ones coming up among them. The common people don't even know what the war is for when they fight — they just stand up and fight because they are marched into the field.

"Now in America there is always a natural growth of intelligent patriots, my father says."

Frances Campbell Sparhawk.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

(IX. — Nature-Study Questions about the Honey-Bee.)

I. How many wings, and how many legs, has the honey-bee?

II. What does the honey-bee eat, and how does it collect its food?

III. How many sides has each cell in the honey-comb, and for what purposes are these cells used?



IV. How many classes of bees make up a bee family or swarm, and about how many are there of each class?








V. How does the honey-bee protect itself and its home?








C. Q. Wright, U. S. Navy.








DEAR LITTLE SHEILA



VIII



sat up in  and listened-- Tommy had sharp  , you know. Oh, yes, there

was a  at work in the  ---taking care of the  Tommy guessed, though it was very early. The  was not up yet, and Tommy could see  asleep in her  across the hall. So Tommy took his  and




went softly down the  , and stepped out on the dewy  with his bare  . He was afraid his  would make a noise. He spied the  at once, standing in the  with a  in his

 ; and the  spied him too--- a little  in a white  , with bare  , walking in the dew, with a pair of  in his  . "Tommy!



put the slips right on!" shouted the sailor. "And go straight back to the  !" "Is my  all right?" called Tommy. "I was just coming to see



him!" and little Tommy went on as fast as he could barefooted. All the  could do was to meet him and catch him up in his  and go into




the  with him, and let him get down and put his  around the 's shaggy neck and give him a hug and a kiss. "Now, then,

you are a naughty wilful , out here in your ,

"cried the sailor, picking him up again, "and it's back into the  you go, where likely they think you've been carried off by burglars, and are sending for a  to go search for you!"

Sure enough, as they came through the bam-door,  and  both came through the house-door in haste, in their night-gowns.

"Hurrah!" cried Tommy, waving a hand, "my  is all right!" "Oh, Tommy!

you've given us such a scare!" cried Aunt Nell. "We thought



somebody had stolen you and carried you off! Don't you ever do this naughty thing again!"

DONALD'S LITTLE TUNE.

WHEN Donald-boy is feeling out of trim,
There's nothing like the "tum" —

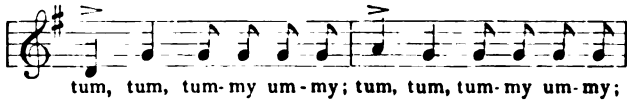
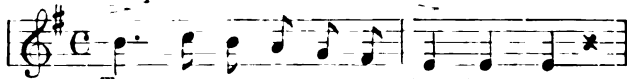
With spirit.



to brighten him.

The sun breaks through, and all the clouds go soon,
When "tum-my um-my tum" —

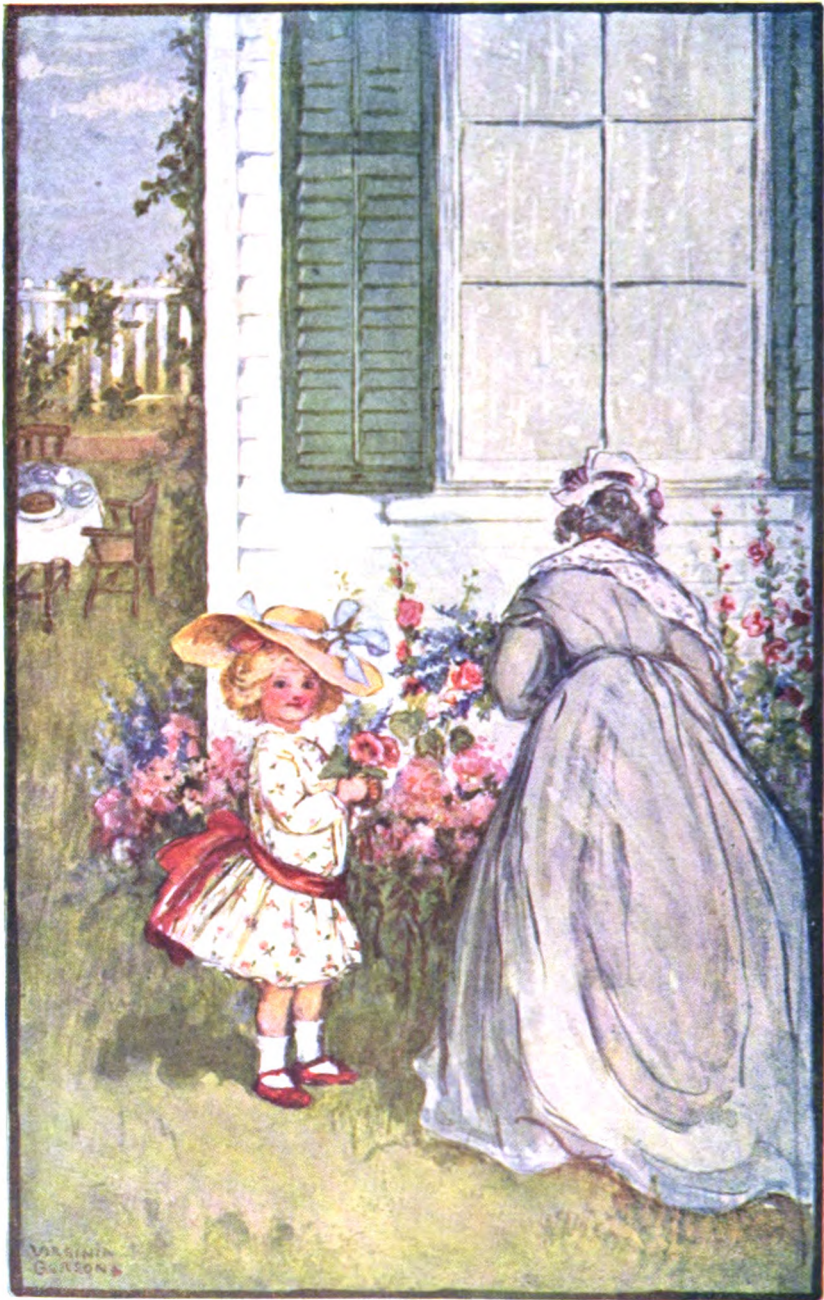
With spirit.



beats out a tune.

Oh, Donald's heart will throb, his face will beam,
And Donald's eyes will show a happy gleam,
And Donald's spirits spring and dance and soar,
To hear the "tum" repeated o'er and o'er —
The "tum-my um-my tum-my um-my tum" —
Like music from some far-off fairy drum.

Mary Frazer.



"SHE SHOWS THE GARDEN."

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. VIII.

AUGUST, 1905.

No. 10.

TEA AT MISS SUSAN'S.

WHEN I have been good for a great many Sundays,
As good — oh, as good as can be,
Then I wear my red shoes and my pretty sprigged challie,
And go to Miss Susan's for tea.

Away down the road to a house with green shutters,
A knocker of brass on the door,
A very wide hall and a slippery staircase —
You could n't *hop-scotch* on her floor!

Miss Susan has curls, and her petticoats rustle
Like wind blowing soft in the grass.
She shows me her garden, the foxglove and larkspur,
With roses wherever you pass.

She gives me a chair with a seat made of haircloth,
And high on the wall I can see,
Where the golden-framed mirror hangs shiny and sparkling,
A child sitting quiet — like me!

And then we have tea at a little round table,
With pound-cake and honey and jell,
And tea-plates all rosebuds, and teaspoons like dollies',
And tea-cups as thin as a shell.

Oh, I wonder so much on the way home to mother
How many more Sundays 't will be,
Till I wear my red shoes the next time, and my challie —
And go to Miss Susan's for tea!

Carolyn S. Bailey.

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THE "COMPANY" SHOUTED, "ICE-CREAM!"

GRANDMA'S COMPANY.

GRANDMA sank wearily into a chair. Her face was full of the little tired lines that always seemed to come on Tuesdays.

"Well," she sighed, "the churning 's done, ironing 's done, beds are made — now for dinner. I wonder what company likes for dinner."

The "company" slid off the old haircloth sofa as one person, and in like manner shouted, "Ice-cream!"

Grandma had not thought of ice-cream! Dear me, they might have wanted whipped-cream pie, or apple-dumpling — but ice-cream!

"I don't believe there is time to freeze it for dinner," she said, as she glanced at the tall clock. "It takes a long time to freeze it."

"We would wait until supper-time," Phil said, politely.

"Yes 'm, we 'd just as soon wait," echoed Puss. She was Phil's twin and always said the things he did.

Of course supper was farther away than dinner, but if they

could n't have ice-cream for dinner they had rather have it for supper than not at all.

The "company" was not greedy — just ice-cream hungry; and Grandma always gave two saucersful.

They usually had ice-cream when they came to Grandma's — but then, Grandpa was usually at home to chop the ice and turn the crank of the big freezer.

After dinner the "company" raced away to the big barn. It was such fun to come to Grandpa's! The barn was a splendid place to play, and they were going to have ice-cream for supper — that was the best of all.

When Grandma had finished washing the dishes she was so tired she could hardly sweep up the crumbs. "I am thankful that this is the last thing and I can have a nap," she thought — then she remembered the children's ice-cream.

Poor tired Grandma, she made the cream, chopped some ice — and turned and turned.

The tired arms throbbed with pain. Why did n't the cream thicken?

She went in and dragged the big kitchen rocking-chair out into the shed, got the freezer down on the floor, and sat down to turn the crank. But poor Grandma found this quite impracticable. Pretty soon her arm stopped of itself, and the crank ceased to revolve.

Out in the barn the children were playing housekeep.

"I hope Grandma will make strawberry ice-cream," said Puss.

"Oh, I'd rather have lemon," said Phil.

"We ought to asked for two kinds," said Puss. "I wish we had."

"Come on," said Puss, "let's ask now!"

The "company" was always in good running order, and with a clatter it flew out of the barn. Phil got there first. "Oh, Grandma, can't" — then he stopped, his little brown hand tightly clasped over his mouth as he scurried softly and silently back to meet Puss.

"Sh!" he panted. "Come quick but don't make a sound! Just see Grandma!"

Grandma was sound asleep. Her head had fallen back against the old green rocker. The weary fingers lay unclasped on the crank.

Puss gazed with a look of horror growing on her chubby round face.

Then they tip-toed softly back to the barn.

"Oh, my goodness!" Puss exclaimed. "She's dreadfully



GRANDMA WAS SOUND ASLEEP.

tired. Are n't you ashamed, Phil Dayton, for asking her to make ice-cream?"

"Gracious! you asked her just as much as I did, Puss Dayton; and I guess we've most killed Grandma," Phil ended with a sob.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" wailed Puss. "She's the best Grandma in the world, and we never thought of *her* part o' the ice-cream, did we?"

They lapsed into a shamed silence, broken by the grunting of Grandpa's pig in its pen behind the barn.

"We're just like pigs," Phil said.

It was late when Grandma woke, and the first thing she saw was a ragged piece of wrapping-paper, not over-clean, lying upon

the top of the freezer, covered thick with big stiff lead-pencil marks.

Grandma felt in her hair for her glasses and read the note.

Dear Grandma. Please don't wake up but rest a long time. We are pigs, but Puss is a girl so she is n't as big a pig as I am. We have gone home, because it would choak us to eat ice-cream now. We are very sorry we did n't think of your part of it. Honest. Me and Puss."

" Bless their dear hearts!" murmured Grandma.

Constance Prince.

THE DOCTOR'S CALL.



THE DOCTOR.

AT my door little Edith stood tapping,

Awaiting her Auntie to see;

When I cried, "Who is there?" at the rapping,

"Why, the Doctor is come!" said she.

"Oh, the Doctor!" I said, as I spied her;

"And why does he come to see me?"

Then she held up the bottle beside her;

"Why, to well you all up!" said she.

Then she sat down — the dear roly-poly —

And counted my pulse, "Two — six — f'ee;

I'm af'aid — I'm af'aid —" (very slowly)

"I'm af'aid — 'at you'll — live!" said she.

Rosalie M. Cody.



THE DISCOVERY OF MUD'S "PECULIARITY."

MUD'S PECULIARITY.

THE TRUE STORY OF A FAMOUS EDITOR'S PET.

IN TWO PARTS. — PART II.

TIME passed on — as time has a way of doing — and it must be that I lived through that night, and the next, and the next; and then things began to calm down a little.

It was time then to make a retrospect, to philosophize, and try to find out the reason of things. So one day along in June, when I was stirring hay in the mowing lot, I got to thinking it all over. I'd thought already some parts of it over many times. I had wondered why those lambs should run away — all of a sudden. But that June day, like a flash there occurred to me what I had previously forgotten. All had gone well till I put that girth around Mud! The collar on his neck and even the bridle had gone on without trouble — but the girth, that was what did it.

Here was a discovery of Mud's peculiarity. I proved it that evening by winding a short rope three or four times loosely around Mud's body. He bounded frantically into the air, as if

he had become crazy, as soon as I drew it snug so that he felt it completely encircling him. It took all my strength to hold him.

And then, when I let him go, or rather when he broke away, he ran, and ran, and ran, as I never saw a lamb run—as only Mud could run; not only in speed but in an indescribable, rolly, waddly, ludicrous manner. It was cruel, I know now, but I laughed till I cried, and the lamb ran until the rope was shaken off.

I never dared fasten the girth rope, or what was more often used—the reins from the harness. I just slip-noosed it double around the body, and then wound the ends around lightly. I did n't do it at all times. I just watched my opportunities, when the women were in the house and the men in the hay field. I experimented. I tried different things, and different modes of winding—not all at once, but day after day, now and then about twice a day. And the queerest thing about it was that Mud really seemed to enjoy it—that is, if the strap came off after he had run a reasonable distance. Sometimes Mud would run around the barn, or the barn lot, and right back to me, after the reins had dropped off, sometimes even before.

Farmer boys with no playmates living nearer than a half-mile have to make the most of their own resources of entertainment, and I made the most of this, and laughed till I had to tell some one. I was confident that the way in which the lamb ran was so extremely funny that my father would appreciate it, and so would forgive me for the caper, and especially for the use of the reins.

One day, about a week later, I ventured to speak out in the hayfield:

“Say, father, I've discovered why Mud ran away. He'll run away any time, and will never be broke in to harness, if you just put something around his body.”

Father did n't say a word. I saw he was absent-mindedly thinking of the cow-trade he had made with Joe Crocker, that forenoon. So I waited a few minutes, and repeated my remark with variations and emphasis. This time it woke him up.

"Mud," "harness," caught his attention, and the reply was not very encouraging.

But I kept at him, and brought up the question again, when he was milking the new cow out in the barn-yard that very evening.

"Good milker, is n't she, Ed?" said he. "There is not another cow on the premises that will give a pail of milk like that." So I praised the cow, and asked father how much he thought he made on the trade. He explained how he put the matter so as to make \$10 and get a better cow than the one he had — at least he thought so. He laughed as he explained a certain point of the transaction, and then I saw my opportunity.

"Say, father," said I, "set down your pail of milk, and let me get the reins and show you Mud's peculiarity. I've found out the funniest thing you ever saw, and the reason why he ran away."

"Well, all right," said he; "but just wait a minute until John comes out of the stable, and then we'll see what you've got."

Just then John stepped down from the stable door, with a full pail of milk.

"Beat you, Sherm," he said, as he held up the full pail of milk.

"Yes, but you've got two cows' milk" said father; "mine alone filled this."

Then I left them talking cows, and the trade, while I ran to the horse stable for the reins.

The lambs had followed after me to the barn, for they sometimes were given some of the milk fresh from the cows, though more frequently they got only the skimmed milk from the house.

As I returned, father said: "Ed's got something to show about Mud. Let's put our pails up in the door, and sit down here, and see what he's been up to."

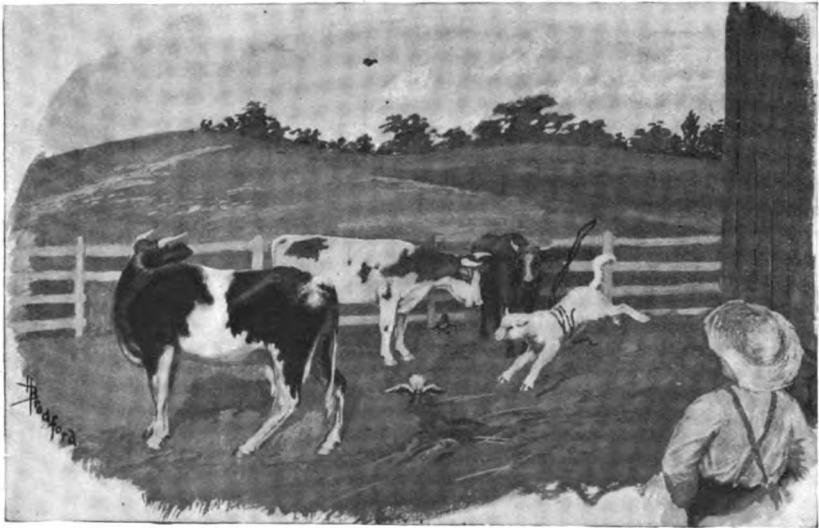
So they lifted their pails up into the open door, and each sat down on a stone in front of his pail.

Then I got out into the yard, and fixed Mud — a little firmer

than usual. I was determined to give him the run of his life. And I said to my lamb, "Here's our first exhibition. Now you run as you never run before!"

Mud bounded, as I held him firmly and drew the reins very taut. It was a success. He ran the funniest I ever saw. Out between the cows, under the bars he went, making the hens fly in every direction, straight around the south end of the new barn.

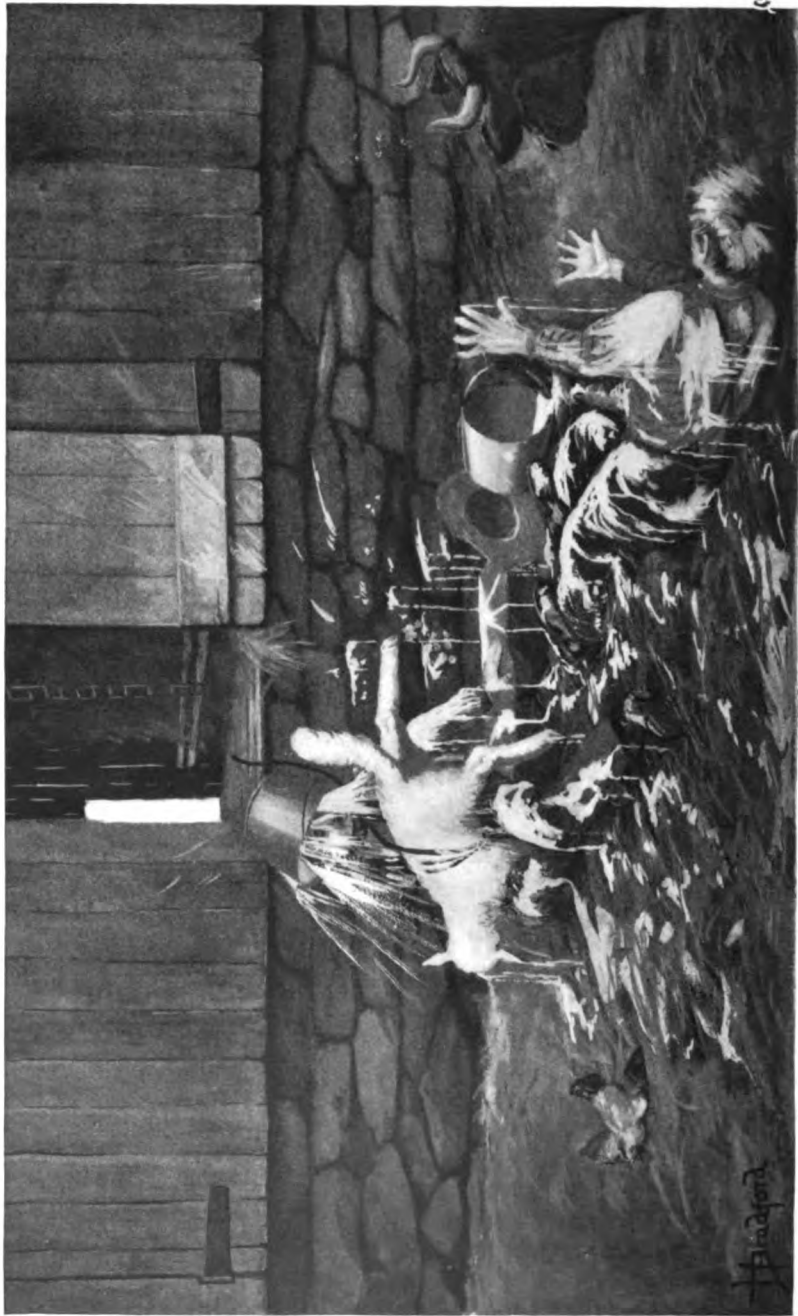
Father and John just laughed and laughed, and roared and lay back till their heads almost touched the pails up in the door. Just then there was a slam bang in the main part of the barn,



MUD RAN THE FUNNIEST I EVER SAW.

as if something had fallen, or one of the horses had broken out of the stable. Father and John quickly turned their heads to see—just in time for father to get his pail of milk inverted squarely over his head. John's pail was struck sidewise somewhat, and landed inverted in his lap—while Mud landed in father's lap and the loose ends of the reins wound around his neck like a whip-lash.

Father stopped laughing instantly. You can't laugh with your head submerged in a deluge of milk; and John did n't feel like laughing, because the force of the pail landing in his lap



FATHER STOPPED LAUGHING. JOHN DID N'T FEEL LIKE LAUGHING.

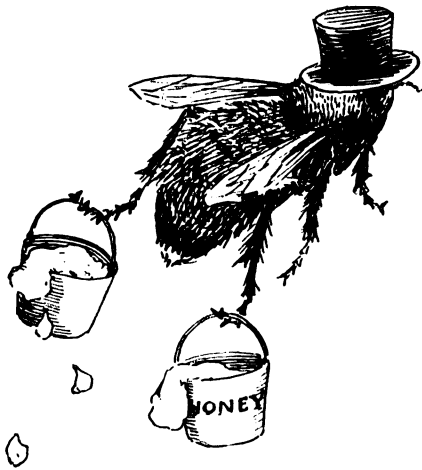
knocked him over from the stone on which he was sitting, and he rolled down the hill, white with milk, looking like a snow man with a pail.

And I? Well, I did n't dare laugh! And as to saying anything, there was n't any need of it. Father and John a little later said it all.

I've waited several years before I've dared say much about this reminiscence.

I hope that the participants will, after this lapse of years, forgive "the boy" for thus exhibiting "Mud's peculiarity."

Edward F. Bigelow.



NOT A BIT TOO WARM.

HIS FUR COAT.

THE Bumble Bee a fur coat wears,
And yet the summer through
He does n't seem a bit too warm,
With all he has to do!

J. M.



THE BABY ANGLERS.

THREE LITTLE PATRIOTS.

HYACINTH was a little Japanese girl who lived in Honolulu.

Hyacinth's father had gone to the war. The Mikado sent for him, and he sailed away, across the ocean, with a thousand other Japanese men from Honolulu, to fight the Russians.

Hyacinth was very sober, and so were her dearest friends, Iris and Cherry Blossom for their fathers had gone to the war, too.

These three little girls with the flower-names, wished with all their might that they could do something for the Mikado's soldiers. But they couldn't think of a thing. It grieved their hearts to know their fathers and those other brave soldiers were not only in danger all the time, but had to sleep on the ground and had nothing good to eat, while they themselves were at home, so safe and comfortable.

Then Hyacinth thought of a plan. "Let's," she said to Iris and Cherry Blossom, "not eat very much lunch at school and be

just as uncomfortable as we can when we do eat it, and then we'll be doing a little like the soldiers."

Iris and Cherry Blossom thought that was a splendid idea, and their bright almond eyes sparkled to think they could do anything like soldiers.

The next day, Hyacinth and Iris and Cherry Blossom brought to school only a very tiny lump of cold cooked rice, wrapped in a bit of banana leaf. Then they put a dish of water in the hot sun where it would get warm and flat-tasting.

At lunch time, the three little Japanese girls picked out the hardest, hottest spot in the school-yard, and sat down on it to eat their cold rice and drink their luke-warm water. And that was all they ate — no cool juicy orange, not even a sweet piece of sugar-cane stalk to suck afterwards, like the rest of the children.

And all the long school term, these three little Japanese girls ate that same small lunch, in that same hard hot place; and they felt very happy to think they were sharing hardships with the soldiers.

A. M. Farrington.



THE CHICKEN-HOUSE CARPENTER.

LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

CHAPTER X. — IN THE CANADIAN CITY.

SHE was going to find Peggy!

When Betty told him that, through the keyhole, Sidney Brooks said to himself that it was just like a girl to think she could do what detectives and offers of large rewards all over the country had not been able to do!

Of course Betty was very silly to think she could find Peggy by going to Canada with Aunt Celia, who liked to be fashionable and go to great hotels and buy laces and mackintoshes cheaper than she could buy them at home.

And Sidney refused to look out of the window to see Betty go driving off to the railroad station with Aunt Celia because she had said she was "going to find Peggy."

But Betty went off gaily, waving her hand towards his darkened window on the chance that he might be peeping through a chink. The "Peggy-ache" as she called it, which never wholly left her heart, was eased by the thought that she was going to seek for her dear best friend. She did n't believe but that she should come across the old squaw Winne-Lackee and the little Indian princess, even if Canada was as large a place as the boys said and if the Indians had carried Peggy off, as some of the boys thought.

Princess Wisla was a little girl if she was an Indian princess and she could not help wishing to help another little girl to get back to her home and friends.

That was what Betty Brooks thought.

Besides, as we all know, one little girl will tell another little girl a good many secrets when they get to be real friends. Betty meant that she and the little Indian princess should be real friends, if they could only meet!

And in this great beautiful world, as everyone knows, great, beautiful, unexpected things do happen.

Betty looked for the strange old squaw and the little Indian princess, even on board the railroad train. She looked for them even more hopefully in the railroad station of the great Can-

adian city where trains were bringing crowds of people from all quarters. She looked in the streets and in the shops where Aunt Celia bought beautiful bargains.

Once her heart leaped at sight of an Indian face in the throng, at a street crossing. But it was only a "make-believe" Indian, carrying around handbills of a show.

Aunt Celia said it was not at all likely that the queer old squaw went about like other people, with her little princess, and that it was not at all strange if the little princess had a dog that looked like Peggy Piper's Stumpy—poor little Peggy Piper who had, without doubt, been drowned in the river.

Betty was trying to begin to think that was true; and the "Peggy-ache" was all back at her heart when one day she caught sight of a beautiful open carriage which was attracting a crowd in the street.

Betty saw dark faces in the carriage and pushed her way through the crowd towards it, forgetting Aunt Celia who was just coming out of a shop. There was the old squaw! Betty had once or twice had a glimpse of her and she knew her at once.

Winne-Lackee now dressed herself more like an Indian than ever because she felt that it was safer to dress Peggy like a little Indian girl and it seemed natural and proper that they should be dressed in the same fashion.

Winne-Lackee's hair hung down her back and she wore a blanket, a silk blanket richly embroidered.

Betty, peering through the crowd, saw the little princess, too! A black-haired little Indian girl in a silken tunic embroidered with beads, and with many strings of beads around her neck—one of them a string of pink coral beads, each bead a little carved head—not like the little string that Peggy had worn and whose one broken bead was carried always in Phi's pocket along with a water-stained hair-ribbon!

Betty was determined to get near enough to speak to the princess who sat facing the horses.

She sat on the seat with the old squaw and on the other seat sat a tall Indian man dressed like a white man except that his hat had a broad brim; his hair was long and his necktie large

and red. But Betty kept her eyes on the little Indian girl.

The crowd pressed so close to the carriage that the horses could scarcely move.

Old Dr. Sockabesin had an office in the Canadian city and practiced medicine there, at certain times of the year, so it is probable that he liked to attract the crowd and thus advertise himself.

But the old squaw was impatient. Her black eyes flashed angrily. She called sharply to the driver to go on.

And just then Betty, who, being a small person, had pushed and wriggled her way to the side of the carriage, was so close to the little Princess Wisla that she could look into her eyes and speak to her.

"O — oh — have you Peggy Piper's little dog Stumpy?" gasped Betty. "And do you know whether the Indians carried Peggy away?"

The color came to little Princess Wisla's cheeks; it was plainly to be seen even through the pokeberry stain.

Another name, this was, that stirred sleeping memory! Surely somewhere she had heard the name of Peggy Piper!

And this little white girl knew Stumpy! She said that Stumpy was Peggy Piper's dog!

"Stumpy is my dog," she said slowly. "I — I can't remember Peggy Piper."

Winne-Lackee had sprung to her feet. The blood had rushed to her face, although it only made it look blacker. She called out again to the driver to go on and he whipped his horses. They made a spring forward and the crowd scattered.

But a cry went up from the people on the sidewalk. Betty, in her eagerness to speak to the little princess, had set her foot upon the low step of the carriage and when the horses started suddenly she would have fallen, perhaps under the wheel, if old Dr. Sockabesin had not leaned over and caught her, drawing her into the carriage beside him.

The crowd made a great outcry, some cheering because they thought the little white girl was a part of the show, some excited and alarmed because they thought the Indians were kidnapping a child.



"O--OH-- HAVE YOU PEGGY PIPER'S LITTLE DOG STUMPY?"

But the horses went like the wind now, a space having been cleared for them by the frightened people, and in a very little while they were drawn up before a hotel in a retired street. It was a fine, large hotel but it was in a very different part of the city from the one in which Betty and her aunt were staying. There were many foreign-looking people about and no one stared very much at the Indians.

Little Princess Wisla clung to Betty's hand. "I want the little white girl to stay with me," she said, and the tears rushed suddenly to her eyes. "She makes me remember a beautiful dream! I want her to tell me who Peggy Piper is!"

The old Squaw and Dr. Sockabesin looked at each other as if they were very much startled, and they talked together in Indian, while the driver kept turning around to see whether they were going to get out of the carriage or not.

"Little white girl must go home now," said Winne-Lackee in her softest voice to Princess Wisla, after a while. "Her people will be very anxious. Many men be sent to search everywhere for little white girl!"

"So they would!" said Betty gravely. "Just as they are searching everywhere for Peggy Piper now! But if you will let me I will telephone to Aunt Celia, so she will know where I am. Perhaps she will come over and get me. And while we are waiting I can tell her" — Betty gave a little squeeze to the small dark hand which she still kept in hers — "all about Peggy Piper!"

But Dr. Sockabesin had given an order to the driver.

"He will drive you to your aunt, my child, and you can come again. Come in the morning and bring your aunt with you!" he said very kindly to Betty. And Betty had to drive away.

But first she and Princess Wisla put their arms around each others necks, like little girls who had known each other a long time. And Betty whispered: "If you were a little white girl instead of a little Indian girl you would look very much like Peggy Piper!"

Little Princess Wisla stood looking after the carriage that carried Betty away and the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"Why will you not be happy when I give you everything you want?" said old Winne-Lackee impatiently.

"I only want to be a little white girl!" said Princess Wisla, with a great sob.

Winne-Lackee's hard Indian face worked, then, as if she were going to cry. What she longed for most in the world was that Princess Wisla should love her!

And surely, surely that would never be if Princess Wisla's memory should come back and she should know that she was really Peggy Piper!

Winne-Lackee trembled when she thought how dangerous it was to have so near at hand the little white girl who had known Peggy Piper.

So the next morning when Betty and her aunt arrived at the hotel they were told that the party of Indians had gone away suddenly, the night before, with all their baggage! No one knew where they had gone but it was thought they intended to sail for Europe.

Aunt Celia sent to Dr. Sockabesin's office to find out where little Princess Wisla had gone. But the office was closed and the doctor not to be found.

"I wouldn't have cared so much if Princess Wisla had n't looked exactly as Peggy would have looked after some old witch had turned her into a little Indian girl!" sobbed Betty.

Aunt Celia said she must not be like silly little girls who thought there were witches.

But Aunt Celia owned that she thought the little Indian princess looked like Peggy Piper, yet she was sure that outside of a fairy book Peggy Piper could not have been made to think that she was a little Indian girl, as every word that she had said to Betty showed that the princess did.

And it was such a short time before that Peggy had been lost! She could not have forgotten Betty or Pollywhoppet or her own name!

But yet Aunt Celia was very much disturbed. She walked the floor trying to decide what to do. She said to Betty that she could not send messages to have the Indians arrested for she

could give no good reason, no reason at all, in fact, for doing it.

Perhaps they might see the little princess again if they were to go to Bar Harbor. One might not be foolish enough to believe in witches and yet might wish to see Princess Wisla again.

It seemed likely that Winne-Lackee might take her little granddaughter to Bar Harbor, since she was traveling for the child's health, as they had been told at the hotel.

Winne-Lackee loved Bar Harbor, as every one knew, and her appearance, in her strange, gorgeous costumes, drew many visitors to the Indian camps.

Yes, they would go to Bar Harbor! And perhaps Dr. Brooks would allow Sidney to come down after he was so much better that no one could take the measles.

Perhaps Phi Piper could come too. It would be good for him; he had brooded over Peggy's loss until he was only like the shadow of sturdy little Phi.

Betty brightened and wiped her eyes. She said, more hopefully than ever, that they were going to find Peggy!

(To be continued.)

Sophie Swett.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

(X. -- Nature-Study Questions about the Mosquito.)

I. Where does the mother mosquito lay her eggs, where do the little worm-like baby mosquitos live until they have wings and legs, and what are they called during that time?

II. How many wings and how many legs has the mosquito?

III. How does the mosquito "sing," and are all mosquitos singers?

IV. What is the natural food of the mosquito, and do all mosquitos bite animals and people?

V. Why does the mosquito bite animals and people, how does it do it, and why does it inject poison into the wound?

C. Q. Wright, U. S. Navy.



THEN SLIM LITTLE, TRIM LITTLE, PRIM LITTLE MAY
WALKED HOME FROM THE FIELDS IN A MOST DEMURE WAY.














THE FLOWERS TOLD.

OUR slim little, trim little, prim little May
Once walked to the fields on a sunshiny day ;
First glanced she, then danced she, and pranced she around —
Her feet fairly flew so they scarce touched the ground !
And there little, fair little, rare little flowers
Alone watched her playing those free happy hours —
Then slim little, trim little, prim little May
Walked home from the fields in a most demure way.

Carrie B. Sanborn.

DEAR LITTLE SHEILA

IX

“This is nicer than old ”! was what  said, every morning, when they went to ride. “I have a , and you have a , and our sailor has a , and everybody can ride everywhere, can't they, sister? And everybody on old  can't go anywhere 'cept where the old ships go!” Then Molly sister would help Tommy rejoice. “Yes, Tommy brother,” she would say, “yes, every day, we can ride away in  wherever we wish to go!” And every day, after lunch, when they went to drive in their little , Tommy would rejoice again. “It's nicer to go under green trees than in old , is n't it, Molly sister,” he would say, “and see the little  and the little  and the little  And then  would bounce up





and down on the  to show his joy.



"Yes, Tommy brother,"  would say. And

then Tommy would bounce up and down again,





crazy with joy, if he saw a  flying out to meet them! And one

day  was so glad, and bounced so high, he nearly fell out, but the

 rode up and caught him. "Tommy," he said, "you know you r'e going up to the 

tomorrow, if you don't fall out and hurt yourself!"

After that  sat still and kept hold of Molly's  tight. Next day, Uncle Ned had the


big horses harnessed, and they all rode up to the




in the . It was after dark

when the sailor came with the



, but the children ran out with a  to welcome them.

When they went into the  they stopped to

see the two big work- 

And what do you think they saw on their backs?

On each there was a white  fast asleep!"





IN THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE.

FOR A YELLOW DOG'S SAKE.

A QUARTER after nine every morning an important ceremony took place in Roy Gilman's school-room.

At quarter after nine, every morning, Miss Fletcher, Roy's teacher, handed a note for the Principal to each pupil who had done especially well the day before. These notes the children carried to the Principal's office, where they found pupils from other rooms bearing similar notes.

When Principal Thompson had read a note he knew just how the bearer had earned the honor, and he commended him. After he had read all the notes he shook hands with each boy and girl and said he hoped to see them again. Then the children went back to their respective school-rooms. And before night everybody had heard who had gone from each room; and the room sending the greatest number was proud of itself.

The notes were not bestowed only on those who had a high standing in their studies; if they had been, some pupils would

have gone to the office every day, while others would never have got there.

Those pupils whom Principal Thompson wanted to see were the girls and boys who had done the very best they could.

For instance, when Dennis Deckerman, who was so full of life that he could n't seem to sit still five minutes, and so full of fun that he was laughing most of the time—when this lively young man was quiet and orderly for a whole day he got one of the little white notes the next morning. Then Principal Thompson was so pleased that he clapped Dennis on the shoulder and said, "Good for you, Deckerman!" just as if Dennis had been a grown-up man.

That same morning Gertrude Dodge, who had such a hard time learning to spell, was commended for having written correctly every one of the ten words in yesterday's lesson.

And, when Charley Brooks, who hated to get out of bed in the morning, was n't tardy for a week, he received a note to take up to the Principal's office.

Finally, Roy Gilman thought there was a chance for everyone but himself. Roy was "average good" in everything; spelling was n't hard for him, no one was surprised at his behaving well in school, and his mother always saw that he started from home early enough. It was almost time for the summer vacation to begin and he had not received the desired invitation to Principal Thompson's morning reception.

When the honor did come to Roy Gilman sometime in June, it was entirely unexpected.

The first week in June had been unusually warm, and when a brisk thundershower came up Thursday morning everyone was relieved. It washed the heat right out of the air and the children who had been lounging listlessly in their seats sat up straight and drank in the cool freshness. At recess the rain was still coming down briskly and the pupils gathered at one of the windows.

"I'm glad the rain came on account of the dogs," said Roy.

"On account of the dogs?" repeated Dennis Deckerman; "what are you talking about, Roy Gilman?"

"My Uncle Tom told me about it last night," explained Roy. "He says that dogs need lots of water to drink and that sometimes in summer they can't find any at all—dogs that haven't a regular home, you know. He said that yesterday he was going along the street near his office when he heard someone call, 'Mad dog!' and everybody just ran. Then, the next minute, a poor little yellow dog came tearing along and his tongue was hanging out and he looked dreadful. It was n't any wonder that people



ALL THE DOG WANTED WAS A DRINK OF WATER.

were frightened, Uncle Tom said. But Uncle Tom knows about dogs and he hurried into his office as fast as he could and came out with a basin of water and whistled. That dog came running, and most tumbled into the basin, he wanted the water so badly. The people all said, 'Why, he was n't mad after

all!' and Uncle Tom said, 'No, he was n't mad at all; he was just crazy for water.' You see it had been hot all day and there was n't a place, a single place, where a dog could get a drink down in that quarter of the town!"

The children looked sober over this story; many of them had pets of their own and they all loved dogs.

Roy went on: "Uncle Tom says he's going to keep a bucket of water outside his office all summer, somewhere where people won't stumble over it, and then the poor dogs won't get chased and have stones thrown at them when all they want is a drink of water. I was wondering if we could n't keep some in our yards for the dogs up-town."

"I will for one," declared Dennis Deckerman. "There is n't a fountain anywhere near my house where a dog could get a drink."

"And I'll keep a low dish of water out by our back gate so that the cats can get at it; for they need water just as much as dogs do," said Gertrude Dodge.

Then the gong sounded and recess was over.

By the time the children went home that night every boy and girl in the room had promised Dennis and Roy to keep a drinking-place for dogs full of fresh water as long as the hot weather lasted.

The next morning when Miss Fletcher handed out the notes to be carried to the principal, she gave one to Roy.

"I recommend Roy Gilman for commendation because of his especial thoughtfulness for our animal friends," Miss Fletcher's note ran.

Principal Thompson smiled at the surprised expression on Roy's face.

But the Principal seemed to know all about it, for he said as he shook hands with Roy: "That was a good thought of yours, Roy, and I can promise you that *I'm* going to see that the dogs in *my* neighborhood don't suffer from thirst!"

Mary Alden Hopkins.



"MY LIVING I'VE TO MAKE!"

SAYS THE CHICK.

"**I** 'VE got no time to waste," says this most busy Chick;
 "I've got my meals to get, and got to get them quick;
 I've got no time to stop and chirp and look around;
 My living I've to make — I'll make it, too, I'm bound!"

G. B.



THE TOMAHAWK CLUB WERE SITTING ROUND THE COUNCIL FIRE.

“TOMMY CRACKERS.”

THE members of the Tomahawk Club were sitting round the Council Fire, ready for the evening chat. The Pipe of Peace had been smoked and the pungent odor of burning sweet-fern still filled the air from the big clay pipe stuffed with half-dried leaves.

The Council Fire of the Tomahawk Club was held in one place or another according to the weather. To-night it was on the old stone ledge back of the Chief's garden. There was a good safe crack in this ledge for a fire.

The Tomahawk was an easy club, just the kind for little fellows of ten and twelve; and the Council Fire and the Pipe of Peace and the club name made it just Indian-y enough to be in the fashion.

There were six members. One was the “Chief,” and the other five were the “Council.”

The Tomahawk's "Rules and Regulations" were very simple. There was but one Rule: *The word of the Chief is law.*

There was but one Regulation; this was to the effect that no member should receive his "club name" until he had done some deed that indicated what the name ought to be; the case of "Tommy Crackers" will show you how this Regulation worked. Tommy had already a private name, a truly Indian name, one borrowed from Mr. Longfellow. He was never called by it publicly, for it would have hurt his feelings. The name was "Iagoo." Any boy can find it, and its meaning, in Mr. Longfellow's *Hiawatha*.

The Chief's principal duty was to propose pleasant things to do and to pronounce Punishments. In his Inauguration Address, he explained to the Club that his idea of Punishments was "*something that would not hurt, but would cure.*"

The Council's principal duty was to exclaim, "sure!" "sure!" "that's so!" whenever the Chief was making an address.

To-night nothing seemed doing. At such times it was the Chief's duty to bring forward something interesting.

"I bet you don't know how many crackers I ate last night!" suddenly he remarked.

"Dry?" inquired one of the Council.

"Certain," replied the Chief.

"Depends on whether they were oyster crackers or ship biscuit!" grunted a member.

"Gentlemen, I ate five Boston crackers one after the other," said the Chief. "And I never drank a drop of water till after I'd finished the last one."

"Huh, that ain't much!" sneered Tommy—that is, to say, Iagoo. "I could eat a pound this minute."

"Gentlemen, we'll see just how many he can eat," the Chief remarked.

Tommy looked a bit anxious, but kept still. The Chief leaped the fence into his father's garden and disappeared through the woodshed door. He returned with a pair of scales in one hand and a bag of crackers in the other.

A pound of crackers was weighed out by the Council. Tom-

my was seated in the midst of the circle, and the test began.

The first cracker was swallowed at a mouthful. The second was gone almost as soon. By the time he started on the third Tommy was ready to chew it. He ate the fourth more slowly,

and by the time he had begun on the fifth dry cracker he could only nibble at the edge.

The Council winked, then laughed.

"Gentlemen, give him a chance!" remonstrated the Chief.

Spurred on by the behavior of the Council Tommy persisted until he had eaten the ninth cracker. But at that point he could not manage another mouthful.



TOMMY WEARS THE SIGN.

There were five crackers still in the bag.

At a signal from the Chief, Tommy was silently tied to an oak a few feet distant.

After a period of silence the Chief rose and again disappeared through his father's woodshed door. This time he brought back a pad and his rubber stamp alphabet.

The Council looked on while he spelled out several words. Then he read them.

"*This is TOMMY CRACKERS. He said he could eat a pound of dry crackers. He carries in the bag the five he could not eat.*"

This inscription the Chief mounted on a pasteboard sign.

On the bag with the five crackers in it, he printed three words, "PLEASE LOOK IN!"

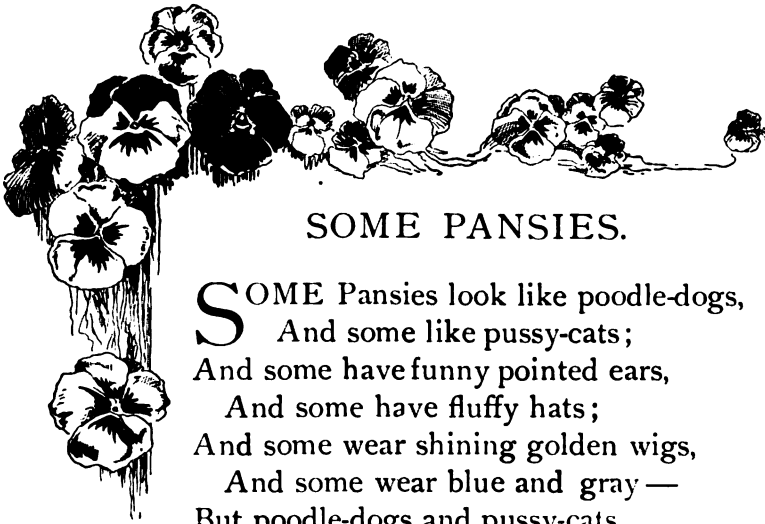
Tommy was ordered by the Chief to wear the sign and carry

the bag wherever he went, for a week, and no order given out in solemn Council could be disobeyed by a member of the Tomahawk.

It was a long week, and by the end of it Tommy Crackers had earned his permanent name.

The Tomahawk Club has long since disbanded, but in Quaker-town Tommy is still called "Tommy Crackers." He is "cured," for he firmly believes that boasting is a mistake.

Caroline S. Griffin.



SOME PANSIES.

SOME Pansies look like poodle-dogs,
And some like pussy-cats;
And some have funny pointed ears,
And some have fluffy hats;
And some wear shining golden wigs,
And some wear blue and gray —
But poodle-dogs and pussy-cats
They look like, every way!

M. J. H.



POODLE-DOG AND PUSSY-CAT.



ON THE BEACH.

“**N**OW what are you building, Jenny and Jack?”
“We’re building a wall, to keep the sea back!”

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IN THE CHAIR SAT THE PRINCESS WISLA.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. VIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1905.

No. 11.

"MILDRED, REDHEAD."

MILDRED Chase has an abundance of beautiful dark red hair. It is long and wavy and glossy. Every day, when she was seven or eight years old, it was curled by Mildred's mother in six plump shining curls. On Sundays, there were always eight.

Now many people consider red hair very ornamental. The great painter Titian gave to some of his most lovely women bright red hair. Many artists have chosen to paint their prettiest pictures of girls and ladies with red hair.

But there are often mischievous teasing boys who delight to make fun of red hair. A few boys in the school which Mildred attended were of this sort.

Mildred ought to have laughed at these boys and paid no other attention to them; but she could not seem to do this. As soon as they would sing out their ugly rhyme,

"Mildred,
Redhead,"

emphasizing the last syllable of each word maliciously, her color would rise, little by little, and presently she would begin to cry.

Affairs at last came to such a pass that as soon as Mildred saw these boys coming, unless she happened to be with her mother or some other grown person, she would run away in a perfect panic and hide as best she could until the danger was past.

One evening Mr. Chase said to his wife, "Do you remember

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THESE BOYS WOULD SING OUT THEIR UGLY RHYME.

my friend Mr. Dunn, the gentleman who had a deformity of the neck? "

" Oh, yes, perfectly," replied Mildred's mother.

" He has gone off to Japan, and he is to live there."

" Indeed! How did that happen? "

" One of his friends, who was disfigured by a bad spot on his face, had to go to Japan on business. He found that the children there are taught never to stare at, nor even notice, any personal defect or deformity in others. It was such a delightful contrast to this country, where young and old alike seem to single out unfortunate people of that sort for special scrutiny, that this gentleman begged his firm to allow him to remain there. Then he wrote to Mr. Dunn about it, and Mr. Dunn was only too happy to arrange his own business affairs so that he could go. Now he is settled there, and he writes that I can have no idea of the comfort of his situation compared with what it was here. He used to suffer tortures from the constant staring to which he was always subjected on the streets and in the cars. Sometimes crowds of ill-mannered boys would run after him, shouting out insulting epithets at him. He is a sensitive man, and nobody knows what he endured in such ways. I am glad that he has found a land where he has peace."

" That is a beautiful trait in the Japanese!" said Mrs. Chase. " Oh, if only American children could be taught to overlook and pity personal defects! I am going to be more faithful henceforward in training our own family in such matters. We ought

to be ashamed that the Japanese are so far in advance of us in humanity."

A day or two later, imagine Mrs. Chase's surprise when a sobbing little girl came flying in from the street, wailing out, "Oh, Mama, *can't* we move to Japan! Oh, please, *please* move to Japan!"

"Have those naughty boys been teasing you again, Mildred?"

"Ye-e-s!" wept the poor child, throwing herself in a tumbled and disordered heap into her mother's lap.

"But we have all told you, dear, that your hair is really beautiful, and that you should pay no attention to the boys," said Mrs. Chase.

"I kn-o-ow it," sobbed Mildred, out of breath with her hard running, and wild with grief and shame. "But I ca-a-n't help it, Mama! Oh, *please* move to Japan! Maybe they would n't make fun of me in Japan!"

Little Mildred, with her beautiful glossy red hair, has grown older now, and long ago learned to disregard the boys who teased her. When they found out that they could not torment her, they ceased to try. But she will never forget her suffering in her school-girl days, when they called after her,

"Mildred,
Redhead,"

and so now she is thoughtful for others, and always averts her face, and avoids looking at anyone who happens to have a personal blemish or deformity of any sort.



"BUT WE HAVE ALL TOLD YOU, DEAR, THAT YOUR HAIR IS REALLY BEAUTIFUL."

Kate Upson Clark.



"I HAVE TO STAY,
SEWING MY PATCHWORK BEFORE I PLAY."

THE PATCHWORK SEAM.

IT'S a very long way to the end of a bedquilt,
Over and over so.
Oh, the flowers and the birds never sew in the sunshine —
Never — they only grow!
But here in the hammock I have to stay,
Sewing my patchwork before I play.

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Robin dear, robin high up in the apple-tree,
 Calling, "Cheer up! cheer ye!"
How do you think I can go to the orchard?
 Here I am sewing — see!
Over and over I have to go
Way down the seam, so long and slow.

Away in the orchard, the honey bees drowsily
 Droning so far away,
Tell of the clovers that want me to gather them,
 Calling, "Come out and play!"
But over and over, and through and through,
No clovers or play with a seam to do!

Oh, it's one crooked stitch, and then two crooked stitches,
 And one crooked stitch makes three!
With the sunshine, or the honey bees droning so,
 Somehow it's hard to see.
Robin, I'm shutting my eyes to dream —
I've sewed to the end of my patchwork seam!

Carolyn S. Bailey.



BY THE PASTURE BARS.

CELIA THAXTER'S FRIENDSHIP WITH A CHILD.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.—ON LONDONERS.

MORE than a quarter of a century ago, while the Isles of Shoals were inhabited by fishermen and their families, there lived at Londoners, one of the smaller islands, a little girl whose name was Mollie.

This little Mollie had no other child to play with ; and through the long winter she amused herself with her few toys. But when summer came she was out of doors all day, playing with the shells on the small beach, watching the ships as they sailed on their mysterious errands, and finding curious figures in the fleecy clouds as they floated over her head, or just digging her toes into the warm sand and listening to the song of the ocean.

Sometimes boating parties put off from Star or Appledore, and stopped at the island where the solitary child played, but it was seldom that they stayed long or gave more than a passing glance to the shy eyes peering at them.

But one July morning, a boat with "Appledore" painted across its bows slid up the beach at Londoners and was fastened. A party of laughing summer folk got out and Mollie, cuddled among the tall grasses and red clovers, watched them as they scrambled up the rocks. They all wore pretty gowns which caught the child's eyes ; but one among them, dressed all in white seemed the loveliest, for this lady gathered long strings of the wild morning-glory as she came and threw them across her shoulders.

Mollie, in her eagerness stood up, and the lady saw her. Perhaps it was the clover blossoms that made her pause, perhaps the admiration in the child's eyes. At any rate she did pause and smile.

"What is this," she said, coming nearer. "Who are you, my little dear?"

"I'm Mollie," the child answered.

"Well I'd like to know about Mollie," said the kind voice. And presently the little girl was telling all about herself. It

was not until the rest of the party, after wandering about the island, came back that this very happy time ended — and it did n't quite end, either; for there was given with the good-bye kiss a promise: —

“Now I won't forget the little girl on Londoners!”

At night when Mollie was being put to bed, she told drowsily



“WHO ARE YOU, MY LITTLE DEAR?” SAID THE LADY.

of the lady in the lovely white gown who had stopped and talked to her.

“Who was she, Mama?”

“I think, dear,” came the answer, “she must have been Celia Thaxter.”

“Oh!” said Mollie drowsily, and was fast asleep.

After that day, Mollie learned to associate the name of Celia Thaxter with all sorts of pleasant surprises — package of books, full of stories and pictures — a china doll — a tiny black-and-white kitten — now and then a box of candy, rare on that island.

And then came the second meeting.

Mollie's father came home one day with a baby bear, and Mollie, remembering a circus she had once seen, decided to start

a menagerie of her own. She would ask five cents a visit, for she reasoned that if people in the city were willing to pay fifty cents to see a great many animals, surely they ought to be willing to pay five cents to see even one bear.

Not long after, a boat came over from Londoners; and as it drew near, to her delight, Mollie saw that Mrs. Thaxter was among the passengers.

From her seat among the goldenrod, Mollie waited until Mrs. Thaxter was close at hand, then she jumped out at her.

"If you please, would you like to see my tame bear? It's only five cents to see him, and he will stand on his head and do lots of tricks."

Mrs. Thaxter paused and an amused look came into her eyes.

"My dear little girl," she said, "I think I have seen that bear before; but if I had my purse with me you should have the five cents." Then she passed on, while Mollie waited for the next person. But she puzzled over Mrs. Thaxter's reply, and later in the day she took her question to her father.

"Where did Mrs. Thaxter see my bear, papa?" she asked.

"Your bear?" said her father, looking up from the net he was mending; "why I suppose she saw it when her brother owned it."

Mollie's forehead wrinkled in a frown of distress. "I asked her to pay me money to see it!" she said.

Her father laughed softly. "I guess you need n't worry," he said reassuringly. "Mrs. Thaxter was a little girl once herself."

(To be concluded)

Mollie Lee Clifford.

"BEEN BAD!"

"**B**EEN bad!" says Baby, bursting into tears;
His mother knows it—but she has no fears
But he'll be good sometime in coming years!

M. J. H.

WHEN PUSSY GOES A-WALKING.



WHEN Pussy goes a-walking,
Where do you s'pose she goes?
Out in the flow'ry garden,
Where nice green catnip grows?

No, no! The garden's lovely,
But Pussy wants to be
Out in the street with big folks
Like Tom and Ruth and me!

So straight to me she scampers,
When I put on my hat,
And climbs right up, 'way to my head,
And then — sits down on that!

She makes *me* do the walking,
And show her all the town;
And then, when we come home again,
She's ready to get down.

L. T. E.

THE BIRDS AND WE.

THE Little Birds are always dressed
In what must be their Sunday-Best,
But Little Children, when they play,
Must wear their clothes for Every-Day.

This is the difference between
The Birds and us — we think it's mean;
We, too, would like, all nicely dressed,
To wear each day our Sunday-Best!

M. J. H.

LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

CHAPTER XI. — TELEGRAPH MESSAGES.

BUT it was not until Betty and her aunt had been for a good while at Bar Harbor, not until the measles had loosened its grip upon Sidney and Phi and they had come, too, that there was any sign about the Indian camps of Winne-Lackee and little Princess Wisla.

Betty and the boys went, every day, to the Indian camps, and one squaw was very kind and gave Betty a pretty little gray seal-skin pouch to hang at her belt.

The great empty camp beside hers was Winne-Lackee's, she said. The old squaw had been there, early in the summer, when her granddaughter, little Swaying Reed, had died. She had taken another little granddaughter to live with her now. Her name was Medwisla (Meadow Lark) and she was called Princess Wisla.

She was not at all like their people, the squaw said, shaking her head in a puzzled way. She had come from the west, like Winne-Lackee herself, and the western tribes were different. But Winne-Lackee was very fond of her, even more fond than she had ever been of little Swaying Reed.

Aunt Celia went and talked with the squaw, and after that she said she thought there was no reason to suppose that the Indians knew anything about little lost Peggy Piper.

And the "Peggy heartache" came back to Betty.

But, suddenly, the great Winne-Lackee camp was open and in the Bar Harbor streets appeared a small wheeled chair, pushed by a tall Indian, and in the chair sat the Princess Wisla, wrapped in a white silk blanket embroidered with gold and with more beautiful strings of beads than ever about her neck!

Betty wished to hop off the buckboard on which she was driving with her aunt and press through the crowd to speak to Princess Wisla, just as she had done in the Canadian city, but Aunt Celia held her back.

She said it seemed a little as if Winne-Lackee had run away from *her*, with Little Princess Wisla. Let the boys speak to

her if they could, but she and Betty would keep out of sight!

Betty thought this was pretty hard but she certainly did not want Princess Wisla whisked off out of sight again. So she patiently waited to see whether Phi and Sidney could get a chance to speak to the little Indian princess, and, if they did, what she would say to them.

"I suppose the old squaw does n't want her to speak to any white children," said Aunt Celia as she watched the boys who had jumped off the buckboard and mingled with the crowd that was following the little princess in her chair.

Dr. Sockabesin's sign was now to be seen over a door on the main street, and it seemed likely that it was in order to attract attention to the Indians that little Princess Wisla was paraded about the streets.

Aunt Celia and Betty leaned out of the buckboard to see what would happen when Phi and Sidney tried to speak to Princess Wisla.

Phi, as soon as he had a glimpse of the little Indian girl's face, pressed through the crowd as eagerly as Betty had done, in the Canadian city.

And Aunt Celia saw that his face had turned pale.

Just then a motor car, whose driver had evidently lost control of it, came dashing into the crowd, which divided as if by magic. Only the tall Indian was looking another way and the motor car swerving from side to side would have crashed upon the little princess if Phi had not caught the chair and with all his strength sent it rolling upon the sidewalk out of harm's way!

But Phi lost his balance in the effort and fell so that one wheel of the car went over his leg and he was carried to the hospital, a beautiful breezy place, overlooking the sea, and two or three doctors were speedily in attendance on him.

"A fellow could n't let any girl get run over, you know," he said, when the doctors were for making a hero of him, "and that little Indian girl makes me think somehow of my sister Peggy who — who — is lost."

Aunt Celia quite forgot, now, that she had thought it wise not to let Winne-Lackee or Dr. Sockabesin see her or Betty. They

got to the hospital as soon as they could and were greatly relieved to hear the doctors say that no bone was broken and Phi would be able to walk again in a week or two.

As Aunt Celia and Betty were going out of Phi's room who should be coming up the stairs but old Winne-Lackee and behind her came Dr. Sockabesin carrying Princess Wisla in his arms!

Aunt Celia stepped into a little ante-room and drew Betty in after her. She could not but think, after she heard what Phi said, that there was something queer about the little Indian princess, and at last began to have suspicions that the Indians had carried her away from Canada because they were unwilling to have her meet Betty again.

The portiere was pushed aside a little and Aunt Celia and Betty could see and hear what went on in Phi's room.

Phi sprang up from his pillows when he saw the little Indian princess and the Indian woman enter, although the doctors had told him to lie perfectly still.

His face grew very red, but perhaps it would have done that anyway because Princess Wisla was thanking him in pretty English as she had been told to do for saving her life. She said, too, that she was glad that he was not to be obliged to lie in bed long. She had been obliged to, and she knew how hard it was. She was only strong enough yet to walk a very little ways.

"Your eyes look at me just like my sister Peggy's!" Phi burst forth. "And your voice sounds like hers!"

The red blood rushed into the little princess' dark cheeks.

"Is your sister Peggy Piper, and does she live in Polly-whop-pet," she asked, slowly. "I have been told about her and I think of her all the time! I seem to know, somehow, that she has a brother Phi! Perhaps the little girl told me — or the man in the cars. And this little Peggy Piper has a little dog Stumpy, just like me, too. My dog Stumpy had to be sent back to the island because he behaved so. He howled and whined nights. I am a little Indian girl, you know. I am a Princess. My grandfather was a great chief —"

"I don't see what makes you seem so much like our Peggy!"

blurted out poor Phi, again, staring at her with all his eyes.

"Come! Come! You will tire the poor boy!" said Dr. Sockabesin, hastily. And Aunt Celia and Betty saw Dr. Sockabesin carry Princess Wisla out of the room, old Winne-Lackee following, her face grim but her eyes looking frightened.

Poor Phi was sobbing, his face half buried in the pillows, not caring who saw him cry like a girl.

"There is something so strange about this that I am going to send a message to your father to come down at once!" said Aunt Celia to her niece Betty.

"But Princess Wisla could n't be our Peggy Piper and not know it, could she?" cried Betty, who was beginning to feel like Patty Plummer who believed in witches and fairies.

Aunt Celia herself felt a little like that but in spite of it she went directly from the hospital and sent a message to Dr. Brooks asking him to come to Bar Harbor at once.

When he answered, saying he would be there on the boat that reached the Harbor at noon, the next day, she drew a long breath.

The next morning, after Sidney and Betty had been to see Phi at the hospital, they walked down to the wharves where it was very gay, with sail-boats and row-boats coming and going.

The steamer was blowing puffs of black smoke and screaming as loud as it could because it was just going to sail away.

Aunt Celia hired a sailor to take them out in a little boat and the little boat almost "stood on its head," as Sidney said, between the great waves that the steamer made as it turned around.

But Betty forgot to be afraid. She had caught sight of a grim face at a stateroom window as the steamer turned.

"Oh, Aunt Celia! The old squaw!" she cried.

When Aunt Celia looked there was another face at the window. Little Princess Wisla caught sight of them, leaned far out and waved her hand to Betty.

"They are carrying Princess Wisla off again!" cried Betty, "And see! with the sun shining on her face how much she looks like our own Peggy Piper! Oh! Aunt Celia what shall we do?"

(To be concluded.)

Sophie Swett.

DEAR LITTLE SHEILA

⑩





The two white






looked so




cosey, nestled on the





backs of the two big work-horses, that Tommy and  thought they never had seen anything so pretty. "Will the  like

our little , do you think?" asked Molly, anxiously. "Nobody can tell," said the big .

"One of your ponies looks as if she would snap at a  if it tried to climb upon her back." The

man was looking at dear little Sheila. Her restless  shone out under her shaggy foretop as keen as . The other  looked very sleepy.

He stood perfectly still and did n't hold up his  at all because he was tired. "You would be kind to a

pretty little cat, would n't you, Sheila dear?" said ,





coaxing her pony, with her









on her shaggy mane. But  seemed to think she would not be kind at all.





"My  would be kind," said  to the big stable-man. "My pony is kind to everybody. That other one is a bad, naughty, snappish pony. She






likes nobody but sister. A little  brought her up on an  way off in the ocean, so she likes only little girls. A little  struck her once, and now she is ugly to all little . At me she snaps and bites. But my own

would let the  sleep on his back all she wanted to." "Well, you run into the  now,"

said the man, "and perhaps you can try putting her on his back to-morrow night." So the  kissed their good-night, and the  led the tired little horses into their stalls. "Well," said the big

man, "that little boy is an odd chap, is n't he?" "He's a nice good tender-hearted little chap as ever was," said the sailor. "He



'most cried his   out, coming over on the , because that haughty pony would n't like him!"



DON'T WORRY

“O H, DEARIE me!”
Said a Baby Seed-corn.

“I think it would be better
Had I never been born;
There's no good in growing —
I don't want to try! —
I'm sure to be gobbled up
By and by.

“I had an Uncle
Starting out to grow,
Sending little rootlets
Running down below;
Just when he got them
Anchored pretty deep,
Along came a hungry
Peep-Peep-Peep!

“I had an Auntie
Growing in a hill;
Just when her seed-corns
Had begun to fill
With sweet white milk,
As little kernels do,
Along came a hungry
Moo-Moo-Moo!

“Now just supposing
Poor little I
Should send down roots
Or should grow very high —
Some great creature,
Greedy as could be,
Might come and gobble up
Poor little me!”

Old Granny Seed-corn,
Drying on the ear,
Said to him, " Oh, there,
Don't worry, dear !
Moo and Peep-Peep have
Never gobbled me.
Keep on a-growing,
And — we shall see."

Elizabeth Hill.



THE PORTRAITS OF THE TWINS.

I. THE BAD TWIN.

II. THE GOOD TWIN.

NED LONGLEY'S NOTE-BOOK.

XX. — THAT GREAT NAVAL BATTLE.

"I HAVE been thinking about Japan hard," wrote Ned Longley in his note-book, "and hearing father say interesting things about that great naval battle.

Father says that every Japanese in that battle was fighting it directly for the Mikado's honor. To honor and obey the Mikado is a Jap man's chief business in life, father says. Father says that this is a Jap's idea of good citizenship—to be all ready when the Mikado wants him.

"Father says every Japanese is a *public* man, so to speak. He belongs, first of all, to the Mikado. Every man here in America is a *private man*, so to speak, with business of his own, while to do the Mikado's pleasure is the end and aim of the Japanese man's life. I think father has made me understand this devotion to the Mikado. About as soon as he is born every Japanese man divests himself of anything like personal wishes and fits himself to do the Mikado's will.

"Now there is the Japanese food, for instance—rice. There is something about rice, father said, which fits it wonderfully to be the national food of a kingdom like Japan. It is the universal food of the entire Japanese population. The Japanese never tire of rice. It is easy to grow, easy to store, easy to carry anywhere, and easy to cook. It especially is the ideal soldier's ration, in fact. Besides the whole business takes very little time, and leaves the entire nation free to learn to read and write and study and to do public duties. If the Japanese people had to provide as varied a table as we do, they might not be so very great a nation. Rice, father says, with a laugh, is perhaps one of the secrets of the whole Japanese prosperity!

"And then Admiral Togo was raised up to direct the great naval battles of Japan, and he began to make a man of himself when he was very, very young. Father read to Noll and me a letter from an Englishman who was trained up with young Mr. Togo in England. This letter was in a newspaper. He and young Mr. Togo were under the same private tutor, and lived in the

same family. He said young Mr. Togo was 'a perfect glutton' for work, and that as soon as he saw anything done Mr. Togo would afterwards go and do the same thing himself without 'asking any questions.' He got to understand gunnery like anything, and is probably the best natural ship gunner of any man living. Father thinks Mr. Togo could teach our navy lots of things, and he says that we would do well to establish a Naval Academy in Japan under Admiral Togo's care.

"Admiral Togo, father says, specially drilled the Japanese to 'fire straight' just as soon as he learned the big battle was coming off on the Sea of Japan, a very rough, crooked sea; though he was not *very* anxious, for he knew what would probably happen — that the Russian men could n't help make blunders.

"Well, the very first thing, a Russian ship almost ran into a Japanese ship, through a blunder; and as the Russian men kept right on mistaking the signals of their officers they soon got their part of the battle all tangled up. Then I told father that I had always thought that an Admiral who would run down helpless fishing vessels, as Rojestvensky did when he first started out from Russia, would n't amount to much. Yes, Togo knew very well that in a battle the Russians would get confused and fire all wrong; and so they did, and lost their ships and almost lost their country too!

"Father read Noll and me something we liked from a Japanese officer's letter to another Japanese man. After this officer had spoken about upholding the honor and the duty of being Japanese men, he went on to speak of their chances of being killed in battle and it was then he said a noble thing. It was this: 'By going down with the Russians, we shall in a manner pay the debt we owe for the slaughter of those poor innocent peasants.'

"I think I would like to be a Japanese. I do admire a Japanese man. I think my father would be willing I should be one. We Americans naturalize natives of other countries, but I never have heard that the Japanese naturalized anybody. You have to be born. I do feel so like shouting 'Banzai!' whenever the Japanese nation gets a victory!"

Frances Campbell Sparhawk.

COOKY ISLAND.



WITH BRIDGET'S APRON ON.

EVELYN liked nothing better, on baking days, than to watch Bridget making pies and cake. She and her little brother, Robert, never tired of seeing the wonderful process by which a big lump of dough would be mysteriously changed, by the magic passes of Bridget's rolling-pin, into crisp brown cookies or delicious little pies.

When Bridget was feeling good-natured, which was not always, she would humor the children by making them a pan of cookies cut in the shapes of various animals. Bridget was quite an artist in this line. There would be horses, dogs, cats and elephants, all funnier than any real ones you ever saw. After Evelyn and Robert had played with these awhile, they would eat them, very slowly, biting off first a leg, then the tail, then the head, and so on, till, finally, the whole beast was devoured. Those were great days, when Bridget made animal cookies.

Evelyn's ambition was to grow up to be a cook, like Bridget. She would like to do nothing all her life, she thought, but just make ginger animals. Day after day, as she looked longingly at the bread-board, and the rolling-pin, and the big lump of dough, this resolve strengthened. Finally she determined to watch for an opportunity, and see what she could do herself in the way of making cookies.

One afternoon, the long-watched-for chance came. It was just before Christmas. Uncle George had come on from New York to the little village where they lived, to spend the holidays. It was Bridget's afternoon out; and the others, all but Evelyn, were going for a sleigh-ride. Oh, but it seemed as if they would never start! First, Uncle George had ordered the sleigh for two o'clock, and the man did not come with it till half an hour

later; then Mama had a caller, who detained them fifteen minutes longer; then Rob lost one of his mittens, and they had to find that. But, at last, the sleigh was really off, and Evelyn breathed a glad sigh of relief. She watched it out of sight, then she threw aside her book and flew to the kitchen.

In almost as short a time as it takes to tell it, she had the oven heating and, with Bridget's apron on, was rolling out dough, just as she had seen Bridget do, on the bread-board, with the rolling-pin. No, not just as Bridget did; for even Evelyn's sharp eyes had failed to observe one point in the art of making cookies. It was that Bridget did not roll the dough out all at once, but in batches, a little at a time. That makes all the difference in the world with cookies, as Evelyn found out afterward.

She cut out dogs, and they were very good little dogs, indeed, and full of ginger, as all good dogs should be; she made cats, and horses, and elephants, and they looked just like Bridget's. She felt very proud of them, as she put them in the oven; and when she took them out, they looked so inviting that she fairly clapped her hands, and danced with delight. She thought she would eat an elephant, to see how good it tasted. First, she tried to bite off the trunk, then she tried the tail, then each of the legs, and, finally, in a last desperate attempt, the head. Then she sat down on the floor, and burst into a flood of bitter tears. Trunk, tail, legs, and head, all were so hard and tough that not even a dog could crunch them.

Poor little Evelyn! She had intended to surprise the whole family with those cookies; and now they were good for nothing. But Evelyn was not a girl to cry long over a disappointment. Brushing away the tears, she gathered all the cookies into Bridget's apron, and hurried up stairs with them, to her own room. There she opened an empty drawer in the bureau, into which she tumbled them, and hastened back to the kitchen. Then she set about, with a will, to remove all the evidences of her afternoon's failure. The result was, that, when the sleighing-party returned, they found the same little girl curled up in an arm-chair in the parlor, where they had left her, reading a book.

That night, after Evelyn's mother had tucked her in bed,

blown out the light, and gone down stairs, Evelyn got up, re-lighted the lamp, and peeped into the bureau-drawer at the strange menagerie which she had called into existence.

She went to the head of the stairs, and listened. Everybody was in the parlor, laughing and talking.

Evelyn returned to her room, and dressed hastily. Then she gathered up the animal cookies, once more, and stealthily made her way down to the back door. A moment later, a frightened little figure sped through the darkness to a bridge, just beyond the house, and leaning over the rail, emptied dogs and cats, horses and elephants, into the river.

Uncle George was an early riser. He walked down the road, stopping at the bridge, to look at the river. Suddenly a very strange sight arrested his attention. Just beside the bridge was an island, and right in the middle of the island was a little tree, and in the tree, some climbing up, and others going down, were a lot of ginger dogs and cats, and horses and elephants.



UNCLE GEORGE DISCOVERS COOKY ISLAND.

Of course, at the breakfast table, on his return, Uncle John had to tell all about "Cooky Island," as he called it; and, afterward, everybody went down to the bridge to see the strange sight. But Evelyn, finding that she was not suspected, kept her secret well-guarded. Not until many years after, indeed, when she told the story to her own children,

did any one know the history of the early inhabitants of "Cooky Island," discovered by their great-uncle George.

William H. Branigan.



"OH, YES, HE THINKS IT MOST AMUSING,
THE WAY HE MAKES US RUN!"

THE THUNDER-GUST.

O H, he 's a racer and a chaser!
He makes the people run!
I guess he thinks it quite amusing,
The way he has his fun!

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WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

We children start in clothes all starchy,
 And feel so very nice —
 But presently we all are draggled,
 And just as wet as mice!

He 's such a racer and a chaser,
 In a minute it is done!
 Oh, yes, he thinks it most amusing,
 The way he makes us run!

M. J. H.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

(A1. -- Nature-Study Questions about the Grasshopper.)

- I. Why is the grasshopper so called?
- II. How many wings and how many legs has the grasshopper?
- III. What is remarkable about the grasshopper's legs?
- IV. What peculiar habit has the grasshopper when caught and held?
- V. How does the grasshopper "play the fiddle"?

C. Q. Wright, U. S. Navy.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE PIANO.

THE smooth piano keys of ivory are made —
 I asked Papa one day, and that is how I know;
 They catch an elephant, and bring his tusks away,
 And make piano keys of them — he told me so.

I'm sure he must be right; just listen while I pound
 A lot of them, and press that pedal near the floor.
 Now, *there!* — you need the white and black ones all at once —
 Hear the great elephant! Just hear him boom and roar!

Tracy Livingston.



“OUR papa is very good, isn’t he, Bobbie? Other papas do not make such beautiful playhouses for their children.” That was what Bee said.

“I like to play down at the cornstalk playhouse the best,” Bobbie said.

“Oh, Bobbie, how can you?” Bee said: “We haven’t any dear little yellowbird down at the cornstalk playhouse. I like *this* one the best!”

“I get tired here keeping still,” Bobbie said, yawning. “I wish she would get her eggs hatched so we could see the little birds.”

Bobbie and Bee were in the hemlock playhouse; and this is the way the hemlock playhouse was made. First there were poles, many poles, nailed between two hemlock trees, and then there were many hemlock boughs woven in and out, and overhead, forming a fine strong roof.

A dear little yellowbird had built her nest in the boughs in one corner of the playhouse, and had laid four tiny eggs, and now she was sitting upon them waiting for her babies to come out.

Bobbie and Bee sat at a little round table spread with bits of broken dishes. They had a nice feast of bread and butter and doughnuts and apples, and they were as cosy as cosy could be.

“Once when I was in here alone the mother-bird flew out of the nest and came down and lit right near my foot,” Bee said, looking up at the two bright eyes watching them from the nest. “I held out my hand and said, ‘Come little sweetheart, Bee will not hurt you,’ and she flew right down to me. Bobbie!” She truly truly did.

"Try now, and see if she'll fly down to you," said Bobbie.
"I'll keep still."•

"Won't you squeal if she starts to come?"

"No, I'll keep just as still as *still*," said Bobbie.

Bee held out her little hand.

"Come, little sweetheart, Bee will not hurt you," she said in coaxing tones.

The yellowbird stepped out on the edge of her nest. "Peep!" she said.

Bobbie crammed his fist into his mouth to keep from squealing — he was so excited and pleased.

"Come, and see what we have for our dinner, darling," Bee said, reaching out her hand a little further.

And what do you think that yellowbird did?

Why, she said, "Peep, peep," and down she flew and lit on Bee's shoulder!

"She didn't do that before!" Bee whispered. "Oh Bobbie keep still, keep *still*!" And she took a crumb of bread, and held it up quite near the yellowbird's bill — but no, oh, no, that yellowbird did not quite dare to eat from little Bee's fingers! Away she flew, out of the door of the hemlock playhouse, and up, up, up into a hemlock tree.

And Bobbie jumped up and said, "I am going to look into the nest while she is away and see if her little eggs are hatching." And he took his little chair and stood on tiptoe and looked into the yellowbird's nest.

"Oh, Bee!" he cried, and his blue eyes opened very wide. "There's a little baby bird peeking at me out of one of the little shells."

And Bee stood in the little chair beside Bobbie, and looked into the nest. "Oh, isn't it funny," she said in a whisper. "How could a little bird grow into a little bird, when it was all shut up in an egg-shell, Bobbie?"

Bobbie said nothing, and jumped down from the chair and ran out of the playhouse. "Come home! you have a baby bird in your nest!" he called, looking up into the tree where the yellowbird was sitting.



"COME SEE WHAT WE HAD FOR DINNER!" SAID BEE.

And that yellowbird mother flew down from the tree, and into the playhouse and lit on the edge of her nest. "Peep, peep! peep! peep!" she said, which meant, "Oh, you darling, I am glad you have come!"

And down the yellowbird mother sat in the nest and cuddled that dear little baby bird up close to her breast.

And Bobbie hopped on one foot and said to Bee, "Come, let

the little bird sleep, and let us go down to our cornstalk playhouse to play."

And Bee said, "All right. Goodby, dear mother-bird. We'll come again to-morrow and see your baby."

Away Bee and Bobbie ran out of the hemlock playhouse and out of the hemlock woods and down across the meadows to the edge of the cornfield, and there was the wonderful cornstalk playhouse.

And this is the way the cornstalk playhouse was made. First there were four strong posts placed in the ground, forming a square; and there were poles, many poles, nailed from one post to the other, and all between the poles the yellow cornstalks were placed; and overhead there was a fine strong roof made of cornstalks too.

And Bee clapped her hands and said, "Oh, see, see, Bobbie dear, our cornstalk playhouse looks like gold shining in the sun!"

And Bobbie said, "Yes, it does. Let us play that you live all alone in the cornstalk playhouse, and I'll be a bear and live in the corn and growl, and run after you!"

And Bee said, "All right, only I'll not be truly afraid for I'll know it's only you, Bobbie."

"Well, pretend afraid anyway;" said Bobbie. And he ran in among the tall corn and Bee went into the cornstalk playhouse and sat down and waited.

And all at once she heard a bear growling and running around outside of the playhouse.

"Oh, oh, I hear a bear! I hear a bear!" she said, and pretended to cry very loud.

And the bear growled louder and louder.

"Now I'm coming in and eat you up," said Bobbie. And he put his little head into the door of the playhouse and growled again.

"Oh, oh, it's only a little baby bear;" said Bee, clapping her hands. "It's only a baby bear three years old, with golden hair — I'm not afraid!"

And Bobbie stopped growling and pouted his lips. "Now

Bee, you've spoiled all the fun! Why didn't you pretend to be afraid?"

And Bee laughed and said, "All right, Bobbie dear, we'll play it again."

And they played it again, and this time Bee pretended to be afraid, and Bobbie pretended that he was a very large bear and ate her up.

Bobbie never was satisfied unless he had eaten her.



A CURLY-HAIRED BEAR, GROWLING HORRIRLY!

Bobbie always wanted to play "bear," when they came down to the cornstalk playhouse to play. He just loved to growl and to eat Bee up.

And there was no dear little yellowbird in the cornstalk playhouse to disturb, you see. And that was why he liked it best.

Now, which playhouse would *you* have liked the best?

Gertrude Smith.



"WHY -- WHERE IS IT, GRANDPA?" EXCLAIMED TOGGLES.

THE KITTEN THAT NEVER WAS FOUND.

TOGGLES' feet made no sound in the thick grass, and his Grandpa did not know he was there until he spoke.

"Grandpa," Toggles called, "I guess you'll have to come and help me! There's a little cat up by the barn somewhere, and it keeps crying harder and harder, and I can't find it."

Grandpa was at work in the bee-yard, but he put the cover on the hive, took off his veil, and came with Toggles at once.

"Well, that's strange," he said. "I did n't know Zenobia had any kittens."

"She has n't," answered Toggles, "and I don't know where this one came from! But it's there, and crying just dreadful."

Grandpa and Toggles walked up past the lilacs to the big barn and looked all about, everywhere — but no trace of a kitten!

"Did it sound as if it was inside of the barn?" asked Grandpa.

"I couldn't just tell," said Toggles. "Maybe it was inside."

They looked, but there was no cat there, and they could hear no crying.

"You're sure you heard it?" asked Grandpa.

"Oh, I'm sure," answered Toggles. "It was just as plain, and the kitten felt very bad."

"Perhaps it was at the carriage-house," suggested Grandpa.

But it was not outside of the carriage-house nor inside, and when, to make sure, Toggles went down on his little stomach and crawled under, where it was all dark and cool, there was no kitten there either.

"It's very strange," he said, as they walked back, beneath the apple trees, to the bee yard. "I know I heard it. Maybe though its mama came and found it."

Grandpa did not say anything, and just at that minute, right out of the tree above their heads, came the same pitiful, beseeching call of a very little cat in sorest trouble.

"There!" exclaimed Toggles. "There it is again. Why—where is it, Grandpa?"

Grandpa did not answer, but he pointed with his finger and Toggles looked with all his eyes at a dark slate-colored bird, with a black cap.

"That?" he whispered.

Grandpa nodded.

"Why—" And just then the bird gave the same pitiful low call again; and then another, that was not at all like a kitten's, and with a flirt of its tail, as if it were laughing at them, flew off as fast as its wings would carry it.

"What was it?" asked Toggles, when the bird was lost among the leaves.

"That was a cat-bird," Grandpa answered.

"Well," said Toggles, as Grandpa laughed and put on his bee-veil once more, "I've learned a great deal about birds since I came to the farm, but, Grandpa, that's the first time I ever knew there was a bird that played tricks on people."

Frederick Hall.



A BAD REPORT.

NOW, did you chase the cat? I fear
You did! At least, that's what I hear!

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THE CHILDREN CAME TO SMILE.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. VIII.

OCTOBER, 1905.

No. 12.

THE BILLY GOAT CART.

THEY took a ride in the Billy Goat cart,
Way up the country-side;
With a Billy Goat horse, in a Billy Goat cart,
They took a splendid ride.

Jack held the reins of the Billy Goat horse,
And Polly she sat back —
Like a lady she rode in the Billy Goat cart,
Way up the roadway track.

And the neighbors they all came out to stare,
The children came to smile —
As they rode along in the Billy Goat cart,
A long and merry while.

And when they came back to the inn called Home
Right glad were they to stop —
And the Billy Goat off to the stable went,
With a hop-skip, hop-skip, hop!

Maria Johns Hammond.

LITTLE GIRL PINK.

LITTLE Girl Pink, out in the grass,
Is n't she sweet, the dear little lass?
Sometime they'll say, when she is gray,
"Was n't she pretty, one long-ago day!"

M. J. H.

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HOW SIGRID SAVED THE KING.

LITTLE Sigrid's home was a rude house, a small, hovel-like structure, with a thatched roof and an old-looking, time-worn chimney. There were but three rooms in this house; one of these was the loft reached by a rude stairway, and used by the family as a sleeping chamber. Of the two on the ground-floor one was used as a storage or provision room, the larger room was kitchen and living-room.

The walls of the living-room were bare save for a pair of deer's horns over the door. The windows were narrow and had shutters inside. At one end was a raised hearth of stone. The rafters were smoked to a rich coffee color. Each of these features lent its own touch to the strange distinction possessed by the bare room. A big heavy deal table, a chair, half a dozen stools and a carved spinning wheel comprised the furniture.

This hut stood among the Dalecarlian hills in Sweden, in the midst of deep woods, though on one side there was an open stretch, through which could be seen green fields, and far below in the valley the roofs and chimneys of a small hamlet. It was a wild beautiful country, and this forest cottage and its barn, which also had a thatched roof, added a quaint charm to it.

Such, at that period, was the home of Sigrid Johansson and her little brother Carl. Sigrid was only twelve, and Carl was eight years old. They had lived in this secluded hovel ever since they were born. Their father had been a wood-cutter, but the year before had been killed by the fall of one of his own trees.

Their mother, Dame Ulrica, went out nursing, far and near, for a livelihood, and was then attending the miller's sick wife at Rattvik, a little hillside village about a dozen miles distant through the woods. So the children were all alone in their forest home a large part of the time.

"Be careful, Sigrid," Dame Ulrica had said when she left home the first of the week. "The Danish soldiers are about, searching everywhere for that true Swede, Gustavus Vasa. Thou best not leave the house while I am away!"

Thou shouldst not worry about Sigrid or me, mother," de-

clared Carl, shaking his yellow curls and strutting up and down with his father's axe upon his shoulders. "I will kill all the wicked Danes, every one. Then the good Gustavus won't have to hide any longer with a price upon his head."

Sigrid smiled meekly at her brother's speech. She was a dignified little thing, with two great coils of yellow hair hanging down below her waist, and blue eyes as peaceful as the summer skies of her home.

"Brother will take care of me, mother, thou see'st," Sigrid said; "and we'll not leave the house."

"I shall be back as soon as the good wife is better," said the mother. "And Ulfson shall come over with a bag of meal."

The children saw their mother depart without a thought of being afraid. She was absent so much that they were quite accustomed to being alone.

Carl and Sigrid had plenty of work to busy themselves with. The boy fed the chickens, the two sheep and the cow, carried the water and gathered fuel from the forest, and his sister milked the cow, churned the butter, cooked their meals and spun the wool, even as Swedish maidens do today. When it came night they closed the shutters early, drew the stout oaken bar across the door, lighted their single lamp and roasted nuts in the hot ashes till bedtime, when they said their prayers, drew the ashes over the coals and climbed to the loft to their couches of straw with wolfskins for blankets.

In the middle of the week the miller's boy came over the hills with a bag of barley meal on his mule's back; but no other person visited them till one night just at dusk, little Carl rushed into the kitchen, where his sister was spinning.

"Oh, Sigrid," cried he, "there's a big man coming up the path. I think it must be one of the Danes! Had n't we better bar him out?"

"Hush, Carl," said his sister, pausing to stir the coals on the wide hearth. "'Tis no Dane if he comes alone. Doubtless he is some traveler who needs shelter for the night."

"I don't know about that," answered Carl, cautiously. "He is so tall and burly I think I will get my axe."



SIGRID SEIZED THE STRANGER'S HEAVY FUR COAT AND HURRIED UP THE STAIRWAY.

Before Sigrid could answer there was a rap at the door, and her first glance was an apprehensive one as she opened it.

The stranger was of large frame, tall and broad-shouldered, as Carl had said; and his great size was rendered more impressive by the large cloak of bear's fur that hung from his shoulders for it was the season of cold among the Dalecarlian mountains. Piercing dark eyes shone from under heavy brows, and the man's whole air was that of one used to command.

"Canst give shelter to a wanderer among the hills?" he asked in a somewhat stern voice, yet courteous enough. "I had hoped to go further, but night is coming and I am far from friends."

"To such as we have thou art welcome, sir," answered Sigrid, throwing wide the door.

The stranger murmured his thanks and came into the room, laying aside his heavy fur garment and seating himself near the fire.

Little Carl continued to view him suspiciously. He kept back in the corner, and noted every movement of their guest, who sat quiet with his chin upon his hands, while Sigrid was busy getting supper. When the hot barley cakes and the bean-porridge were placed upon the table, Carl hardly had courage to set his stool at the opposite side, but brought forward the heavy woodsman's axe so that the stranger might note that he had it within reach.

This action fastened the visitor's eye. "What dost thou do with thy axe, my lad?" he asked, curiously.

"I keep it to kill Danes with," replied the hardy little Swede, with unexpected energy.

"Then thou wilt have work enough to do ere long," said the visitor, smiling; and he fell to eating his bowl of porridge with the zest of a hungry man.

Hardly had the three finished their hungry meal when they were disturbed by the clatter of horses' hoofs outside. The next instant there was a heavy knock on the door.

"Give us entrance!" cried half a dozen voices.

Carl grasped his axe and stood up behind the table in a posture of defence. The visitor sprang to his feet, gave a glance around, and then, as if realizing how useless would be an attempt to give fight, he seized the remainder of the porridge, and resumed his eating.

But quiet Sigrid's action was the most singular of all; she seized the stranger's heavy fur coat and hurried up the stairway with it, returning just in time to unbar the door as a threatening voice cried, "Open this door, or we will break it down!"

Then a dozen armed men struggled in through the doorway, and the leader sternly asked, "Girl, hast seen a wanderer pass the hut?"

"No one has passed by the door these seven days," answered gentle Sigrid, with an unfaltering tongue, though her cheeks paled.



SIGRID STRUCK HER GUEST A RUDE BLOW IN THE FACE.

"But who is he yonder?" questioned the officer, with a suspicious glance at the figure by the hearth.

"That," said the quiet girl in a contemptuous tone, "is a varlet who does not know when he has eaten enough!"

And then, as by a sudden inspiration, she struck her guest a rude blow in the face.

"To the barn, thou churl, where thou belongest!" she exclaimed. "I will inform thy mistress on her return what a glutton and lazybones she pays her hard-earned silver to. To thy work!"

The man arose with a lazy yawn, wiped his mouth with his hand, and muttered, "The fire was warm and the soup was good. I did n't know it was any harm."

Then he made for the door, his exit being considerably hastened by the help of the soldiers, who jostled him with rude jokes, all of which he took placidly.

"Well! thou hast a sharp tongue, my lass, although thou lookest meek enough!" declared the officer, with a laugh. "Pardon us for this intrusion."

He ordered his men to remount and ride on in pursuit of the illustrious fugitive, who, thanks to a young girl's ready wit, they had just had the pleasure of assisting to escape out of their very hands.

After the soldiers had disappeared in the forest Sigrid sank down, white as a sheet, and Carl, wondering, asked, "Were they Danes, sister?"

He would not believe that the burly stranger, who had left his big fur coat in their loft, was really the famous Gustavus Vasa, till one day in the following summer, when a cavalcade rode up to the cottage door, and the leader, the same heavy man with the stern eyes and grim lips, whom they had housed, asked for Sigrid.

"Thou art a brave girl and a discerning one," said the king—he was now Gustavus I.—"and I well know that I owe my life to thy prompt action. If thou wilt now return my fur coat I will pay thee for its keeping."

And to the surprise of quiet Sigrid and her mother, while Carl's eyes fairly seemed to roll out of their sockets, he laid a chain of gold



THE KING LAID A CHAIN OF GOLD AROUND SIGRID'S NECK.

around the white neck of the modest young girl.

"That is the gift of thy king," he continued. "The nation gives thee a better keepsake."

Thereupon he put into the hands of the bewildered Sigrid a

folded parchment to which were attached cords and seals. Then bowing grandly, as if she had been a princess, the Swedish hero king and his knights rode away.

The parchment proved to be the title-deed of a large estate granted to Sigrid and her heirs forever and which is said to be still in the hands of the descendants of the gentle young Swedish girl whose shrewd wit and presence of mind saved the life of the greatest of Sweden's sovereigns.

Fred Myron Colby.

IN THE MOON-BOAT.

ONE night I took a lovely ride,
The new moon for a boat ;
There were no oars, there was no sail,
Yet swiftly did I float.

The little waves of cloudlets white
Were jolly as could be —
I did not feel one bit afraid
Of sailing on that sea !

I splashed the cloud-mist on the stars
To dim their dazzling light —
They did not seem to mind at all,
But winked in their delight !

Then came a shining trailing thing —
A comet with its tail !
I heard my heart go pit-a-pat,
I felt my cheeks grow pale.

Yet out I reached to hold it fast —
But lost my balance quite,



ONE NIGHT I TOOK A LOVELY RIDE.

And tumbling headlong downward fell
From that far dizzy height !

“Mama!” I cried — and then woke up,
Right in my Mama’s lap!
There was no boat, no cloudy sea —
I’d only had a nap!

Helen Lovejoy McCarthy.

CELIA THAXTER'S FRIENDSHIP WITH A CHILD.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II. — AT APPLEDORE.

BUT Mollie was not wholly comforted until there came an invitation to Londoners from Appledore, for the little girl and her mother to come and spend a day in Mrs. Thaxter's home.

That wonderful day! Will Mollie ever forget it? It began with the boat-ride under the bluest of skies, over the greenest water, through which Mollie dragged her fingers in happy excitement.

When they landed she was the first ashore, waiting impatiently for the others; and all the way up the rocks little Mollie danced ahead, threatening with her many antics to overthrow her mother.

Mrs. Thaxter met them on her piazza, and led them into a room whose beauty was a revelation to little Mollie. There were soft colored pictures on the wall; and about, on the tables and shelves, were vases filled with flowers of a kind that never grew on Londoners. On one table were books and magazines, and in the center was a vase filled with paint brushes. The vase had butterflies painted on it and Mollie wondered if Mrs. Thaxter had painted them.

In one corner of the room stood a curious case in which were strange shells and corals, and many bits of mineral stone.

But what attracted the child more than anything else in the room was an open desk on which there was a pile of manuscript, numbers of lead pencils and a queer-looking inkstand with horns to hold the pens. This, thought Mollie, must be the desk where Mrs. Thaxter wrote the beautiful poems which she had often heard her mother read.

For some time Mollie sat simply looking at the desk, longing to try one of the pencils which lay so temptingly in a row, her heart full of new thoughts which she only half understood.

"Would you like to look at some pictures, little one?" came a question breaking in upon her reverie.

"Yes 'm," answered Mollie; and Mrs. Thaxter went to a closet from which she brought a box of stereoscopic views, and a glass to look at them with. Then there were more pictures in a book, and some dear stories that Mrs. Thaxter told; and then Mollie's mother was saying it was time to start for home, back to Londoners.

"You must have some refreshments before you go;" said Mrs. Thaxter. Then she left the room while Mollie wondered what was meant by "refreshments." Before she could make up



"YOU MUST HAVE SOME REFRESHMENTS," SAID MRS. THAXTER.

her mind to ask her mother what they were, Mrs. Thaxter was back with a tray on which were a cunning little teapot and sugar bowl, a tiny milk pitcher, a plate of sugar cookies, and another of frosted cake. That frosted cake seemed to Mollie the very best she had ever tasted, and the cup of milk she received was a great luxury to a little girl who seldom had anything but condensed milk at her home on Londoners.

With the end of lunch the wonderful time was almost over,

and as Mollie's bonnet strings were being tied she gazed wistfully into the kind eyes that looked down at her.

"Just what are you thinking of, my dear?" asked Mrs. Thaxter.

"I'm thinking of what I'm going to do, when I grow up," answered the child shyly.

"Well, what is that?"

"I'm going to have a pretty room and desk and write things like you do."

Mrs. Thaxter put her hand under the upturned chin. "Bless your heart, little one," she said, "so you may! so you may!"

A whistle from the shore sounded. It was Mollie's father telling them that he was waiting. Another goodbye and the little girl and her mother were on their way down the rocks, home to Londoners.

"Well," said the sunburned fisherman as his daughter cuddled down in the stern of the boat, "have you had a nice time, girly?"

"The loveliest time in my life, Papa," said Mollie earnestly; "and when I grow up I'm going to be just like Mrs. Thaxter."

Mollie Lee Clifford.

REMEMBERED.

(My dear Cat, Frederica.)



HER little life is with me still;
 I seem to see her round about;
 I seem to see her little form
 Soft stepping in and out!
 I feel her still — her little head
 So lovingly against me stir;
 And what would I not give, once more
 To hear her gently purr!

M. J. H.

LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

CHAPTER XII. — THE FALL FROM THE ICE BOAT.

WHAT should they do? Aunt Celia did n't know herself! She felt, as she had done in Canada, that she could not have the Indians arrested because she could not bring any positive charge against them.

The child herself said that she was little Princess Wisla!

But her face at the state-room window had looked more than ever like Peggy Piper's! It had even looked lighter in color than an Indian child's face might be expected to look.

The secret of that was that the pokeberry stain had begun to wear off a little, although Winne-Lackee had felt sure that it never would.

And she could not be stained over again without knowing it!

Aunt Celia said she did n't see anything that they could do; but when Dr. Brooks came he might think of something.

But although they told him all about it and he walked the floor, just as Aunt Celia had done, Dr. Brooks could not think what to do. He said it was not at all probable that the old squaw had made Peggy Piper over into little Princess Wisla! If she had done such a thing she would not dare to take her about so openly. He thought that no child could be made to keep such a secret. And Betty confessed that the little princess seemed to be fond of her grandmother.

It certainly was not probable that the old squaw could change Peggy Piper into Princess Wisla; but, being a wise man and a doctor, he knew that improbable things sometimes happen. And although, like Aunt Celia, he feared to have the Indians arrested because he could not make any positive charge against them, he said that as soon as they returned to their island he meant to go up there and see little Princess Wisla for himself.

When, a few days later, Dr. Brooks saw by a New York paper that old Winne-Lackee with her granddaughter and Dr. Sockabesin and his daughter Minnehaha had sailed for Europe, he felt at first an impulse to cable to Mr. Piper to meet the

steamer at Liverpool and see what he thought of little Princess Wisla!

But they had just heard that the disappointment caused by finding that it was not Peggy but another little girl, who had been picked up at sea by the Norwegian vessel had made Peggy's mother very ill. And Dr. Brooks dreaded the effect on both father and mother of another disappointment.

Besides, as the days went by, he began to feel that he was, as Betty said, like Patty Plummer who believed in witches, to think that the old squaw possibly could turn Peggy into Princess Wisla!

So, as soon as Phi was able they went sadly home to Polly-whoppet and found Grandpapa Piper sitting every pleasant day, on the deck of the *Margaret Piper*, waiting for Peggy to come so the vessel could be launched! He expected her every day, for old people are as hopeful as the children are and as everyone ought to be, since things are all sure to come right in God's good time.

The measles having come to an end there had been a Polly-whoppet picnic at the Indian island.

But no one up there knew anything about Peggy Piper, and Stumpy seemed quite like an Indian dog, although some of the boys declared that he trembled and whined at the touch of Polly-whoppet hands.

As for Phi and Sidney they had now no desire to go to the Indian island. Phi was trying to believe that it was because he had been run over and was weak from the shock that he had thought the little Indian princess so strangely like Peggy. He said but little about it — a boy does n't like to be told that he is like Patty Plummer and believes in witches!

After his father and mother came home no one was allowed to mention Peggy's name because Mama could not bear it — no one except Grandpapa Piper, who would speak of the time when Peggy would come home and they could have the launching.

Dr. Brooks had inquired of the Indians when Winne-Lackee was coming back to the island and they had said they were afraid she would never come back. She seemed to fear

that the climate did not agree with her little granddaughter.

Dr. Brooks was almost convinced, by this time, that little Princess Wisla was Winne-Lackee's granddaughter, and that Peggy Piper had been drowned in the river.

Time went on as it does go on whether people are sorry or glad, and the wide blue river was changed by Jack Frost, who certainly can do almost as wonderful things as a story-book witch, into a beautiful ice-field, where, after the January thaw had come and gone, there was no snow and the skating was perfect. Snow shoes and toboggans were out of fashion for the time and all Pollywhoppet was on skates or in ice-boats.

The Indians had a way of rigging ice-boats so they would go like the wind, and on a beautiful sunny Saturday morning the Pollywhoppet boys and girls gazed with wide-open eyes at one that was almost as slender as a canoe, with sails set wing-and-wing. They gazed still more when they discovered little Princess Wisla, seated upon a heap of skins and wrapped in ermine so that she looked like a little queen upon her throne!

Jo Mattawan and Tom Molasses were managing the ice-boat. When Phi and Sidney made their way, as fast as skates could carry them to the boat, the Indian boys were shaking their heads and looking doubtfully at the sky. The wind was very strong. Old Winne-Lackie had bidden them to go no farther than the Bend, but the sport had been so fine that they had recklessly allowed the wind to carry them on and on.

Now Jo Mattawan declared that they must lower the sail and draw the boat all the way to the island; but Tom Molasses, who was lazy, thought that by "tacking" they might manage, even with the wind against them, to sail a part of the way back.

There was a quarrel about the taking down of the sail in the course of which it was allowed to swing around smartly. And that happened at just the moment when Princess Wisla caught sight of Betty Brooks and leaned over the side of the boat, holding out both hands to her.

Princess Wisla was knocked out of the boat and fell face downwards upon a skated foot that a boy was holding with up-lifted toe while he ground the heel into the ice.

It was a sharp blow, and the little princess was unconscious when they picked her up and carried her to the nearest house — which was only across the ship yard and over the orchard slope to Peggy Piper's own dear old home!

Phi led the way. They laid the little Indian princess on Peggy's own bed, and when she came to herself there was a dear mother-face bending over her and a voice cried out, "Oh, what does it mean that the little Indian girl looks so much like my own little Peggy."

The little princess raised her head from the pillow. "I — I want Joe Mattawan and Tom Molasses!" she said slowly. "Did I fall off the ice-boat? Will you take me home to my grandmother? She is Winne-Lackee, and I am Princess Wisla."

Dr. Brooks looked carefully at a scar on the princess' head, drawing the soft dark hair away from it. Then he went to the other side of the room and talked softly to Papa Piper whom Mama Piper had sent for to see the little Indian girl.

Dr. Brooks said the little Indian girl had been hurt sometime upon the head in such a way that it might have caused a loss of memory. There might be a bone pressing upon a certain part of her brain. A surgeon ought to be sent for.

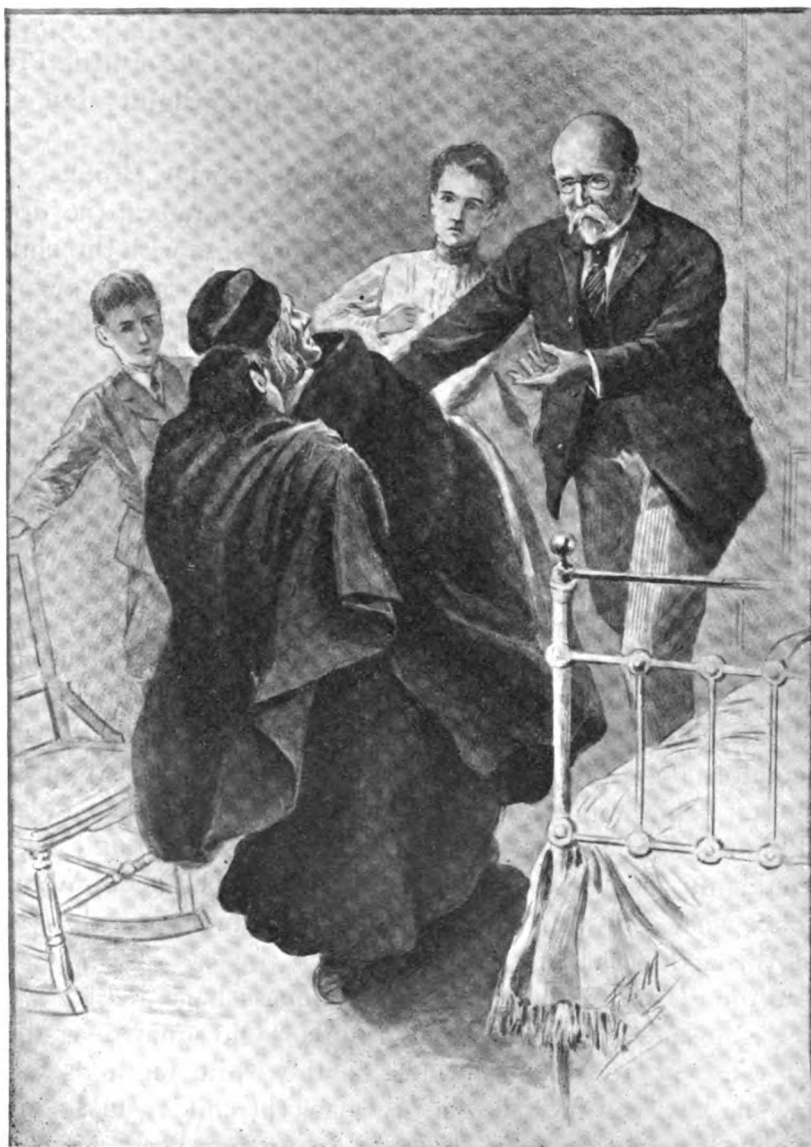
They tried to take Mama Piper away from the bedside because she was growing so excited. Her hot tears had fallen upon the little dark face and in the same place where they had used warm water and a soothing wash to take the blood from the cut. And there was a light streak showing through the pokeberry stain.

"Oh, I believe she *is* my own little Peggy, although she does n't know me!" cried poor Mama Piper.

Just at that moment old Winne-Lackee rushed into the room. No one had been able to keep her out. She had been anxious, because the boys kept Princess Wisla out so long, and so had come flying down the river on another ice-boat which she managed all by herself.

She was wrapped in a great sealskin blanket and wore a sealskin cap, beneath which her long gray hair blew wildly.

She snatched the little princess in her arms, and her fierce Indian face broke into a smile.



WINNE-LACKEE SNATCHED THE LITTLE PRINCESS IN HER ARMS.

"She is not much hurt — Winne-Lackee's little Medwisla!" she said tenderly. She looked around the room and they could see her strong frame tremble.

"Winne-Lackee thanks you all for care you take of little Princess Wisla!" she said. She spoke with great dignity, but she could not keep her voice from shaking.

"Where did you get the child?" demanded Dr. Brooks.

Papa Piper stepped past Winne-Lackee and out at the door. He meant to prevent her from leaving the house with the child!

"Winne-Lackee's husband's son's child — born far out on Western prairies," she answered quickly. "Her father and grandfather both great chiefs —"

Then the old squaw seemed to think all at once what might happen. She rushed out of the room, passed Papa Piper on the stairs, and was out at the door before he could stop her.

Dr. Brooks held Peggy's father back when he would have rushed out after her.

"It is a matter for the law," he said, "and we may have a hard fight to get possession of the child! We must set a watch upon the Indian woman and not allow her to leave the island with the child again."

They talked possibilities over hastily, trying at the same time to comfort Peggy's mother who held the child's wraps that had been left behind and would not let them go out of her hands.

Phi and Sidney Brooks were running after old Winne-Lackee.

Suddenly, before she had been gone half an hour, old Winne-Lackee rushed into the Piper house again, and set little Princess Wisla down in Mama Piper's lap.

"Winne-Lackee not bring the princess back because she fear!" she said, with her head held high. "Old squaw fear nothing! — except to dream always of the white mother's face! Now she has seen the face she give back the child! Old squaw save her from the river. The child hurt her head when she went down and she never remember! But the child want to be little white girl, and she never love Winne-Lackee! When you want to send Winne-Lackee to prison you find her on her island!"

"A child-stealer deserves anything — everything!" cried Dr.

Brooks almost fiercely, and both he and Papa Piper would have kept the old squaw to be sentenced to prison.

But Mama Piper begged them to let her go. "She saved Peggy's life and she brought her back to me!" she said. "And she loved her!"

After an opiate had softly stolen Peggy's sense of pain away a surgeon removed the bit of broken bone that had made her forget.

When she came back to herself, after all was over, the very first thing Peggy said was this:

"It was my hair-ribbon that I tried to reach with the oar. The water was so cold — and I went down, down! Who took me out? Oh, it must be tomorrow, now, and is n't it time for the launching?"

She was Peggy Piper again! And when it was time for the launching, on a beautiful May day, she was as strong and well and as *white* as ever.

I only wish there were space to tell you what a day that day was for all Pollywhoppet, especially for Grandpa in the fulfilment of his child-like hope; for true-hearted Phi, for Betty Brooks, whose bounding heart had quite forgotten its "Peggy ache," for Papa Piper who had grown suddenly young, for Mama Piper — but what Mama Piper felt is too great a thing to tell. Even old Winne-Lackee had understood that mother-love is the greatest thing in the world.

And Stumpy — who had been brought home to Peggy by Tom Molasses, seemed to come so near to wagging his tail off that Betty Brooks said she was really anxious about him!

Peggy had forgotten every bit about being little Princess Wisla, as once she had forgotten about being Peggy Piper.

Winne-Lackee disappeared from her island. No one knew where she went. But now and then beautiful presents come to Peggy with no sign to show where they come from or who sends them except, on the inside wrapping, the direction:

















"To little Princess Wisla."

"It is so queer," says Peggy Piper, with a puzzled look in her eyes — "so awfully queer that little Princess Wisla means *me*!"



Sophie Swett.

DEAR LITTLE SHEILA






(XI)





The  had come on an errand from the far American farm-house. He had left the ocean  and now was rowing in a small close up to the rocky island where dear little Sheila used to live. This  was his old home too, once, when he was a . The evening was dark, but the  shone out overhead and he could see the small  on the hillock where, ever since their father had died, little Ross and his sister  had lived with the herd of . A  was burning in the  and the  said as he tied his boat and stepped ashore, "They 's keeping watch for their uncle to come!" From the  a voice called down to the , "Will it be Uncle George?" and then the  was flung wide, and a little  with long  dashed out, with a small boy behind




her; and the  heard the  tied in-
side whinny and stamp. "I see you, Uncle
George!" called out the little girl. "We's all




ready! We got the ! Our 
is all roped up to take on the ,
and the two  have on
their  to go too! And, oh,



tell us if we will see Sheila, and if she will
know us?" The  was shaking  with
the . He smiled and said, "

is a fine lady now, and she lives in a bonny great
palace of a , and she'll not know you at
all!" "Sheila will know me anywhere," said the



little girl proudly. "Well, she'll not even speak
to naughty Ross that kicked
her!" laughed Uncle George.

There was no time to lose, and

soon the , with the two

, and the  and

the two , was rowing

away from the ; and the man who helped
said, "The  will all say good-by at the ship."





LITTLE ROSEMARIE'S EYES.

ONCE upon a time, a long time ago, there was a little girl named Rosemarie. She lived with her father and mother in a big house filled with beautiful things.

Rosemarie had everything you could think of to give her pleasure. She had six gold-fish swimming in a glass bowl, and in the bottom of the bowl were pretty pebbles where the fish could lie down when they went to sleep. She had twelve different kinds of birds in a brass cage almost as big as a room; some were green and yellow, some were red, some were grey, and the prettiest of all were two little Japanese robins — snow white. She had a Guinea pig and a kitten.

You will think Rosemarie could hardly have wanted anything more, but besides all these pets she had a charming doll-house that her mother had given her, fitted up with everything just exactly like a grown person's house. Rosemarie's doll was named Margery Gwendolin Gladys and she had everything a doll could wish. She even had a telephone and toothpowder! She was a lovely doll and always looked pleasant and good-natured, even when Rosemarie neglected her. Once, for two whole days Margery Gwendolen Gladys lay, face downward, under Rosemarie's bed, but when Rosemarie found her there she still looked pleasant and as though she had had plenty to eat all the time.

Rosemarie was very fond of her doll, she liked to watch her gold fish and birds, and she had great fun playing with her Guinea pig and kitten. Still, she was not perfectly happy. One

thing Rosemarie wanted, and did n't have, and never could have, was blue eyes. She had very pretty eyes — but they were brown.

Rosemarie's mother had read her stories in which the fairies



ROSEMARIE AND THE FAIRY.

often changed ugly people into beautiful ones, brown eyes into blue, or black hair into golden, but Rosemarie did not really believe that she would ever meet a fairy.

Rosemarie used to take the fairy book out into the garden to read to herself there; but whenever her mother saw her reading, the book was upside down, so you see she did n't really read — just looked at the page.

One day when Rosemarie had been sitting a long time under the trees, pretending to read and thinking of the fairies, a very wonderful thing happened. The air was so warm and sweet, and there were so many insects about in the grass singing lullabys to their babies, that Rosemarie had almost dropped off to sleep when she suddenly heard a funny, piping voice say, "How do you do?"

Rosemarie looked up from her book, and there, in front of her, was the dearest, tiniest fairy you ever saw! She had on cunning red shoes with silver buckles, a red silk dress with a tidy green apron, a red hat, and in one hand she carried a fan and in the other a riding whip. She looked just as you'd expect a fairy to look.

Rosemarie was so surprised she could n't speak; so the fairy said again, "How do you do?"

Then Rosemarie replied, "I'm quite well, I thank you; how are you, and where did you come from?"

The fairy smiled at Rosemarie and said, "I came from the Land of Love, and once a year I visit every little girl in the world to find out if she is perfectly happy, and to see if I can do anything for her. Are you happy, dear Rosemarie?"

Rosemarie answered, "No."

"What!" cried the fairy, "have n't you six gold-fish and don't you feed them every day?"

"Yes," said Rosemarie, "I have six gold-fish, but I don't feed them. Katie does that."

"Feed them yourself," said the fairy, "every day!"

"Then have n't you twelve birds, and don't you give them water every morning?" continued the fairy.

"Yes," said Rosemarie, "I have twelve birds, but I don't give them water every morning."

"Give them water!" said the fairy, "every morning!"

"Have n't you a Guinea-pig," asked the fairy, "and don't you

give the dear little pig a fresh lettuce leaf every night?"

"Yes," said Rosemarie, "I have a Guinea-pig, but I don't give it a lettuce leaf often."

"Give him a fresh lettuce leaf every night!" said the fairy.

"Have n't you a kitten too," asked the fairy, "and don't you give her a saucer of milk every morning?"

"Yes," said Rosemarie, "I have a kitten, but sometimes I forget to give her milk."

"Give her a saucer of milk every morning!" said the fairy.

"Then," said the fairy, "have n't you a beautiful doll that you dress every morning and undress and put to bed every night?"

"Yes," said Rosemarie, "I have a doll, but I don't always dress her and —"

"Ah!" said the fairy, "you should dress her and love her just as your mother does you."

The fairy, pointing to the flowers, then said, "I suppose you



A SAUCER OF MILK EVERY MORNING.

have lovely times picking bouquets of dandelions for your mother and father?"

But, do you know, Rosemarie felt so sad to think she had never picked a bunch of dandelions for her mother or father she

could n't answer at all. So the fairy smiled at her again and said, "Pick dandelions and pick them often, for they quickly fade!"

The fairy fanned herself, for she had grown warm from talking so much, and then said, "Do all I have told you, and next year when I come I *know* I'll find you a happy little girl."

Then the fairy raised herself on tiptoes, waved her riding whip through the air, and was preparing to fly away, when Rosemarie suddenly remembered her eyes and cried out, "My eyes! my ugly brown eyes! Can you make my eyes blue?"

At that the fairy laughed so she quivered all over like an aspen leaf and said, "Oh! my dear, your eyes are n't ugly because they are *brown*! I'll tell you a secret. Don't you know how pretty the ponds and brooks are when they reflect the sun—how sparkling and bright and beautiful they are? Well, children's eyes are beautiful like that when they reflect *love*. The color does n't make any difference."

Smiling very kindly at little Rosemarie she spread her wings and flew away, singing as she went,

"Black eyes or brown,
Blue eyes or grey—
All eyes are pretty
If they shine all day."

Katherine Jones.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

(XII. — *Nature-Study Questions about Sleeping.*)

I. Why do fowls and birds often sleep with the head under the wing, and under which wing do they tuck it, and why?

II. On which side do animals usually sleep, and why?

III. What large domestic animal often sleeps standing, and what tiny wild animal sleeps hanging head downward?

IV. What small domestic animal and what large wild bird sleep in the daytime, and what are the day-sleepers called?

V. What big wild beast sleeps all winter, and what are the winter-sleepers called?

C. Q. Wright, U. S. Navy.

BOBBY AND HIS FRIEND.



THIS MORNING HE FORGOT TO CRY.

BOBBY'S face was being washed by his sister Katie. He often cried when she washed it, her way of doing it was so different from his mother's; but this morning he forgot to cry. Katie's way was to make three general rounds over his face, and then dart out in unexpected directions toward his eyes or ears, or up into his hair, or down into his neck. He could never tell where she would go next. In her haste, too, she was liable to run against his nose, and he did not know

what might happen if he left his eyes or mouth open. Katie did not mean to be unkind, but this morning as she came toward Bobby with the dripping cloth he felt sure he should cry.

Bobby was standing in front of the east window near which grew a maple tree that the frosts of a few nights had brightened into gorgeous color.

Just before Bobby shut his eyes to be ready for the dreaded face-washing suddenly the sun had come out from behind a cloud and lighted up the tree until it looked like a mass of red and yellow gold.

"Oh!" exclaimed Bobby — and then promptly shut his eyes and mouth to be ready for Katie.

But there was a picture of the beautiful tree in his mind, and that is the reason he forgot to cry.

He could hardly wait to eat his breakfast he was in such a hurry to get out and again see his interesting maple tree.

Yes, there it stood in all its autumn glory, and many of its bright golden leaves were now falling to the ground.

"Oh, my!" said Bobby, "I can never pick them all up, and I'm afraid they'll get stepped on."



"OH, MY!" SAID BOBBY.

But he fell to work and soon had a big handful to carry to his mother — besides, Katie must have some.

Pretty soon a lady came by, and she stooped to pick up one or two for herself.

"Do you like the leaves, too?" inquired Bobby.

"Yes, indeed," answered the lady.

Bobby hastened to hand her the bunch he had already gathered.

And when she thanked him he said, "I'll get more if you'll wait," and he began quickly to pick them up.

"You can have just all you want," said the eager little boy, and his face was as bright as the brightest leaf on the tree.

The lady took a second bunch and thanked him again.

"You make me feel very happy," said she, and Bobby looked into her eyes and felt sure she meant what she said.

Every person who passed by that morning had the offer of a bunch of leaves from Bobby, and the dear little fellow was rather tired when his mother called him in for his eleven o'clock lunch.

"Mama, dear," he began all out of breath, "I've had the best time — I've just been giving and giving and giving the pretty leaves to people, and one lady said I made her feel very happy,

and I know I did because she looked that way when she said it."

His mother pushed back the damp hair from Bobby's forehead and kissed him, and smiled at his eagerness.

"I want my lunch pretty quick, please, mother, so I can go and tend to my work again," he finally reminded his mother. "You see I must n't miss anybody, because there's plenty of leaves. Everybody can have some, and I'm just as happy as I can be."

As business was so pressing his mother gave her little man something to eat immediately, then he went back to his leaves.

A strong feeling grew up in his heart that day for the maple tree that showered its beauty about him so generously.

That was why I made my title, "Bobby and his Friend."

What better friend could a little boy have than one that helped him over a hard face-washing, and gave him the opportunity to make people pleased and happy, and also helped him to find out the pleasure of giving.

When that lady to whom he had given two bunches of the bright leaves reached home she said to her sister, "A dear little boy gave me these pretty leaves, and his face was *so* bright,

and he was *so* eager to gather more for me, that it really made me feel happy, and just as though there were plenty of beauty in the world to be had simply for the taking."






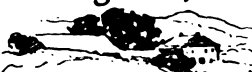











"YOU MAKE ME FEEL VERY HAPPY," SAID SHE.




Helen A. Walker.

DEAR LITTLE SHEILA

XII


So the little orphan islanders sailed away in the big  to America with Uncle George.

The father and mother of  and  had come home from England, and they all went up to the mountain  together, with the sailor and the two new  Tommy and Molly were glad to see the new , and  and  came from a distant  on a keen gallop to welcome  and  and the new  Sheila put out her little  and licked 's cheek, and then licked 's cheek, as if to say, "I can't tell which I like best!"




Then she gave  a sharp bite on his arm, and gave  one too, as if to say, "I can't tell which of you  I dislike the most!" Then the four















set off on a race, and Sheila took them a gallop through the big , as if to say, "Here's

where we eat and sleep!" Then she slipped, and fell down stairs to the ! Poor Sheila! She lay on her back, and could n't get up! Tommy



and Ross ran down the , crying out, "Oh, Sheila! poor Sheila!" And the  ran for the  and the others to come and lift Sheila up.

 laid her head on 's shoulder and groaned, and  said, "See, Tommy, she forgives us!" Then the men came and carried the dear little pony up the , and laid her on some , and took good care of her. But Sheila got well, and was very fond of the two little  after that! Then, one day, something fine happened.

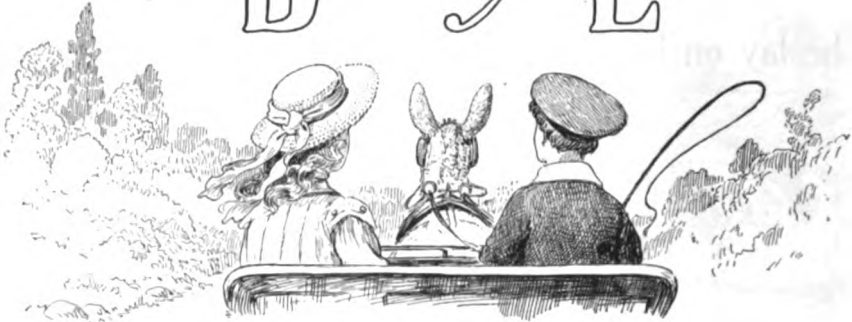
Uncle Archie and Aunt Nell had no children of their own, and they adopted  and , so the little orphans were just as rich and happy as  and . They went to  together when they went back to  and the four children were great friends!



And the four

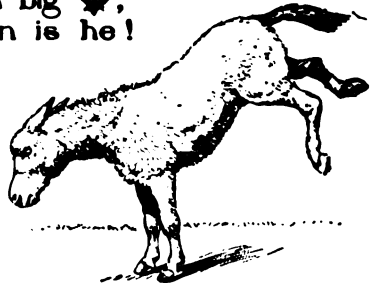


The Donkey's Ears



Whenever a drive with the donkey I take,
I see the big **V** that his slanting ears make,
And words that begin with a **V** come to mind,
Describing his conduct, no matter what kind.

If Barney is sulky and stubborn and slow,
Goes poking along or refuses to go,
Or if he is frisky and capers and kicks,
Or upsets the cart, or does other bad tricks,
I say 'tis no wonder he wears a big **V**,
So **V**exing and **V**icious a **V**illain is he!



But when the dear fellow, so pretty and strong,
In meek or gay humor trots nimbly along,
The **V** seems to stand for the **V**irtues he shows,
The **V**im and **V**elocity with which he goes—
Our **V**eteran donkey, more **V**alued each year—
The **V**igorous, **V**aliant, **V**ivacious old dear!

Emilie Doullsson.

